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No. 37. SEPTEMBER, 1897. PRICE ONE PENNY.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!



AS the time-honoured friend of our youth used to remark when he entered the arena; and after the lapse of nearly three years it gives us great pleasure to again make our bow to our readers. It feels quite like meeting one's old friends after a prolonged absence, and let us hope that the pleasure is to some extent reciprocal.

Our former series met with such a friendly reception from both the gentle reader and the critical contemporary, and so many, like Oliver Twist, asked for more, that we felt constrained to occupy once again the editorial chair—a chair which is often as uncomfortable as a dentist's.

It will be our endeavour in this new issue to make it as interesting as the old one, and to that end we have enlisted the pens of several well-known ready-writers, some who have already appeared in our pages, and others who are new to us and our readers; and with their assistance we expect to strike some rich veins of interesting local reminiscence. We consider ourselves particularly fortunate in getting these articles, and are much indebted to our friends for them. The pleasure they give our readers is their only reward, their labour being a labour of love—the only people who make money through our publication being those who advertise in our pages.

In this number we give the first of a series of articles on the Black and White Artists of the day. Being nothing if not patriotic, we begin with a Scotch artist, Mr. Wm. Ralston of Glasgow, who has a Scotch humour all his own. What would we not give for a copy of the "Tommiebeg Shootings" illustrated by him! Through the kindness of Mr. Ralston, we are able to give a reproduction of an original sketch by him, and trust that his brother artists will also assist us in similarly adding, as only they themselves can, to the interest of this series of articles.

Curiously *apropos* is the fact that "A Tour in the North," by Mr. Ralston, which has been out of print for some time, is just newly reprinted, and no one who appreciates real Scotch humour should refrain from spending the necessary shilling.

Our best thanks are due to Messrs. Cassell & Coy. for the loan of the portrait block of Mr. Ralston. It is taken from "The History of *Punch*" published by them, and to which reference is made in the article on Mr. Ralston.

To our aid has also come the "gay and irresponsible St. Jack," who has broken out in a fresh place—poetry this time. Formerly he gave us humour, now he gives us sentiment.

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The gossipy series of articles beginning with the early history of the firm of "Brown," and rambling over things ancient and modern pertaining to Bon-Accord, which appeared in our pages, have been, as you are doubtless aware, gathered together, partly re-written and enlarged, and published in book form under the title of "Aberdeen Awa'." This book, which met with a most favourable reception from both Press and Public, is noticed in very high terms by Dr. Robertson Nicol in the *British Weekly* of August 26th. He is a judge,

"AND A GOOD JUDGE TOO,"

and he says—

"Aberdeen has many good booksellers' shops, and many booksellers who are also bookmen. Surely the prince of these must be Mr. George Walker, whose volume, 'Aberdeen Awa',' I purchased, and

READ WITH POSITIVE RAPTURE.

There must be many of my readers who would find such a volume a rich feast. Let them write to Messrs. A. Brown & Co., Union Street, Aberdeen, enclosing five shillings. They will never regret following this advice.

Mr. George Walker must be a very prince among bookmen. His knowledge and reading are truly marvellous; he touches no subject that he does not illustrate and adorn. His stores of memory are peculiarly rich, and it is obvious that he has here given us a mere fraction of his wealth. He is a master of the literary art, pursuing his end with the utmost tenacity, and yet resting his reader with continual and bewitching digressions. He has a heart full of charity; failings are dealt with lightly, all parties get more than justice, and I have not even come across a growl at the hateful discount system. The book leaves one with a strong desire for more."

We hope to be able to satisfy this laudable desire, to some extent, in our coming numbers.

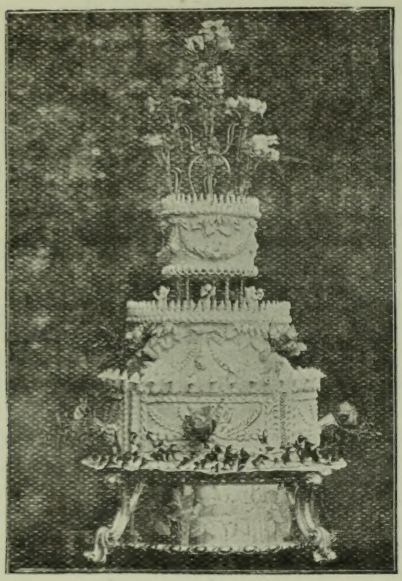
IN THE THIRTIES.

I HAD lately to record my vote in connection with the Aberdeen School Board election, and as I entered and looked around at the palatial building devoted to teaching, I could not help remembering how changed are the circumstances and surroundings of school life of sixty years ago. Instead of the spacious lobbies, magnificent staircases, and well-lighted class-rooms, I went to my first school down two or three steps, entering a narrow doorway, and into a low-roofed room, with one small window to the back, and another to the front, and an earthen floor. Here I was seated on a form of a most primitive make, a paling bauk with four pieces of wood inserted as legs. Before me was a small rude desk, from which hung an ink bottle, fastened with a string, and at the desk sat those who were far enough advanced to be in writing.

The dominie was not a tall man, yet when he stood erect his head almost touched the roof, and here his twenty or thirty pupils from 4 to 14 engaged in their studies. Our class books were a twopenny bookie, with the Alphabet and some simple lessons. The thing I remember best about it was the frequency with which I lost it going and coming to school. When the loss was reported, it was accompanied by a few "pandies" to assist my memory and make me more careful in the future. The Proverbs was another class-book for the higher classes, appended to which was the Shorter Catechism, to be committed to memory, including the Grace before and after meat. How many loud howlings have I heard over the incorrect repetition of Effectual Calling, and as for Justification, Adoption, and Sanctification, there was a terror unspeakable in trying to master them, and a decided earnest wish on the part of the learner that they had never been formulated. The explanations given were uninteresting and uninstructive, conveying no meaning nor conception of what was meant, or to what they referred—and this was the religious teaching in the school.

Instead of the quiet class-rooms now enjoyed, we had the one room partially underground, and in the same floor directly opposite, were two or three hand-loom weavers busily plying their shuttles all day long, making a sharp clicking noise, which was anything but helpful to the youngsters in their studies "ben the hoose."

I was transferred to another school where the teaching was more advanced. This was a room in the Town House, and



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which, I understand, now forms a branch of the Aberdeen Public Library. Here old Bodsie M'Kenzie used to dispense learning and sweets to the youngsters, who, if they could do their spelling or repeat their Catechism, received as a reward a quarter of a lozenge, or a microscopic bit of black sugar. Thus he took us by guile, and the prospect of a bite from the end of a thick stick of black sugar was a strong inducement to unwearied and unceasing effort in doing our tasks correctly. He was a kindly old man, and although not largely equipped for teaching, yet he did very well, and had a few scholars, some of whom afterwards occupied positions of trust and respectability in the burgh and neighbouring city. I began to have a liking for books, especially those with pictures and in a small shop not far from the University I would stand and look with admiring gaze to the string of booklets hung along the windows, in which sweeties, rock, toys, and other nick-nacks were displayed, but how different the dressing for attraction from that in plate glass fronts now all but universal. The entrance to the "shoppie" was by a door in two halves, and when you lifted the snib and pushed open the door a bell rang which brought Johnnie from his back room to attend his customers. If a stalk of rock were purchased, or a "gibbrie mannie," the little shop was filled, and on being supplied the spoil was divided among the young buyers. I bought the "History of King Pippin" here, and well do I remember with what joy I carried it home. It was a 32mo 12 page booklet, with woodcuts, price one halfpenny, one of a series which included "The House that Jack Built," "Goody Two Shoes," "Jack and the Bean Stalk," the kind of literature then published for the young, and which I think is very much to be preferred to the hideous pictures and trashy stories of "Chips" and "Cuts" which is so much run after by the youth of the present time. "King Pippin" was a book I read with great avidity, and it had a very direct influence upon me at the time, for I looked upon King Pippin as one whom I should imitate, and whose conduct I would try to follow. The illustrations, though rude woodcuts, give an additional charm to the young reader, rivetting on the memory the more stirring passages of the story. There were other books of a higher style, such as the "Life of Sir William Wallace," "King Robert the Bruce," illustrated with coloured woodcuts, price twopence. I think they were published by James Lumsden & Son, Glasgow. These I perused with great interest, weeping over the sad fate of Wallace, and rejoicing at the victories of Bruce. This was my first introduction to History, and it left on me a devout adoration of Patriotism, and a strong admiration for Liberty. I had all my little books collected, numbered, and catalogued as I had seen in the Sabbath School Library, and this reminds me of one, whose memory I shall ever revere, who Sunday after Sunday came to a school held in a back shed, for it was little else, and along with a few others, taught a number of boys and girls week after week, walking a considerable distance to do so.

George Hunter's form is now before me, and I remember distinctly his kindliness and earnestness, which will ever live in my memory as that of a good man who, at a time when I suppose there was no other Sabbath School within the large parish, laboured with an earnestness of purpose in teaching to children the simple truths of Christianity. He gave awards to the scholars; took them all to a soiree in Blackfriar Street Chapel about the New-Year, where, with tea and buns, an orange, hymns, and addresses, a most delightful and long-looked for evening was spent under the genial chairmanship of the minister of the chapel, Rev. John Kennedy—whose skill as a preacher and speaker to children I have never seen excelled. Many of those who taught in Mr. Hunter's schools went to the mission field, and, along with others, became useful in their day and generation. One of my teachers there has been a Magistrate of the City, and a former proprietor of the Book-Stall—who yet lives to wield a graceful and fluent pen in his genial reminiscences of the past in our city.

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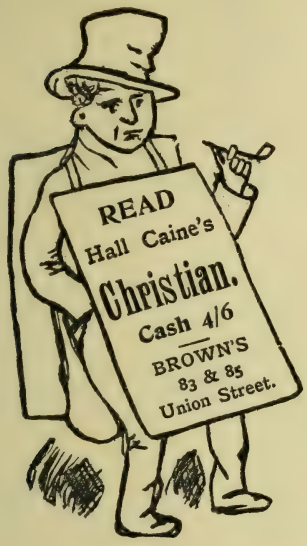
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AT THE SIGN OF THE BRUSH & PEN

Being some notes on the Black and White Artists of to day

No. 1.—MR. W. RALSTON.



EDITOR SMILED. The circumstance in itself was remarkable and disconcerting, for, as those who know that distinguished not to say notorious gentleman will bear witness, it is only on the happy occasions when the day's business is confined to the giving of change for a sovereign, or the taking of a bad half-crown as part payment for "The Christian," that the learned pundit who collects the "ads." and worries the contributors of this paper so far forgets himself as to unbend by telling one of his Hill-top stories to the staff, and thereafter, as a sort of *quid pro quo*, curtailing their customary half-holiday in the most playful spirit. He had just finished his seventh soda-water in an establishment which shall be nameless, as the Proprietor thereof does not advertise in these pages, and had asked me to write something for a publication which he then projected. I had mildly suggested a few notes on some of the leading black-and-white artists of the day—a suggestion which, with childish innocence, he immediately annexed as his own, and forthwith, with a Kaiser-like impetuousity, insisted that Mr. W. Ralston should form the subject of the first of the series.

"But," I remarked, "I have not the pleasure of Mr. Ralston's acquaintance. In fact, to be candid with you," I continued, "beyond knowing him as one of our most graphic humorists, I have no information with regard to his parentage, the date of his birth, his dietary, or the colour of his front parlour wall-paper" (which, as everybody knows, are matters absolutely essential to the writing of such an article as this)—"sufficient to warrant my discussing this excellent gentleman in your pages."

Whereat, as I have said, the Editor smiled.

The natural serenity of my disposition was ruffled, and I continued with becoming dignity—"You smile, sir, but I confess I fail to see the humour of the situation. Mr. Ralston is one of those gentlemen whose pet aversion is the interviewer, who perfer to let the quality of their work answer for itself, who can quite see through your little dodge that the writing of these articles is simply to advertise *your* sale of *their* publications, who——"

The Editor so far forgot himself as to laugh. The oldest inhabitant does not recollect a similar event.

I rose to touch the bell, remarking with fine irony that his wit was of too high an order for my feeble mind, and that he should confine it to *Bon-Accord*, when he laid his hand impressively on my arm.

"My dear laddie," said he—the familiarity was quite uncalled for, and I withered him with a glance—"My dear laddie, fat are ye haiverin' at? I couldna hae gaen you a better subject"—then, with terrible emphasis, and in the true Jeems Sim-ian tongue—"*fat ye dinna ken aboot the artist, mannie, ye can invent.*" I hastily looked round, and was pleased to note that none of more importance than a distinguished Auld Kirk parson, a Baillie, and the Superintendent of Police had overheard this remark. Whereupon, gentle reader, I also smiled.

All this then to explain to the patient reader that the truth in this article is solely of my own composition, while the other bits have been dragged from me by a relentless and unscrupulous being—to wit him yclept the Editor.

* * * * * *

With the trifling exception of the fact that I knew absolutely nothing concerning the personal history of Mr. Ralston, beyond the circumstance, known to every-

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body, that he is the creator of several little volumes devoted to the humorous illustration of Scottish character, I can think of no one with whom these hasty notes could have been more fittingly begun than the genial artist who has created and immortalised the famous Southern three—Messrs. Kamdene, Barnsburie, and D'Alston in those publications, familiar to every tourist, "A Tour in the North," "North Again—Golfing this time," and "A Yachting Holiday." Mr. Ralston is essentially Scottish, as befits a Glasgow man, and he pictures with unfailing fidelity and humour the typical Highlander—not the absurd individual whose vocabulary in the vernacular is limited to "Hech, mon," who does duty for such in the professedly comic papers of the South, but the Scot as he is and as you will find him in his "ain countrie." When I explained the position of affairs to Mr. Ralston, and begged of him with tears in mine eyes for the customary particulars which one naturally expects to find in an article of a professedly biographical nature, he quite appreciated the humour of the situation. With characteristic kindness he placed at my disposal the humorous little drawing which accompanies this issue of the *Book-Stall*, and which forms the peg on which these haphazard notes are hung ; then, with a modesty which I might commend, did it not place me in so confoundedly awkward a position, replied to the effect that he was born, had lived, and probably would die in due course. The rest of his life, however, he contended, was only of interest to himself, and even to himself he generally found it rather irritating reading. Why this pessimism in one whose work has added not a little to the gaiety of nations it would be hard to say, save that he is a sort of second Jack Point who finds that—

> It adds to the task
> Of a merryman's place,
> When your principal asks—
> With a scowl on his face,
> If you know that you're paid to be funny ?

Zealous research, however, in Blue Books and Family Bibles, enables me to give a few interesting items in Mr. Ralston's career, the more so from the fact that he is the least egotistical of men, and shuns publicity as he does the devil. He was born over fifty years ago at Milton, a village near Dumbarton on the Clyde, his father being a pattern designer there, and afterwards a photographer in Glasgow. In his youth he tried his hand at various things, including photography, and eventually found his way to Australia, where he remained for about three years as a gold digger. He did not, however, it is perhaps unnecessary to add, at once become a millionaire. Returning, he again joined his father, and it was not until about this time, when he was 25 or 26 years of age, that his latent talent for drawing began to exhibit itself. He had a brother who gave promise of becoming a really great artist, but who died while yet a young man. Mr. Ralston used to watch him at work, and thought he would try and learn also, with what excellent results those who have revelled in his books will readily bear witness. His only regret is that he did not commence at an earlier age, for he thinks that starting thus late leaves the mark of the amateur on one's work for ever. This may or may not be—it is not for me to argue with Mr. Ralston—but the fact nevertheless remains that Art in general would not suffer did a goodly number of our amateurs, and for that matter professionals as well, attain the proficiency of this artist by delaying their start until an equally late—I'm afraid that in many cases it would be an even later—period of life. After the usual rebuffs, he got some cheap work to do for a Glasgow firm, and with characteristic Scotch perseverance and determination stuck to it until he gradually got an occasional sketch into *Punch*, *London News*, and other papers. Then—in a happy moment of inspiration—he sent one day a sketch to the *Graphic*, who not only took it, but paid him at least double the amount he had ever got before for the same size of block, and further added that they would be pleased to see more. This was the commencement of his long connection with Mr. Thomas, the manager—a connection of which he has the kindliest recollection. Mr. Thomas invited him to go to London, promising him a certain amount of work and pay, but eventually gave far more in both ways. Of the kindness of the *Graphic* people Mr. Ralston speaks in no stinted terms of praise, while he considers that their method of doing business is, in everyway, one that keeps their artists loyal to them. Though precluded by this engagement from doing other work, Mr. Ralston has in his time worked, more or less, for all the principal publishers. For some considerable period he was a regular contributor to the pages of *Punch*—that *Ultima Thule* which is the goal of every self-respecting artist. It was in 1870, on Shirley Brook's succession to the Editorship, that he obtained his recognition. "I remember," writes Mr. Ralston, in that capital volume, "The History of Punch," compiled by Mr. M. H.

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Spielmann, and published by Messrs. Cassell & Co., 'I remember how in walking down to business that day I tried to look unconscious of my greatness, and mentally determined that it would make no difference in my bearing." In speaking of his connection with "our only Comic" Mr. Spielmann says—"His drawings at first were very hard, but the point of humour was invariably good, and the Scottish 'wut' equal to that of the best man who ever drew for the paper." At the death of Tom Taylor, Mr. Ralston's contributions ceased, he then being retained by the *Graphic*. In all, however, he enlivened *Punch's* pages with something like two hundred and twenty-seven drawings, initials, and "socials," and one literary contribution—"K. G. —Q. E. D."—written in the Sandford and Merton vein, and directed against the Duke of Bedford and the Bloomsbury Gates.



MR. W. RALSTON.

From "The History of *Punch*" by M. H. Spielmann, by permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co.

On the death of his father, eight years ago, Mr. Ralston returned to Glasgow and took up the business, and has been steadily employed of late in building up and expanding it, though now and then he finds time to do a few *Graphic* sketches, or a good turn to a journalist brother, such as the one for which I am to-day indebted to him.

Mr. Ralston's artistic work is now so well known and so deservedly popular that little need be said about it here. He is a genuine humorist, and no matter whether he is picturing his own jokes or another's, he thoroughly realises the humour and point of the situation. The first book by him the public noticed was "The Queys was goot." His own criticism of this work is "the drawings are vile—but there's something very Scotch about them." Then came, with the help of Lieut. G. W. Cole, a naval officer to whom Mr. Ralston acknowledges his indebtedness for some of his best ideas, "Tippoo, a tale of a tiger"—a really side-splitting volume over which the writer laughed the other evening till the landlady hastily appeared on the scene and announced that the back parlour ceiling was giving way—"A Tour in the North," and "The Demon Cat." Afterwards he issued alone "North Again" and "A Yachting Holiday"—the latter—one of the best of an inimitable, and in their way, unequalled series—being published last year. He has also contributed some of his best work to the Xmas numbers of the *Graphic*. I have already said that, personally, Mr. Ralston is the most unassuming, and withal one of the kindest of men. His other attributes he thus humorously sums up—"I am not, and never was, dissipated—but smoke and take my grog all the same!" It may be of interest to my readers to know that the smaller figure in the illustration, generously drawn for us by Mr. Ralston, is a portrait of himself; while the formidable individual, with the head of Ibsen and the literary-like legs, is a very striking likeness of the writer of these lines.

J. G. R.

From the Ledger of A. Brown & Co.

[With the customary apologies to the *Daybook of Bethia Hardacre.*]

I.—TO HER LADYESHIP.

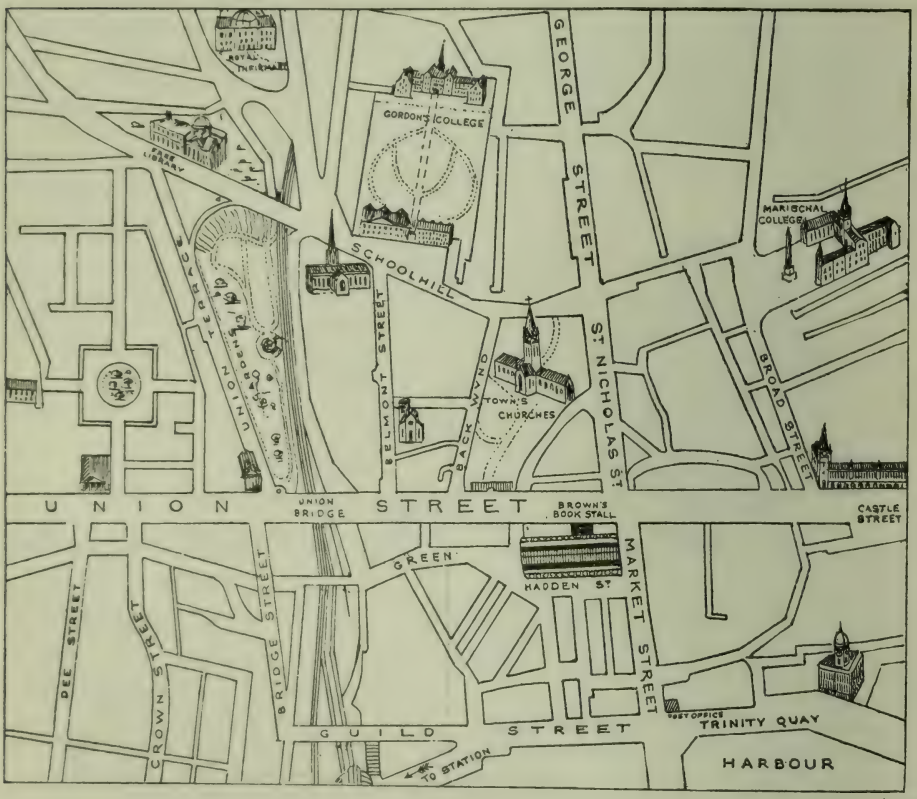
WHERE are there eyes, my maiden,
Eyes like to those of thine?
With love and with laughter laden—
Where the shade is always shine;
Where are there eyes, my maiden,
Eyes like to those of thine?

Where are the golden tresses
That rival thy nut-brown hair?
Where the stray curl that caresses
The forehead of one more fair?
Where are the golden tresses
That rival thy nut-brown hair?

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IN THE THIRTIES.—II.

THE schools in the ancient burgh were all situated within a stone-throw of each other, and pupils came from all parts of the Parish—Woodside, Gordon's Mills, beyond the Don, and almost Aberdeen. The Lancastrian or Bell's School was an innovation in regard to mode of teaching and small fees. The boys' school was under the superintendence of one who was afterwards English Master in the Town School of Aberdeen. In his time he was an enthusiastic and capable teacher. He took a special delight in his work and was most successful with his pupils.

The elder and more advanced scholars were appointed Monitors and had to keep order in the class and teach them. The lesson was generally from boards hung on the wall, and they read simultaneously, being kept in proper position by a chalk semi-circle. The noise was considerable, but the teaching to read was very good indeed. The mode of acquiring spelling was rather ingenious and interesting. In the desks before the pupils were small cases filled with the various letters of the alphabet, and on the word to be spelt being announced, the fingers were busy picking up the letters out of the case and placing them in line on the desk. In fact it was very similar to the printer's case of type.

The more advanced pupils had writing to dictation, arithmetic, grammar, and geography. The dictation was given by the master reading from some interesting work. The reading was not too hurried, and it was one of the departments of study which the scholars highly appreciated. The Bible was regularly read, especially the Old Testament history, and the scholars were examined upon the leading facts, but there was no dogmatic or doctrinal teaching of any kind.

At this school, for three half-pence a week payable every Monday morning, a really good initiatory education was given. Adjoining the boys' school was one for girls conducted on the same lines, and by the same methods and cost. Further down, and nearer the sea, was the Grammar School, a very plain and unpretentious building, where Latin and Greek were taught, largely attended by those who were to go into professional life, and who were preparing for the Bursary Competition at King's College, then the University of Old Aberdeen. Still more eastward and near was the Parochial School, taught by Mr John Cowie, who was not only teacher but precentor in the Aulton Kirk. Here a very good commercial education was given. Mr Cowie excelled as a penman, his writing was beautiful, and he used to write out the diplomas for the graduates at the University on vellum, with tasteful ornamentation, in the execution of which he used only crow quill pens.

At the time to which I refer, the mending and making of pens was no small task, and had to be done daily. No steel pens were used. There was a popular idea that these spoilt the hand writing, and that they had neither the flexibility nor the merit of the goose quill, but like other prejudices this was

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dispelled, and I wrote up my book-keeping exercises with Joseph Gillott's 166, which I introduced to the school, and it has been a favourite with me ever since, although I certainly prefer "The Devil's Own"* to any pen I know. Mr Cowie, although not a brilliant teacher, was very much liked. He had a gentle manner, courteous, frank, and gentlemanly, and induced a corresponding habit amongst his pupils, some of whom were come to men's estate, and were getting a finishing where their education had been neglected in youth. In arithmetic our dominie was not great, and frequently in our difficulties he had to refer to a key to see the working out of the answer, which was kept in the desk under lock and key, and only turned out when required. In Reading, M'Culloch's Course of Lessons was the class book, Lennie's English Grammar, Ingram's Arithmetic, Reid's Geography, constituted almost our sole stock of books for use at school. We had no History, no home lessons but a little Grammar and Catechism —so there was plenty of time for play. Some of the boys were selected by the teacher to assist him in the choir, and the practisings were held one evening of the week. There was no training of a musical kind, simply practising the Psalm tunes for Sunday, with an occasional extra of secular music for a concert. Any musical skill which I possess either in practice or teaching was not learnt there.

At that time the pulpit of the Aulton Kirk was occupied by Dr Forbes and Rev. R. Smith. The former was also a professor in the University. He was a dour man. I never remember seeing a smile on his face, but Prosody, as he was called, was said by the common people to be clever, although I have no recollection of anything said or done which would lead me to that conclusion. I remember one peculiarity he had. When engaged in prayer he did so with his eyes open, and I had the idea that it must have been printed on the wall behind the gallery, opposite the pulpit, and so curious was I to ascertain if this was true that one Sunday I went early to church to see whether this was so or not. I need not say that it was not. I was very much puzzled to account for his keeping his eyes open, when every other one I knew at school and elsewhere prayed with eyes closed. I also remember he wore, when preaching, black silk gloves with a hole in the point of the forefinger to enable him to turn over the leaves of his manuscript. Rev. R. Smith I liked better. His manners were more pleasant, but his prayers were very much alike Sunday after Sunday; in fact the second was always the same, only varied by the announcement of the precentor that the prayers of the congregation are requested on behalf of John so and so in great distress, or supposed to be near death. In fact we could repeat it word for word, it was so familar to the congregation.

At that time sessioning for marriage was a great affair, and many of those who were arranging for having the proclamation made used to call on Saturday evening on an old elder to accompany them to the Session Clerk. This John did very willingly, for the happy party generally adjourned to get a dram after the business was done. He was a worthy old man this elder, with his red wig, knee-breeches, and well-turned ankle and high instep, of which he was very proud. His duties as elder were not very heavy. He stood at the church door plate, counted the collection, attended to the poor and meetings of the Session, and this was all he did, or was expected to do, in his official capacity but he was a capital player at Catch-the-ten Indeed, every evening during the winter, from seven to ten, he had a small party, of which four were selected to play, and thus his winter evenings were spent. On Saturdays the hour to stop was nine, as he had to shave, so that no work of an unnecessary kind might be done on the Sunday, and besides he was almost certain to be taken away to visit the Session Clerk with those who were bent on matrimony. John's reading was very limited, either sacred or profane, but he was an obliging kind of old man, one whose memory I revere, and whose friendship when a youth I highly valued.

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I.

If ye wait for weather in Scotland,
Ye'll never gang fra hame ;
For it snaws here a' the winter awa',
And in simmer it's meikle the same.
For the snaw grows sleet, and the sleet grows weet,
An' the win blaws ower the year ;
O they live at the weary end o' the warld,
Wha live in Scotland here !

For this is the weather in Scotland,
That the water seeps to the skin ;
We're weet, when we're weet, where the warld may see't,
And we're drouthy an' dry within.

II.

But come your wa's for the gude auld cause—
The face of a friend to view ;
Wha's sojourn here may be less than a year,
Or may rin a' the fourscore noo.
And if we lack to ca' the crack,
Yet we sall not gant and glower,
But draw for a while on the ancient style—
Drinking an' driving ower !

An' the rain may roar at the hallan' door,
But farrer it will not win ;
We're weet, when we're weet, where the warld may see't,
But we're drouthy and dry within !

HUGH HALIBURTON.

From the *Scots Pictorial*.

SPEAKING of the weather (and who doesn't speak of the weather in these foggy little islands ?), have you seen that very interesting little work "The Story of the Weather," by G. F. Chambers ? Considering the place occupied by the weather in our daily conversation, it might be used as a "Guide to Polite Conversation." Besides a lot of scientific information given in a popular, readable style on all the various phases of the weather, it gives a number of old saws embodying the wisdom of our fathers, how to read the signs of the times, and to predict the weather. There are a number of illustrations of sky signs, and also of instruments for recording observations. Nobody ought to be without a copy. It can be had post free for 12 stamps from Brown's Bookstall, 83 Union Street, Aberdeen.

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CLORINDA *loquitur*.

Your quaintest quips, your gayest jests
Are but to me as things apart ;
You'd speak, but read you my behests,
The worthier language of the heart.

My laughter—merely shallow sweet—
Rings tremulous from languid lips
Would fainer yield their sighs to greet
A strong heart's self-imposed eclipse.

O reckless of *my* heart's desire !
O heedless of the middle way !
Would'st whelm Love's image in the mire
To prove yet one more idol clay ?

Your love a secret all unknown
You'd hold, so set your lips in seal ;
O fool and blind, is still thine own
What your too candid eyes reveal ?

I too can act my little lie,
If both must wear the guise of mimes ;
But why our destiny deny ?—
I likewise know the lonely times.

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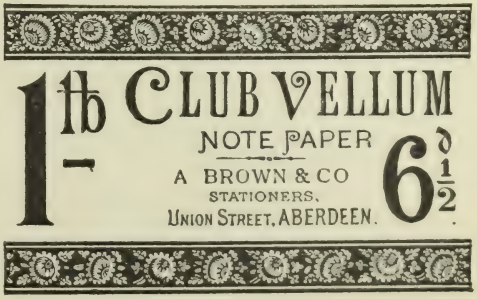
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AT THE
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Being some notes on the Black and White Artists of to day

No. 2.—MR. A. S. HARTRICK.



HON CAMPBELL came from Gaerloch. So does Mr. A. S. Hartrick, though circumstances over which he had no control at the time, gave India the honour of being his birthplace. That, however, was his misfortune rather than his fault. He was born near Bangalore, Madras, where his father's regiment was then stationed, but he took the earliest opportunity of showing that, to adapt a favourite song of the Editor's to the circumstance of the moment, "There was only one place in the world for him," by proceeding to Scotland as speedily as possible, and establishing himself at Row on the Gaerloch, where he has had his home for the greater part of his life Fettes College gave him his education, and he was originally destined for the medical profession. With that end in view he matriculated at Edinburgh University. Instead of attending classes, however, he threw up the scalpel for the brush, and diverted his anatomical studies to a new use by coming up to London to study art at the Slade School under Professor Legros. He had always wished to be an artist of the brush rather than one of the carving knife, and took the first favourable opportunity of gratifying his desires, with what happy results those who know his clever black and white work, of which a charming example accompanies this notice, well know. Perhaps I ought to say here that though a character sketch would undoubtedly have been more typical as a specimen of Mr. Hartrick's work, he very kindly and readily acceded to the writer's particular request that he would contribute a study of a girl's head to our pages, nor, judging by results, do I think that this laudable effort of mine to satisfy a pardonable weakness of the Editor's for a pretty face has been altogether an unhappy one.

From London Mr. Hartrick went to Paris, where he worked with the most gratifying results for eighteen months under Boulanger and others. The result of his studies was apparent a couple of years later, when he gained his first public success by having a picture hung in the Salon of 1887. Then he came back to Scotland, and put in a lot of hard work while residing at Largs in Fifeshire, the produce of his labours being meanwhile exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy, Glasgow Institute, etc.

On 4th January, 1890, the *Daily Graphic* was started, and Mr. Hartrick joined the staff, remaining there for nearly three years and doing a large quantity of artistic work, and a considerable amount of special corresponding. He next joined the staff of the *Pall Mall Budget* when it went into Mr. W. W. Astor's hands, and remained there until the paper was suddenly stopped. At the time of its unexpected demise it was one of the best of the illustrated weeklies, and had a splendid circulation and advertising connection. Its abrupt end was one of the most startling events of recent journalism, and was a freak—if freak it can be called—worthy of a millionaire. The real reason of the stoppage was never, to my knowledge, satisfactorily explained, but a purely sentimental one mentioned at the time, but with what truth I know not, was that Mr. Astor had given the paper as a present to his wife, and that, after her somewhat sudden death, he did not desire that anyone else should be associated with its fortunes. Since then Mr. Hartrick has been a free-lance, adding charm to many papers and magazines by his beautiful pen-work.

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About the time of the stoppage of the *Pall Mall Budget*, the *Daily Chronicle*, quite the most enterprising of the London morning papers, began a series of illustrations *apropos* to the then pending County Council election. This series was issued under the general supervision of Mr. Joseph Pennell—whose own work both in connection with it and elsewhere cannot be too highly praised, but of whom, if this distinguished black and white artist can be persuaded to adorn our pages, I hope to be able to say something at a later date—and was subsequently published in book form with the accompanying letterpress under the title of "New London, Her Parliament and its Work."

Mr. Raven Hill, and many another famous artist, Mr. Hartrick contributed to the volume a number of capital drawings. They were mostly illustrations of the seamier side of London life "The Dossers' Ken and the Lodgers' Kitchen," contrasting the present with the past; "A Ward in Claybury Asylum"—a picture of terrible and almost painful fidelity—and the one which through the kindness of Messrs Lloyd, Ltd., proprietors and publishers of the *Chronicle*, we are able to reproduce with this notice. It represents a then famous slum, Boundary Street, now happily swept away, and of which a very vivid description is given in the accompanying letterpress. For the



BOUNDARY STREET.

This volume, though primarily of interest to Londoners, is one which also appeals strongly to the general reader, and to those in the North who know not the London of yesterday—London as it was before the six years of administrative governorship of the County Council—it should prove most interesting reading, not only as giving an account of the work of the Council, but as a picture of Le Gallienne's—

City of the Midnight Sun,
Whose day begins when day is done—

as it used to be. In the right good company of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Mr. Pennell, Mr. Phil May, benefit of those readers who know not the bye-ways of Babylon, I give a short extract :—

A LONDON SLUM.

Here were fifteen acres, mostly of old decaying houses, intersected by blind courts and narrow tunnel-like passages. . . . In the houses which we visited the plaster is falling off the bricks, and the ceiling is falling off the laths where it is not fastened up by stout paper. The dampness almost passes belief. The floors are brown and rotten with moisture, just as if a flood had passed over them. . . . One floor had holes in it large enough to put the leg of a table through; another was patched with bits of egg-box; a third was laid on the very earth itself, with not even a joist between the mould and the boarding. Four families in a four-roomed house was a common thing.



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So foul are the accumulations between the ceiling and the upper flooring laths that the workmen who were called in to demolish these places objected. There is a deposit, some four or five inches thick, of what looks like rich brown mould—the unstirred dirt of half a century or more—for vermin to breed in. In the same street you may see the basements where the people used to live and sleep—low, black, noisome holes. How the business of life was managed it is difficult to understand, in rooms seven feet by eight and seven and a half feet high. Even the extrication of dead bodies, a regular part of the day's work in Boundary Street, must have been a hard matter. Coffins could not be brought down almost perpendicular staircases two feet six inches wide, or out through passages of the same dimensions. Were the window-frames taken out—for the windows bear no traces of ever opening—or what happened? Perhaps it was in these parts that Dickens saw the undertaker with the black ladder down which the coffin was skidded from the window to the court.

These and the subsequent illustrations which he has given in the *Chronicle*, were drawn at the request of Mr. Pennell, whose judgment in selecting Mr. Hartrick



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for the work has been more than justified by the results—for I need not say that drawing for such a paper as the *Daily Chronicle*, printed at express speed, is a vastly different undertaking from the usual run of more leisurely executed magazine illustrations. Mr. Hartrick does not take all the credit of his success to himself, however, but with characteristic modesty attributes no inconsiderable share of it to Mr. Pennell —"Indeed," says he, with a commendable readiness to pay tribute to Cæsar, "it is to Mr. Pennell I believe, that I owe any small reputation as a black and white artist I may have.

As well as for the publications already mentioned, Mr. Hartrick has also drawn for the *Graphic*, in which some capital work by him has appeared, *Black and White*, the *Sketch*, and that lively little weekly, *Pick-Me-Up*, for which Mr. Raven Hill did so much in the way of pictorial humour. In addition, he is a member of the New English Art Club, on the selecting committee of which he has been for some years, and chairman of the Society of Illustrators. Curiously enough, however, *Punch* does not appear to have "discovered" him—a circumstance which the readers of that paper cannot but deplore, for his capital character studies would prove a distinct acquisition to the pages of the *London Charivari*.

During his residence in Scotland, chiefly through the instrumentality of his step-father, the late Dr. Charles Blatherwick, who was President of the Glasgow Art Club for some years. Mr. Hartrick got to know intimately most of the Glasgow artists, more particularly those of the New School, "the Glasgow Boys," whose work, it will be remembered, was strongly represented in a recent issue of the *Yellow Book*. Ever since he commenced painting, Mr. Hartrick has kept up his connection with Scotland, but of late years he has not been very prominently represented in the North, though it must not on that account be supposed that he is any the less a Scotchman, "for all my sympathies," he says, "are with Scottish Art."

The only special work in the illustrating of books that he has done is a series of drawings for Mr. Kipling's "Soldiers' Tales," published by Messrs. McMillan & Co., to whose readily given permission we are indebted for the privilege of reproducing one of the illustrations to "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." It is rather a coincidence, too, that Mr. Hartrick should have been born in India in the same year as Kipling, and should have been the first artist to draw specially for the world-famous novelist.

And lastly, my reader, it only remains for me, the Editor being a shy man not used to addressing a large audience, to thank Mr. Hartrick for the assistance which he courteously rendered in the compiling of this article, as well as for the original sketch by himself, and the portrait by Mr. Phil May.* To the latter also, I take off my hat to say, Thank you kindly, though if the Fates (and the man mainly concerned) are propitious, I hope to have it out with him in a more thorough manner ere he and I are very much older.

J. G. R.

* Owing to an accident, this is delayed till a later number.

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Fairy feet they were, I ween
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No. I.



AM old enough to forget, yet not too young to remember, the rejoicings in Aberdeen on the 10th of March, 1863, the occasion being the marriage of the Prince of Wales to Princess Alexandra of Denmark. There was a great firework display conducted by the members of the Shore Porters' Society on Castle Street, opposite the old Town House. The display was a monstre one for the time, and so effective, in so far as I was personally concerned, that some of the sparks from a rocket fired went into my eyes and

"The subsequent proceedings interested me no more."

I began my business life in Broad Street almost opposite to where the bookseller's shop of Mr. William Russell was wont to be. The shop is now part of Messrs. Sangster and Henderson's premises. Mr. Russell's was then, and had been for a considerable period, the booking office for the Theatre Royal, Marischal Street. Even at this distance of time I can conjure up the tall, erect, and gentlemanly figure and presence of the proprietor of that famous shop. Mr. Russell had the monopoly of the periodical business in Aberdeen. All the cheap literature of the day found a place in Mr. Russell's, from "Dick Turpin," or "Three-fingered Jack," to "Dick's Sixpenny Shakespeare," perhaps the most marvellous production of any age before or since. It seemed to me that the great secret of his success was his close and never-failing attention to business, coupled with a courtesy to even the poorest customer who patronized him that could not possibly have been excelled. At that time Mr. Wm. Lindsay was making headway in a similar line of business in the Gallowgate. And it is no discredit to Mr. Lindsay's energy and perseverance that Mr. Russell's business mantle fell on his shoulders, and that he has since so worthily worn it.

It was no great wonder (considering how closely he was brought in touch with *the* profession) that Mr. Russell should be looked upon as an authority on matters theatrical. Daily, from about 12 o'clock onwards, his shop was the rendezvous of most of the members of the sock and buskin who might happen to be located in Bon-Accord. Here it was I first saw the famous Mrs. Pollock off the stage. The stately, almost queenly, bearing of this charming old lady was as noticeable on the street as it was on the boards. I had the good fortune, too, to be "up" in time to see the great actress in two of her most famous impersonations—those of Lady Macbeth and Helen Macgregor. What a thrill ran round the little "old house" in the sleep-walking scene, when Mrs. Pollock was on! And, again, as she posed majestically on the canvas-hewn rock in the Western Highlands and declaimed the memorable

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words:—"What seek ye in the land of the Macgregors?" What a wild tumult of applause was wont to follow the opening speech. But, I digress.

A notable feature of Mr. Russell's business suavity is fixed in my memory. No matter how busily he might have been engaged in conversation with theatrical celebrities of the time, he was ever ready to pay attention to even the boy who, with the humble "brown" in his hand demanded a copy of "The Boys of England," or "The Apprentices of London." I was a frequent customer, chiefly for "change for a pound, please," and I can honestly say I never went away without getting it if Mr. Russell was in the shop. And many a pat on the head I got from the kindly old gentleman, and many a good word of advice too. He it was who inculcated upon me the warning never to take change from anybody without carefully counting it before leaving. Mr. Russell was a tall, portly, white-haired man with a soft sympathetic voice. He was invariably dressed in a black suit consisting of trousers, an open vest displaying a wealth of spotless white shirt front, a Gladstone collar with black stock, and a well-made frock coat. He wore a gold watch and a long chain attached to it which went round his neck and hung gracefully on his breast. His face was a study of quiet satisfaction and benignity, a sweet smile playing around the small, firm mouth. His relations with business people were of the most cordial description, and the name of William Russell was never mentioned in my hearing but with the deepest veneration.

Broad Street, at the time I write, was full of old worthies. It was essentially a street of boots and shoes. From Handyside's, near Steele the hatter's corner of Union Street, to St. Catherine's Wynd, every shop was tenanted by a shoemaker. Among famous citizens whose places of business were in Broad Street, I may first of all mention Mr. James Clark, the Laird of Louisville in later times. Mr. Clark was a bookseller of the old school. As far as my recollection goes he did not touch periodical literature, his wares being of a more solid and substantial character. He occupied the shop now tenanted by Mr. Adam Pratt, and his two Broad Street windows were chiefly notable for their somewhat mixed style of "dressing." Works of history lay side by side with ledgers, day-books, school books, and general fiction. I bought my first copy of the "Life of Sir William Wallace," written and compiled by the celebrated Miss Jane Porter, out of Mr. Clark's shop. But he was not content with selling books; he was also a hard salt-fish merchant, and well do I remember assisting to "coup" a hurley-load of these monsters of the deep at his door in St. Catherine's Wynd. He had no great love for the boys of the time, and truth to tell, the boys did not worship the genial old soul—hence the practical jokes frequently played upon him. Mr. Clark was an inveterate snuffer, and his constant companions were the "mull" and a turkey-red pocket-handkerchief of huge dimensions. In appearance this old worthy was somewhat decrepit. Slender, and much stooped, with a rather severe face, emphasised by a drooping under lip, Mr Clark tottered rather than walked, and altogether gave one the impression that he should have been out of business cares and worries.

Mr. George Shepherd, another bookseller, brother to Mr. Simpson Shepherd, a wine m rchant in Aberdeen, was an elderly gentleman who did not seem to do a great amount of business, from the fact that he was usually found standing in his shop door, with his coat off, waiting for customers. He was a clean looking old man whose shirt sleeves and apron were invariably as white as the driven snow. He had a small shop at the corner of Huxter Row, where the Municipal Buildings now stand. "George" Shepherd, as he was universally called, was not very successful in business, principally on account of his being somewhat old-fashioned, and he was ultimately "elbowed out" by his younger and more modern brethren.

Mr. George Stephen, a thick-set old gentleman, occupied a baker's shop directly opposite to where I was employed. Mr. Stephen did a thriving trade, and was a considerable favourite in the street. His "maik's worth" of broken bread could

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compare favourably with that of any other baker's in town of my acquaintance, with perhaps one notable exception—Mr. Wm. Webster, at the corner of Skene Terrace and Skene Street. The latter gentleman generally added some bits of broken "chessers" in addition to the mutilated biscuits. Mr. Stephen's shop is indelibly fixed in my mind from a somewhat interesting circumstance. It was there I met my first sweetheart! The young lady was reputedly a niece of Mr. Stephen's, and she rejoiced in the name of Amelia—"Meelie" for short. But,

> "The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
> Gang aft agley,"

and so it came about that another good citizen cut me out and married my first love. She was a bonnie lass, and she is no less pretty as a wife and mother. It was no difficult matter to know when Mr. Stephen was in a good humour, not that I ever saw him anything else but contented like. But, in the afternoons he was wont to come through to the front shop from the bakehouse behind, and promenade from one counter to another whistling quietly to himself. Then was the time to do business with him!

Yet another well-known figure in that historic street was that of Mr. Robert Hughes, engraver and lithographer. He occupied the shop and large premises behind, extending along part of Rettie's Lane on the one side, and Chronicle Court on the other—the number of the house being 30. Mr. Hughes was a fine, gentlemanly looking man, about 40 years of age. He was fair-haired, clean-shaven, all but a slight fringe of herring-bone whiskers on each cheek. He was always attired in faultless clothing, consisting, in summer at least, of light-coloured trousers, white vest, dark surtout coat, and white "tall" hat, with a deep black band round it. Mr. Hughes was the possessor of a lovely tenor voice, with which he was always ready to entertain his fellow-citizens at the many amateur concerts held in those days. He was for some time precentor of the Free West Church, when Rev. Dr. Davidson was the minister, and it is a circumstance probably worthy of note that the writer of these "rambles" was an apprentice of Mr. Hughes's, and at a later period occupied the position of leader of psalmody in the same church for a number of years. Mr. Hughes kept closely in touch with the musical profession, and was an enthusiastic Free-mason. In the former connection he numbered among his more intimate musical friends such artistes as Miss Helen Kirk, Miss Bessie Aitken, Miss Fanny Edwards, Mr. Harry Clifton, the best "comic" singer I ever heard, Master Willie Pape, a famous blind pianist, Mr. Henry Drayton, a basso of renown, and the great Herr Formes, the composer, it is said, of "In Sheltered Vale." Mr. Hughes in an incredibly short time built up for himself a splendid business, but was cut down in the prime of life—he was only 42 when he died—the result of a bad cold caught while riding on the top of an omnibus to open a new Masonic lodge at Ballater. Mr. John Macmahon, photographer, Union Street, and Mr. George Robb, lithographer, Adelphi, were working journeymen lithographers with Mr. Hughes during the time I was there.

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Being some notes on the Black and White Artists of to day

No. 3.—MR. WALTER SICKERT.



THE ubiquity of the Scot is proverbial: so also is that of the Aberdonian—only more so. Most famous people come from Scotland, or, still better, from Aberdeen, and it somehow detracts from their fame if they don't. This being so, it is rather irritating to find a man of such note as Mr. Walter Sickert who does not own up to having any connection with Bon-Accord, or even with Scotland generally. He has not, so far as I know, ever had a relative—not even a great-aunt—who once rented a shooting-box at Cults, and it says much for his perseverance, in these days when the Kail-yard is omnipotent, that he has managed to outlive the fact, and still succeed in attaining no inconsiderable degree of fame, though it will be readily admitted, by the "Celtic fringe" at all events, that he would have been a greater man than even he now is had an unrelenting Providence not assigned to him the ungrateful *rôle* of playing the part of the inevitable exception which proves the rule that all great men are Scotsmen. It affords considerable comfort to the writer, however, as it doubtless will to the future historian of the Scottish nation, as well as to Mr. Sickert himself, to think that the defect is in a measure about to be remedied, for henceforth the victim of these notes will always be able when questioned as to how it came about that a man of his ability had no connection with the North, to turn upon his Inquisitor and (if he be a Scotsman) rend him, by stating in as many words that there once was an individual who had written no small amount of rubbish—he needn't be at a loss for the word—with a view to conferring that—and here "the green-eyed monster" not inappropriately creeps in—*very questionable* honour upon him. However, I have done my best to thrust greater fame upon Mr. Sickert, and if he will still, Cincinnatus-like, stick to his plough, mine be it not to question why, but merely to go on with the music, a proceeding which the gentle reader has doubtless long ere now, and with many maledictions on my discursiveness, desired that I should.

It is nevertheless unfortunate, seeing that he has turned out an artist of unquestionable skill and necessarily, therefore, one who has been considerably abused, that Mr. Sickert should have, in 1860, been born in Munich. The year is unimportant, save to shew that he is still a young man, but the place itself is disappointing. Why should a man persist in being born at Munich when Aberdeen is still open to him? True, he might, like Mr. Gilbert's Major-General

> . . . have been a Rooshian,
> A Frenchman, Turk, or Prooshian,
> Or even an I-tal-ian,

but it would have been much more sensible had he been content with a birth-place nearer home. He realised at an early age, however, the enormity of his offence, and took the first favourable opportunity of becoming as good a Briton as circumstances would permit.

It would have been strange indeed had he not been an artist, for his father and his grandfather before him were such, while his brother, Mr. Bernhard Sickert, is also a painter of note. He is the eldest son of Oswald Adelbert Sickert, a member of the Munich Academy, an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and a draughtsman on the staff of that extremely clever Continental comic *Fliegende Blatter*. He was educated at Bayswater Collegiate School and King's College, London, and subsequently studied art at the Slade

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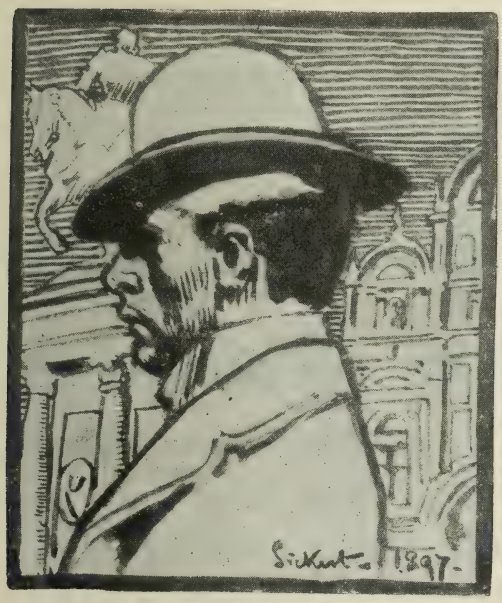
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School—that birth-place of so many famous black and white men—under Professor Legros (a master of *technique*), under Mr. Otto Scholderer at Putney, at Heatherley's, Newman Street, and under the immortal Whistler (with whom, as will be shewn later, he was to have a gentle and joyous passage-at-arms in the Law Courts) at Tite Street, Chelsea. Doubtless each of these would be proud to claim him as an "Old Boy," but it is the influence of Whistler which has left its mark most deeply on Mr. Sickert's work, for his drawings are characterised by much of the filmy, suggestive and mysterious manner of the great Jimmy.



MR. WALTER SICKERT.
From a Drawing by Himself.

It was in the Galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists that his work first attracted attention. Here he exhibited annually for some years oil paintings of scenes at Dieppe, notably those ladies in crinolines in his "Hotel Royal, Dieppe," and here also were first shown the series of pictures of the London Music Halls which brought him no inconsiderable amount of notice, and among which was the well-known "L'on Comique," now in the possession of Mr. Brandon Thomas. He has also, at the request of the Société des Vingt, been represented at their exhibition in the Musée Royale at Brussels; was made a Fellow of the Painter-Etchers' Society, at whose "shows" he was an annual exhibitor until his resignation; and was also elected a member of the New English Art Club, an institution which gave the first definite expression to a change which had come over English art, and at which most of his work, until his resignation this year, has been shewn. Here he exhibited the well-known portrait of Mr. Bradlaugh, painted from life, which was subsequently purchased by the National Liberal Club, in which it now hangs side by side with many other portraits of noted politicians by famous painters. He is also the painter of a posthumous portrait of Mr. Bradlaugh at the Bar of the House of Commons, for the execution of which he was commissioned by the Secular Society of Manchester. The head of this picture was done from a photograph, and was spoken of by one of the critics as "all of a dirty, waxy, messy, blacky, browny-green, yet a dignified and even a pathetic picture which ought to belong to the nation."

One of Mr. Sickert's pet subjects, however, is Mr. George Moore, the well-known art critic and author of the famous "Esther Waters," as also of that valuable and able work on present-day art "Modern Painting" (published by Walter Scott). A portrait of this gentleman had what Mr. Sickert with a quiet chuckle—for he is a man who is not easily daunted, and can take hard knocks as well as give them—calls a *succès d'exécration*. If this did not dishearten the artist, however, it might easily have frightened the subject, but Mr. Moore "faced the music" with complacency, the outcome being that Mr. Sickert has painted him in oils, has done a pen and ink drawing of him for a number of the *Cambridge Observer*, another of the same for the *Pall Mall Budget*, and, recently, a cartoon which appeared in *Vanity Fair*. *Apropos* to his fondness for Mr. Moore as a victim for his brush or pen, Mr. Sickert tells a story of how he was once introduced to a sculptor, who greeted him with the question, "Do you do much besides George Moore?"

A few years ago he organized and contributed to an exhibition called the London Impressionists, at the Goupil Galleries, to which most of the better known Impressionists sent pictures. As the artists represented form rather a historical group I give the names of the ten—Francis Bate, Fred Brown, Francis James, Paul Fordyce, Maitland, Théodore Roussel, Bernhard



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Sickert, Walter Sickert, Sidney Starr, P. Wilson Steer, and George Thomson. On that occasion he exhibited the "Old Oxford Music Hall," and that delightful bit of work, "Little Dot Hetherington," both of which were subsequently reproduced in the *Yellow Book*, to the pages of which, in its earlier and happier days, Mr. Sickert was an occasional contributor. In conjunction with his brother he also held an exhibition at the Dutch Gallery, under Mr. J. E. Van Wisselingh, in which was included a sketch in distemper of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, subsequently also published in the *Yellow Book*, and now in the possession of the latter artist. He was also associated with Mr. Herbert Vivian in the production of the now almost historical *Whirlwind*, being responsible for the portraits which appeared in its pages; while to *Vanity Fair* he has given three cartoons—George Moore, Zangwill, and Max Beerbohm, signed "Sic."

It was in April of this year, however, that Mr. Sickert came prominently under the notice of the man in the street; when he defended, with Mr. Frank Harris, the Editor of the *Saturday Review*, an action raised by Mr. Joseph Pennell, in which the latter asked for damages to the extent of £1000 for libel. The case resolved itself into the conundrum—When is a lithograph not a lithograph? Mr. Sickert held that it couldn't fairly be called such when it was drawn on transfer paper and not directly on the stone, a technical point in which the Council of the Royal Academy, the jury of the Salon, and the practice of the Bibliotheque Nationale were in thorough agreement with him. He does not deny, however, that there was no justification for singling out Mr. Pennell to emphasise his opinion, and heard with complacency the verdict of £50 damages and costs given in Mr. Pennell's favour. The case was remarkable for the large amount of expert evidence brought to bear on the point, and will long be remembered by Mr. Whistler's appearance in the box, when that worthy rose to the occasion in the most approved fashion. Mr. Sickert had somewhat sarcastically referred to Mr. Whistler in the article complained of, which concluded thusly:—

> These drawings of Mr. Pennell's are skilful, and would make nice illustrations in a book, but they are not quite important enough for the parade of rough paper and forty frames. Mr. Whistler is a genius. His lightest utterance is inspired. If it please him to touch for a moment any instrument, pure or debased, he conjures from it celestial harmonies. Mr. Whistler's almost nothings are priceless. His smallest change is golden. But he must not help Mr. Pennell to debase the currency.

The soul of the Butterfly was stirred and his appearance in the witness box was the signal for some capital sport. I take the following from the *Daily Chronicle* report of the case, for it is worthy of more lasting preservation than is likely to be obtained in the columns of a daily paper.

MR. WHISTLER'S OPINION.

Cross-examined by Mr. Bigham: His grievance in this matter was the accusation that he (Mr. Whistler) pursued the same evil practice.

You are very angry with Mr. Sickert?—(*with supreme indifference*) Oh, no; not in the faintest degree. (Laughter). Distinguished persons like ourselves are attacked by an absolutely unknown authority. (Laughter).

Then Mr. Sickert is an insignificant and irresponsible person, who could do nobody any harm?—I think a fool could do harm. (Laughter). Whatever harm can be done to Mr. Pennell can be done to me. It is a question for all artists.

But Mr. Sickert says you are a genius?—It is a very simple and proper thing for him to say that sort of thing. (Laughter).

He says your highest utterance is inspired. You do not object to that?—Go on, read it all. (Laughter).

Mr. Bigham (reading) "Mr. Whistler's nothings are almost priceless"—they do cost a deal of money. (Laughter).

Mr Whistler bowed assent amidst a shout of merriment. He added that it was a most impertinent piece of insolence tainted with a certain obsequious reproach. (Laughter).

Is this your action?—I am afraid if Mr. Pennell had not taken these proceedings I should.

You are working together then?—We are on the same side.

Are you bearing any part of these costs?—No, but I am quite willing. (Laughter).

Sir E. Clarke: Is there any foundation for that suggestion?—Only the lightness and delicacy of the counsel's suggestion. (Laughter).

Mr. Sickert has for some years kept a life school, and several of his pupils have come to the front. He has also been an occasional writer on Art matters in the *Speaker*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Academy*, the *Fortnightly*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Artist*, the *Studio*, and that clever Parisian publication *La Lithographie*. Of late, however, he has abandoned teaching and criticism entirely for the practice of the Art whose difficulties and attractions he finds sufficiently engrossing to absorb all his time and energies.

I have left but little space in which to say anything of Mr. Sickert's own work, characteristic specimens of which, through his courtesy, we are able to give in this issue. Its outstanding features are its marked individuality, its lack of convention, and the skill, little short of marvellous, with which the artist is able to produce the most striking and convincing results by

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what is apparently but the slightest effort on his part, and the most economical use of lines. A good instance of this will be found in the drawing "The Little Canal," which we give as a supplement, while as illustrative of Mr. Sickert's clever portraiture we are fortunate in being able to reproduce a drawing of himself from his own pen. It is impossible, however, by means of a printed description to convey adequately a satisfactory impression of his original, daring, and brilliant methods, but to those who appreciate really good black and white art, it may be of interest to know that Mr. Sickert has lately become his own publisher and his own dealer, and that his etchings and lithographs can only be obtained at his Studio, 13 Robert Street, Cumberland Market, London, to which all enquiries should be addressed. He is at present, I may mention, engaged on a new portrait of charming Miss Minnie Cunningham, one of the brightest stars in the Music Hall firmament, and of whom he painted some years ago a very charming portrait in red as she appeared when singing on the stage of the Tivoli. Which brings to my mind, while thinking of the utter futility of endeavouring to convey by means of the written word a satisfactory idea of Mr. Sickert's style or method, one of Miss Cunningham's clever songs. She puts the matter in a nutshell when, in her customary bewitching manner, she lays down the *obiter dictum* that

> You may be as cunning as a tricky little fox,
> *But*—you can't tell cigars by the picture on the box.

J. G. R.

SCOTCH FOLK.

The story goes that the minister of one of what Robert Louis Stevenson called the "bonny U.P. Kirks" was visiting an old woman who was wearing away to the land of the leal. And in the course of his exhortations he said that it behooved her to be sorry for her sins. "Na, na," she replied. "I wat I'm nae needin' tae be sorry for ma sins. They're a aboot in the warl' and deein' weel. I wish the lassies were deein' as weel. Na, I'm nae sorry for ma sins!"

A widow whose husband was supposed just to have died, after weeping a little, suddenly turned her attention to the question who should make the coffin, coming to the conclusion that a certain Wully Paterson should get the job, upon which she was amazed to hear her "dead" husband moaning forth—"If ye get that crater Wully Paterson to mak the coffin I'll no pit a fit in't."

A correspondent sends us the following true story—While strolling thro' a cemetery not many miles from Aberdeen, I got into conversation with the gravedigger, an old man of about 70, and the part of the Cemetery which interested me chiefly, was what looked like a vault beneath the ruins of an old chapel, approached by a flight of steps, now boarded over. The old man informed me that this was not a vault, but was a relic of the Resurrec ionist days, and, in his own words, he informed me that he "had kent mony a man lie there for a while an' syne gae aff till his ain place," entirely of his own volition as it would seem. I was curious to know something of the internal economy of such a house of refuge, and asked him if there had been any arrangement of shelves for the temporary accommodation of these birds of passage. "Na," he said, "there was nae shelves: there was a row o' uprichts wi' rowlers atween them, an' we laid the tae en' o' the coffin upon the rowler an' syne *birlt them ben.*" As the old man said it, one could almost imagine the corpse as thoroughly enjoying the exhilaration of being "birlt ben."

Here is another true story from Ythanside. A neighbour had called in to condole with a woman whose husband had just died and found her enjoying a frugal meal. Replying to her neighbour's expression of sympathy with the loss she had sustained, she said—"Ay, I've been greetin', an' if I had this bread and milk suppit I'm gaen to greet again."

A lady who had attained a very advanced age, was visited by one who was kin but apparently less than kind. "Weel, ye're no deid yet," was his greeting, to which she naturally replied that she was "no deid." "Weel," said he "fan ye div' dee ye micht send me word; no that I'm carin' bit I wad just like to ken."

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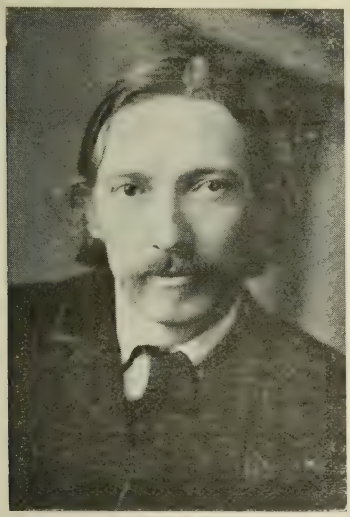
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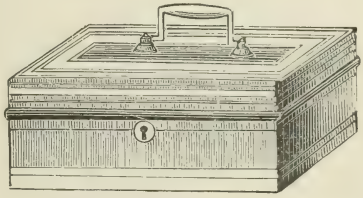
IT is difficult in some cases to say which is really the book of the month. It depends so much on the standard by which you measure it. If one were to judge by the sale, "The Christian" would probably take first place, but as literature it is not to be compared to "St. Ives," which comes as a good second—only another instance showing that popularity does not follow in proportion to merit. Not, mark you, that "St. Ives" has not sold well. It has, but "The Christian" has sold better.

The perusal of "St. Ives" serves to emphasise the regret at the untimely death of Stevenson one felt on reading "Weir of Hermiston." They are, so far as they go, his best novels, though in different ways. In "Weir" there were indications of more strength than had been shown in any of his previous novels. In "St. Ives," again, the main charm is in the telling. Scarcely a page but contains some gem of expression, some quaint twinkle of Stevensonian humour that warms the heart. Apart from the manner, the tale is a good one, full of interest all through.

It is unfortunately left unfinished by Stevenson, and the final chapters have been written from notes left by Stevenson, by Quiller-Couch, better known perhaps as "Q." Some critics are inclined to find fault with his performance, but we would say he has accomplished a very difficult task well—very well considering that he had the misfortune to be born on the wrong side of the Border.

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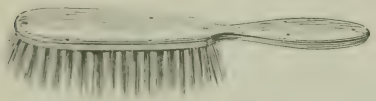
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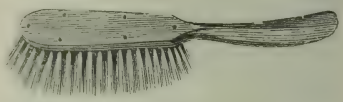
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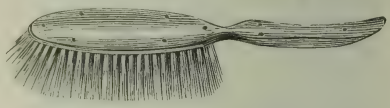
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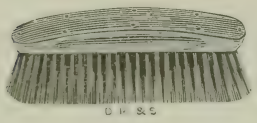
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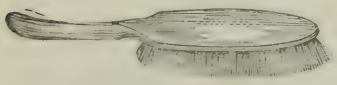
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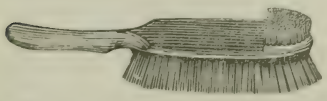
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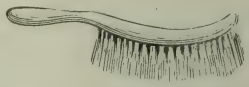
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TWO ROYALISTS.



IT was a fine and fruitful device of Plutarch's to compare two by two the characters of the great men of antiquity whose biographies he wrote. In literary criticism the practice, as employed in his systematic manner, is perhaps not as much in use to-day as it might be. If ugliness and beauty, light and darkness, pleasure and pain have their characters rendered more patent by close contrast, the same will hold good, if in a less degree, in matters where the points of difference are more subtle and less obvious. The mere hint of a comparison between two characters so diversely situated, both socially and geographically, as Edward Hyde Earl of Clarendon, and John Spalding, Commissary Clerk in Aberdeen, will, to those who know the men, at once suggest a number of points alike of resemblance and of difference.

One was a courtier and a statesman, the father-in-law of a king, and lived his life in the theatre of publicity: the other was an obscure official in a remote town. One became a great name in the republic of English literature, and addressed the world on a theme of world-wide interest, discussing high state policy and describing battles and sieges: the other was a local annalist, a parochial gossip, recording the escapades of stout thieves and the reprisals of lawless lairds, and not disdaining to note the appearance in his native rivers of portents both geological and zoological.

It is a far cry from the stately narrative of England's first great historian to passages like the following, which is typical of the manner as well as the matter of Clerk Spalding:—

> In the month of June there was seen in the river of Don a monster having a head like to a great mastiff dog, and hand, arms, and paps like a man, and the paps seemed to be white; it had hair on the head, and its hinder parts was seen sometimes above the water, whilk seemed clubbish, short-legged, and short footed, with a tail. This monster was seen body-like swimming above the water about ten hours in the morning, and continued all day visible, swimming above and beneath the bridge, without any fear. The town's people of both Aberdeens came out in great multitudes to see this monster; some threw stones, some shot guns and pistols, and the salmon fishers rowed cobles with nets to catch it, but all in vain. It never sinked nor feared, but would duck under water, snorting, and bullering, terrible to the hearers. It remained two days, and was seen no more: but it appears this monster came for no good token to noble Aberdeen, for sore was the samen oppressed with great troubles that fell in the land.

Or this other, both of them from "The History of the Troubles and Memorable Transactions in Scotland, 1624-45":—

> Upon St. Stephen's day, the 26th of December (through great inundation of water) a bar or great bed of sand was wrought up and casten over-thwart the mouth of the river Dee, mixed with marle-clay and stones. This fearful bar so stopped the harbour mouth that no ship could go out or come in thereat;

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and at low water a man might have passed on the bed dry-footed from the north shore to the bulwark. It amazed the haill people of Aberdeen, burgh and land; they fell to with fasting, praying, mourning, weeping all day and night; then they went out—

Determined not to trust in Providence, on whom the people of Aberdeen have never depended save when there was no other way—

with spades and shovels in great numbers, young and old to cast down this fearful bar, but all in vain; for as fast as they threw down at low water, it gathered again at full sea. Then the people gave it over, and became heartless, thinking our sea trade and salmon fishing was like to be gone, and noble Aberdeen brought to destruction, and hastily advertised the haill coast-side, south and north, with this accident, that none of their ships should approach this harbour. But while they are at the pain of despair, the Lord of his great mercy removed clean away this bar, and the water did keep its own course as before, to the great joy of the people of Aberdeen, and comfort of the people round about. But this bar came not for nought, but was a token of great troubles to fall upon both Aberdeens; and it is to be remarked, that as there was fearful signs by water, so there was many high winds all this year—no good token more than the rest.

But while, so far as I have seen, the historian of the "Rebellion" was quite above the amusing superstition visible in the foregoing passages, and although there are several other notable points of difference between Clarendon and Spalding, they have also many things in common. They were both writers at a time when men's hands knew the sword and the wassail cup better than the pen. They both lived through the same period; in their different ways they both dealt with similar events in the same royalist, law-'n'-order spirit. To Spalding, as to Clarendon, the Civil War was the "rebellion" of a foolish and froward people against the divinely-ordained and appointed lord of the realm. Above all, and what most forcibly suggests comparison between them, they both excelled in personal portraitures, a species of writing now gone out of fashion, but irresistibly attractive to those who have "an eye for a man." I know of nothing in modern literature to be compared to Spalding's portrait of the then Marquis of Huntly save Carlyle's portrait of Frederic, and that stands very much alone in the thirty odd volumes with which Thomas did homage to his doctrine of the value of silence. Moreover, Carlyle's was a sketch of Frederic's personal appearance, whereas Spalding's is a sketch of his man's personal character and habits of life, which are more essentially the real man after all:—

This marquis was of great spirit, for in time of trouble he was of invincible courage, and boldly bare down all his enemies; he was never inclined to war himself, but, by the pride and influence of his kin, was diverse times drawn into troubles, whilk he did bear through reliantly. He loved not to be in the law contending against any man, but loved rest and quietness with all his heart, and in time of peace he lived moderately and temperately in his diet, and fully set to building and planting of all curious devices; a good neighbour in his marches—disposed rather to give than take a foot of ground wrongously: he was heard to say he never drew sword in his own quarrel: in his youth a prodigal spender; in his old age more wise and worldly, yet never counted for cost in matters of credit and honour: a great householder: a terror to his enemies, whom he ever, with his prideful kin, held under subjection and obedience: just in all his bargains, and never heard for his true debt: he was mightily envied by the Kirk for his religion [he was a Roman Catholic], and by others for his greatness, and had thereby much trouble: his mester King James loved him dearly, and he was a good and loyal subject unto him during the king's lifetime, but now at last in his latter days, by means of Frendraught, he is so persecuted by the laws (which he ay studied to hold in due reverence), that he is compelled to travel without pity so often to Edinburgh, and now end his days out of his own house, without trial of the fire of Frendraught, whilk doubtless was an help to his death . . .

That, I say, is not to be easily or often matched in modern literature; but those who know their Clarendon may recall some things from the "History of the Rebellion" in which the same spirit of antique kindliness finds expression in a different form of words. What one admires in douce Clerk Spalding is his terse *naïveté*, which is neither in keeping with what we are accustomed to expect of the legal official mind nor with the wordy periphrasis of the time. In this he presents a distinct contrast to his illustrious English contemporary, who in the following passages, describing the character and death of his friend Lord Falkland, writes with a loving loquacity, a wealth of detail, a verbal intensity which mark him out as a national antitype to the Scots writer.

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If the celebrating the memory of eminent and extraordinary persons, and transmitting their great virtues for the imitation of posterity be one of the principal ends and duties of history, it will not be thought impertinent, in this place, to remember a loss which no time will suffer to be forgotten, and no success or good fortune could repair. In this unhappy battle was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland; a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed Civil War than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity.

He was a great cherisher of wit and fancy and good parts in any man; and if he found them clouded with poverty or want, a most liberal and bountiful patron towards them, even above his fortune; of which, in those administrations, he was such a dispenser as if he had been trusted with it to such uses; and if there had been the least of vice in his expence, he might have been thought too prodigal. He was constant and pertinacious in whatsoever he resolved to do, and not to be wearied by any pains that were necessary to that end. And therefore, having once resolved not to see London, which he loved above all places, till he had perfectly learned the Greek tongue, he went to his own house in the country, and pursued it with that indefatigable industry, that it will not be believed in how short a time he was master of it, and accurately read all the Greek historians.

In this time, his house being within little more than ten miles of Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that University; who found such an immenseness of wit and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humility, as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in a purer air; so that his house was a university in a less volume; whither they came not so much for repose as study; and to examine and refine those grosser propositions which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation.

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He was superior to all those passions and affections which attend vulgar minds, and was guilty of no other ambition than of knowledge, and to be reputed a lover of all good men; and that made him too much a contemner of those arts which must be indulged in the transactions of human affairs.

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He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear that he seemed not without some appetite of danger; and, therefore, upon any occasion of action he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought, by the forwardness of the commanders, to be most like to be farthest engaged; and in all such encounters he had about him an extraordinary cheerfulness, without at all affecting the execution that usually attended them; in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it where it was not, by resistance, made necessary: insomuch that at Edgehill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom, it may be, others were more fierce for their having thrown them away: so that a man might think he came into the field chiefly out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood. . . .

From the entrance into this unnatural war his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him, which he had never been used to; . . . In his cloaths and habit, which he had minded before always with more neatness and industry and expense than is usual to so great a soul, he was now not only incurious, but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors and the necessary or casual addresses to his place, so quick and sharp and severe, that there wanted not some men (strangers to his nature and disposition) who believed him proud and imperious; from which no mortal man was ever more free.

This extract is already long—perhaps too long; but I feel that I must give the conclusion of the account. Apart from its old-world beauty and interest, I have reason to believe, after a long and vain search for the book in Aberdeen in the days prior to my banishment, that there are not half-a-dozen copies of Clarendon in the Oxford of the North. So I shall not be quoting from a book which is on everyone's shelves, as Macaulay complains of somebody doing.

When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press any thing which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word *Peace, peace*; and would passionately profess "That the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation which the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him and would shortly break his heart." This made some think, or pretend to think, that "He was so much enamoured of peace that he would have been glad the King should have bought it at any price"; which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if a man that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect upon conscience or honour could have wished the King to have committed a trespass against either. And yet this senseless scandal made some impression upon him, or at least he used it for an excuse of the daringness of his spirit; for at the

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Leaguer before Gloucester, when his friend passionately reprehended him for exposing his person unnecessarily to danger (for he delighted to visit the trenches and nearest approaches, and to discover what the enemy did), as being so much beside the duty of his place that it might be understood rather to be against it, he would say merrily, "That his office could not take away the privilege of his age; and that a Secretary-in-War might be present at the greatest secret of danger"; but withal alleged seriously, "That it concern'd him to be more active in enterprises of hazard than other men; that all might see that his impatiency for peace proceeded not from pusillanimity, or fear to adventure his person."

In the morning before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful, and put himself into the first rank of the Lord Byron's regiment, then advancing upon the enemy, who lined the hedges on both sides with musqueteers; from whence he was shot with a musquet in the lower part of the belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning; till when there was some hope he might have been a prisoner; though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much dispatch'd the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency: whoever leads such a life needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him. (*Hist. Rebel.*, Folio Ed., Bk. vii., p. 351-4.)

The two chronicles are unlike, but is there not a likeness in their unlikeness?

The man who underrates his own time runs the risk of being classed with the ill bird that fouls its own nest; but of many of the notable young knights of the pen who are in such request at the libraries nowadays I am prepared to maintain that their best work is artificial niggling in comparison with the elemental force and simple, truthful, garrulousness of these veterans. There is all the difference in the world between evolving fearful and wonderful men and "situations" out of your own inner consciousness, and describing the great men you have known and the great events in which you have borne a part; and the difference, from a literary point of view, is all in favour of the latter. Literature has become a profession, some of whose followers take "orders" for forty tales at a time, and in the depths of pathos (or bathos), and the height of epic grandeur, our modern literary journeyman has an eye on the book market and an ear for the reviewers. The writing of Edward Hyde and John Spalding is the gossip of old neighbours about old neighbours. To the discriminating, they should retain their charm so long as men care to know of "eminent and extraordinary persons," as described by their sage and experienced compeers.

Watching the spawning of spurious books from the press to-day, one cannot help marvelling that no publisher has the taste and enterprise to publish popular editions of "The History of the Rebellion," and of "The Troubles and Memorable Transactions." If truth is stranger than fiction, surely truth so delightfully told needs only to be known to be appreciated beyond the threadbare romances of modern novelists at sea for a plot and situations. What a sorry mistake is the notion that a book must be dull because it is old; that the colours of a dead artist in words must be drab because the binding of his book is sombre calf! Without stopping to think, one could fill a folio page with the names of old books that are veritable mines of literary wealth. Mankind has learned much as it has grown older; but it has forgotten some things in learning others, and one of the things it has forgotten is the freshness and garrulous simplicity of the old diction. To the tendency to prune and trim and conventionalise the Saxon tongue, the writings of these two old royalists form a fine antidote.

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3.—A BALLAD OF A POET MA(I)DE.

[With the customary apologies to the Author of a "Ballad of a Poet *Born*," and others of the same.]

When first I met our Sarah Jane,
A simple servant girl was she,
Her manner mild, complexion plain,
And not a trace of *belllelettrie*.

From Martinmas to Whitsuntide
She shone the plate upon the door,
Her patient knees she daily plied
In scrubbing out the kitchen floor.

From Whitsuntide to Martinmas
There came a weird, uncanny change ;
Things reached a very pretty pass—
She burst the boiler of the range.



From a drawing by Mr. T. E. DONNISON.
By kind permission of the Proprietor of *The Golden Penny*.

Her cheeks once ruddy as the rose,
Now day by day grew wondrous pale ;
She read "My Lady of the Snows,"
She spurned the homely dish of kail.

Her raven hair worn *à la mode*,
Now long and longer daily grew,
She wrestled with the Poet's "Code,"
She even studied Bain and Drew.

On her the Muse would cast a spell
While yet she made the beds, and lo
She'd give the World a Vilanelle,
A Ballad, Triolet or Rondeau.

The adventurous moon sailed o'er the sky,
An earthquake came on unawares ;
The city people (always dry)
Within a pub. forgot their cares.

The wheat crop of the world failed,
The herring fishing went to pot :
And yet their faces never paled,
They went their way and heeded not.

The fight grew fiercer every day,
One hardly could get bite or sup ;
Some Free Kirk folks, inclined to pray,
Remembered Klondyke and cheered up.

The Tory party split in twain,
Keir Hardie wept ; and that was all,
The crowd took up the old refrain
And carried on the carnival.

Jane thought the end was surely nigh,
"I will arise," she said, "and go,
"A maid her fortune can but try
"For worse or better—weal or woe."

A "Ballad of a Bailie" she
Composed while putting on her hat ;
She locked her trunk, and kept the key,
Then fled. And this verse ends with that.

And then from out the crowd there came
An Editor, who bade her cheer :
"Seek'st thou," he said, "Immortal Fame ?
"If so, write Ballad verse, my dear."

She laid the Ballad at his feet,
And then for days went off her food,
Digesting praise was ample meat—
Ineffable beatitude !

Next week the poem, on Friday morn,
The life-blood of a paper drains ;
The printer prayed he'd ne'er been born,
The Editor blew out his brains.

Fame now had come (as you can see),
And thus she took the world by storm :
She's sister now to Benachie,
And sister too, to Cairngorm.

Her Ballad verse was all the rage,
Her autograph collectors sought ;
She made her mark on Hist'ry's page,
The *Free Press* on her "leaders" wrote.

And yet her sorrows were not few
St. Nicholas Bells pealed forth her praise—
The Freedom of the City, too,
Was given to her in those days.

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The "Trades" presented an Address;
But what was really worst of all
They put her portrait in the *Express*.

For seven short days her fame remained,
For seven each one her praises cried,
Upon the eighth they all refrained.
* * * * * *
The rag she wrote for then had died.

J. G. R.



Bicyclist—"Oh dear me! I'm awfully sorry! I hope I haven't hurt you! Er—— is there anything I—— "

Lady—"Lor, sir, dontee take on about me! I see yer a-comin' down the road, an' I knoo at wunst as yer was only a beginner!"

[From a drawing by Mr. W. F. Thomas, by kind permission of Mr. Gilbert Dalziel, Proprietor of *Sloper's Half-Holiday*.]

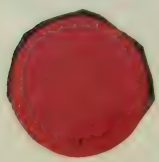


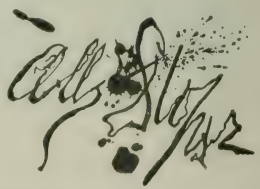
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AT THE SIGN OF THE BRUSH & PEN

Being some notes on the Black and White Artists of to day

No. 4.—MR. W. F. THOMAS.

"River none may mollify;
Into it we throw
Fool who cannot follify,
Cock who will not crow."



AT this festive season of the year, when otherwise staid and elderly gentlemen renew their youth like the eagle, and frivol with merry maids of seventeen under the mistletoe; when spinsters of unimpeachable propriety and uncertain age are induced to redeem a "forfeit" by calling their sweethearts' names three times up the chimney—to the confusion of the young curate, who thus finds greatness thrust upon him; when Christmas Numbers with antediluvian jokes and "presentation plates" in sixteen distinct tints are as plentiful as the oft-quoted leaves of Vallombrosa or Dukes in Barataria, where, it may be recollected, they were valued at the ridiculous figure of three a penny; and when even our always humorous daily contemporary throws over the ministerial jester of its correspondence columns to make room for other pretty wits in a wild endeavour to become more charmingly absurd than ever, it is forcibly brought home to us that we also are paid to be funny, and that during the month of the holly berry at all events it is incumbent on us to forsake the more serious aspect of black and white work, and deal only with the lighter side of things. Hence it is, bearing well in mind the fate foreshadowed as likely to befall poor Jack Point and his Merry Maid "peerly proud," should they, as salaried wits, fail to follify when occasion and their audience demanded, that I have this month, so far at least as my subject is concerned, done my best to provide one not too sedate by taking as a theme the life and work of an artist, whose drawings have probably a wider circulation than those of any of his brethren of the brush and pen, namely Mr. W. F. Thomas, the man who has done so much to secure a permanent place in the public favour for that madcap creation Ally Sloper. All this, however, only by way of *apologia* for passing by for the moment the Madonnas of the latter day Raphael, the portraits of the modern Gainsborough, and the things in blue with halos of other up-to-date Old Masters, in favour of the classic simplicity and exquisite tenderness of the Sloper of Thomas.

* * * * * * * *

Before dealing with Mr. Thomas *in propriâ personâ*, however, it may not be uninteresting to give some account of the Eminent, otherwise the Friend of Man himself, and of the really very funny paper in which his career is pictorially recorded week by week by Mr. Thomas's clever pen.

The Prototype of Sloper.

The prototype of Ally Sloper was, I believe, an old "extra" clerk of customs, who died many years ago, after nearly half-a-century's service. This clerk, who was a constant frequen er of the Horns at Kennington, was known among his associates as "the Master Mind," and had all the attributes, moral and physical, the mixture of simplicity and harmless cunning, that we have learnt to associate with Ally. He had a head of curious shape, of which he was inordinately proud. Like Ally, too, he had a mighty capacity for absorbing alcoholic liquor, and a particular fondness for "unsweetened" which amounted to a fascination, while he was wont to confess that the rent of a public-house which he owned was generally

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paid by contra account. He had a wealth of old stories and queer sayings, and a Munchausen-like faculty of embellishing his many yarns of strange adventures and experiences.

The History of the Half-Holiday.

One of the sights of London which the ordinary tourist as a rule does not see is the establishment at No. 99 Shoe Lane, known as "The Sloperies," from which that delightfully entertaining production of picture and print, entitled *Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday*, makes its weekly bow to the public. Shoe Lane is by no means a boulevard, but it will nevertheless repay the enquiring traveller to visit No. 99. The window of the Sloperies is in itself, like the face of the young man in *Ruddygore*, a "sight for to see," for here in all their native simplicity may be seen curios connected with the Sloper family such as not even the British Museum can produce. Here is the toothpick of the Eminent—a mighty weapon, and here the fabled slippers of McGooseley and the false fringe of Aunt Geeser, while among articles of general rather than Sloperian interest may be mentioned the "Foot-rule used in the building of St. Paul's," the "dagger and spear picked up at the battle of Bannockburn"—no doubt a gentle reminder to Englishmen that there is a reverse side to the Trafalgar shield—and the exquisitely battered old penny trumpet, described as *the* bugle which sounded the charge of the Light Brigade, or at least—

"All that was left of them—
Left of six hundred!"

Of course I need not explain that these and the many other touching relics are all of the same extravagant and absurd conception as the performances of Sloper himself.

The *Half-Holiday*, which is a sort of Court Circular of the Sloper deeds and misdeeds was started by Mr. Gilbert Dalziel, the sole proprietor, inventor, patentee, and editor of this particularly "Happy Thought," in May, 1884, the first issue being dated the third of that month. The paper caught on exceedingly well from the first, and increased very steadily in circulation almost week by week. Each number, though it only runs to eight pages, contains no less than from sixty to eighty pictures, contributed by about twenty-five different men, among whom Mr. Thomas naturally stands first, being responsible for the front page cartoon, always the *pièce de resistance*, and the "Weekly Whirligig." The size of the blocks of the former illustration precludes our reproducing a specimen here, but through the courtesy and kindness of Mr. Dalziel, to whom, indeed, I am also greatly indebted for much interesting information relating to Sloper, we are able to give a characteristic specimen of Mr. Thomas's other work in the *Half-Holiday*.

Undoubtedly the most interesting and curious feature connected with this altogether unique publication—and a feature which never seems to have been imitated in an age of imitation—is the *Sloper Award of Merit*, which is conferred on all and sundry who, in the opinion of Mr. Dalziel, have done anything noteworthy. He confesses with a smile that as he is only human, he has very likely erred occasionally in bestowing it on unworthy folks, but on the whole he feels satisfied that the F.O.S.'s (Friends of Sloper) have behaved themselves both before and after the receipt of the distinction. The Diploma is a very humorous design in colours by Mr. W. G. Baxter, who, prior to the engagement of Mr. Thomas, did the front page cartoon. This extraordinary "Honour" has been conferred on nearly all the most distinguished people of the land, whose autograph acknowledgements of the fame thus brought upon them in the possession of Mr. Dalziel form a most interesting and unique collection—many of the recipients writing most entertaining epistles in thorough appreciation of the humour of the situation. The distinction is not reserved for only the well known, however. If a good thing is done a man may be created an F.O.S. no matter who he is. Even the acceptance and publication of and payment for such an article as this might be regarded as a sufficiently unheard of event to merit the conferment of the diploma on the Editor of this paper. There is really no saying—if he and the Poet Laureate were inadvertently overlooked in the Jubilee List, there is still hope for them at the shrine of the Friend of Man. In fact Mr. Dalziel tells me, whether with a view to conveying the same as a warning to the Editor or not I cannot say—that there are even policemen enrolled on this Scroll of Fame, while among the many distinguished members of the Order are men like the late Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais, Sir Richard Burton, and Mr. Wilkie Collins (prince of novelists!), and Field Marshal Lord Roberts, Mr. Justice Hawkins, Lord Charles Beresford, Viscount Wolseley, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Henry Irving, and any number of others.

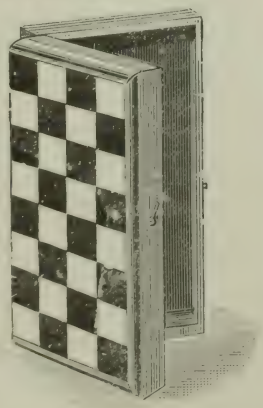
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One great factor in booming the *Half-Holiday* into fame was Mr. Dalziel's keen appreciation of the new Beatitude "Blessed are the uses of Advertisement." [Other publishers who have not yet patronized the pages of the *Book-Stall* please note.] Beyond the fact that he appreciates the usefulness of this publication as a means to an end, however, he utilized extensively a most original style of advertising specially invented and patented by himself. Full size balloons were sent up on Bank Holidays with Ally in the car. Professional divers have jumped over Waterloo Bridge got up as the Old Man. Fours-in-hand with the entire family, including the charming Tootsie, have done the Derby. Launches with the same attractive complement of passengers have been to the Boat Race. The Eminent may be seen any day by the curious cycling in Fleet Street—in short, wherever men and women most do congregate there also is the Friend of Man with his bottle of "unsweetened," and so real a character has he become that little boys used to congregate round the door of the Sloperies about six o'clock waiting, as they explained, "for the Old Un to come out." Nor has the recent craze for Prize Competitions been overlooked. Ally has in his time given no less than £1000 for a six-lined verse, while on two separate occasions sums of £500 have also been paid as prizes. Then there is the "Sloper pipe," a clay with Ally's face, charming blue eyes, and deliciously red nose, which has been given away by tens of thousands. In fact I smoke no other! There are also "Sloper's pills," fifty for ninepence, a box of which Mr. Dalziel, with a fine sense of humour, was good enough to send me. By all accounts they are a very excellent medicine, and uncommonly cheap at the price. The "Poor Relief Fund" of some years ago was a sad but successful undertaking, while the Xmas Holiday issue of the paper is noted for the excellence of its musical contributions, and the noted composers, such as Cellier, Solomon, Godfrey, Lutz, and Ivan Caryll, who have contributed to its pages.

Such in brief, then, is the story of the famous little weekly to whose future success, coupled with the names of Mr. Dalziel and Mr. Thomas, the Editor and I hereby pledge ourselves to drink the first time we can raise fourpence for that purpose.

The Infancy and Early Life of Mr. W. F. Thomas.

Mr. Thomas is a "toon's bairn"; that is to say he had not in the earlier stages of his career any of the educational advantages of the simple Arcadian curriculum referred to by the man Shakespeare when, in the same breath, but at an immature period of the world's history, he advocated the formation of Free Libraries on distinctly novel lines, by obtaining—you know the quote—

"Books in the running brooks"—



MR. W. F. THOMAS.

or words to that effect. True, our victim had all the advantages of the "Sermons in Stones," but these were of so painfully puritanical a character that he did not derive material benefit from them. In other words he was born in the early sixties by the Salford side of the inky Irwell. His parents hailed from the shire of broad acres, but he was brought up in and around Manchester, and schooled at Halifax. From



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his earliest infancy he shewed a predilection for the pencil—his earliest recorded pictorial success being obtained at school. His "Xenophon" was a different edition to that in use, being enriched with maps and notes. One day while being tackled on the mysteries of the first aorist by the head master, to whom he irreverently refers as Tommy, the latter took occasion to borrow the volume to look at the notes and thereupon saw his own portrait at the back of one of the maps. The portrait was that of a little fat man, and those who have served under "Tommy" will appreciate the truth of the likeness. To the dominie's credit be it said, he appreciated the humour of the situation, and, as he handed back the book to the trembling Thomas, he remarked pleasantly—"Good edition this of yours, Thomas; very good, um—ah—*and illustrated too!*"

As years of discretion approached, Mr. Thomas tried business in Manchester, and promptly got sacked, his employers, with a slightly ironical air, advising his father that he had better put his son to something where a talent for drawing might be of some use. The fact was that the young rascal, like the poet who utilises the Ledger of A. Brown & Co. as a receptacle for his verses, had illustrated his firm's Journal and Petty Cash Book. Having gone through a preliminary course at a School of Art, Mr. Thomas next turned to calico print designing, and from that drifted to Paris to look at pictures. Meanwhile in his spare time he used to draw for *Random Readings*, an illustrated rival to *Tit-Bits*, then in its infancy. Of the proprietor of the latter, then plain and unknown Mr. Newnes, Mr. Thomas tells a characteristic story which is very typical of the whole of the genial Baronet's career. On one occasion the former went and submitted to Mr. Newnes some pictorial headlines such as have been used in *Answers*. The latter looked them over, but unfortunately discovered that one of the heads in the sketch—that of a working man—was represented with a clay pipe *with the bowl downwards*. This at once struck Newnes as being rather vulgar, and after thinking the matter over, he decided that he would have nothing to do with pictures. Thereafter Mr. Thomas did little "socials" and "politicals" for a Leeds paper, *Toby*, and also an illustrated letter from Paris. He was promised a long engagement if he would return from there and do all the illustrations, but shortly after he had done so the editor and proprietor fell out, the paper smashed, and the last issue appeared containing no letterpress save the "legends" to his drawings and the "ads."!

And then to London. There he sought for work, going the round of the publishers with varying success. Prior to this he had been contributing to *Judy*, and calling on Mr. Dalziel was fortunate enough to get an engagement on "Sloper," on the staff of which he has remained to this day. At first he did the small drawings on the front page, the "Whirligig" and the story "cuts"—W. G. Baxter being responsible for the cartoons. The latter, however, though exceedingly clever, had the "artistic temperament" strongly developed, and used to worry Mr. Dalziel by his erratic method of sending in his sketches too late. Various other artists were tried and found wanting, the position being eventually given to Mr. Thomas, who has filled it with conspicuous success, while he has only on one occasion, when the influenza had him in what he calls its *grippe*—and he still lives!—failed to come up to time. Of Mr. Dalziel he speaks in the most eulogistic terms, and if that worthy would promise not to blush I might mention that he is referred to as a splendid fellow to work with, full of good ideas, sympathetic and enthusiastic.

At the end of '94 there occurred one of those tides in the affairs of Mr. Thomas which, taken at the flood—you know the rest. In short it was a sort of turning-point in his career which only completed half the circle. Having convinced himself of the truth of the proverb "Nothing venture, nothing win," he posted one day a couple of drawings to Mr. Harry Furniss's ill-fated paper *Lika-Joko*, then in the hey-day of its infancy, and a couple to *Punch*. In those days the latter was a very "close borough," and he confesses that he hadn't much hope from that quarter. Nothing was heard of the *Punch* pictures for a fortnight or so, and with the rash impetuosity of youth he forthwith concluded that they were by that time undergoing a process of re-manufacture at the nearest paper-mills. One fine morning, however, to his delight and surprise, the first of them appeared, and a week later the other. Blessings, like misfortunes, never come singly, and at the same time he got a note from Mr. Harry Furniss asking him to call, whereupon he was offered a staff appointment on the new paper. Then suddenly there appeared the bristling horns of a dire dilemma—whether 'twas better to follow up the footing he had got on *Punch* and take his chance of getting a drawing in now and then or to take the genial Lika Joko's offer of a

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regular appointment. On the bird in the hand principle he took the latter and flourished—not for the two years for which Mr. Furniss had intimated he could run the paper at a loss, but for nine months. Yet of these he has the happiest recollections, for it was a pleasant time while it lasted, the work being interesting and refined and of a style which he should have liked to follow up. But Editor and Advertising Department fell out, and the *New Budget*, to which he followed Mr. Furniss on the demise of *Lika-Joko*, went the way of all flesh. Of Mr. Harry Furniss—"Hurry" Furniss, Mr. Thomas calls him—he has also a very high opinion. He speaks of him—I trust Mr. F. will forgive my only being able to give an instalment of his virtues; at a future date if he will follow the precedent of Barkis, I shall be happy to write of them at greater length—as most pleasant to work with, always on the sprint, and capable of getting through a tremendous lot of work in a marvellously short time.

Some Reminiscences and an Appreciation.

I might re-tell many yarns told me by Mr. Thomas, for he is a fellow of infinite jest; tell how a sub-editor on one occasion requested him to draw "an enormous tower in the shape of a gigantic frog with thousands of little French men and women swarming over it, all elegantly dressed, with parasols and tall hats and so on"—the whole to be depicted, mind you, on a space about an inch and three-quarters square; or how another time he was requested to draw an old man asleep, just wakening up—*one eye opening slowly!*—but space is limited. Indeed I have left but little in which to express our indebtedness to Mr. Thomas for the delightfully humorous drawing "Anither Scottie," which we are privileged to reproduce, or to say a word as to his own personality. As an artist he already holds a high, and will unquestionably hold a still higher position in his profession, while in the flesh he is a prince among good fellows—a man who, like Jack Point, can convulse you with quip and conundrum, who has the lighter philosophies at his tongue's tip, who can be merry, wise, quaint, grim and sardonic, one by one or all at once, and who, moreover, possesses a pretty, pretty wit, for he has read his Gilbert to some purpose, and never fails to recollect that—

> When they're offered to the world in merry guise,
> Unpleasant truths are swallowed with a will—
> For he who'd make his fellow creatures wise
> Should always gild the philosophic pill!

J. G. R.

MORE SCOTCH FOLK.

We take the following from that volume of delightful essays by John Buchan, entitled Scholar Gipsies:—At some farm houses the tramp's coming was eagerly looked for; and even at the laird's house he was given the seat at the fire for the sake of his news. There is a story told of a well-known Peeblesshire laird of last century that, when one of the fraternity presented himself at his door, he demanded if he had any news. "Nane, sir, was the reply. "Then get ye gone," said the laird, "and dinna come back till ye've something to tell." After a few weeks the beggar appeared again. He told the servant that he had great news for his master, and was immediately brought into the room where that worthy sat with his wife. "Well," said the laird, "What's new the day?" "Oh," said the tramp, "I was just gaun to tell ye that I had been doon below, i' the ill place, sin I saw ye last." "And what saw ye there?" asked the laird. "Mickle the same as here, the puir hadden doon wi' the great; but the Deil showed me a muckle chair aside the fire that he said he was keeping for the laird o' B———." "You see, my dear," said the old man, turning to his wife, "I am preferred wherever I go."

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

How doth the angler, blythe and gay,
From morn till twilight hour,
Gather rheumatics all the day
From every passing shower.

How cheerfully upon the hook
He threads the wriggling bait:
The number of the fish he took
He multiplies by eight.

What makes his comely face so bright?
Why does his basket clink?
Because although he gets no bite
He's certain of a drink.

And though he be of manners mild,
This trait in him is odd;
He certainly won't spare the child
Who may have spoiled the rod.

His sense of etiquette is fine—
Politeness is his whim—
He always drops the fish a line
To come and dine with him.

From "The Quest of the Gilt-Edged Girl."

BRUSHES.

HAIR BRUSHES.



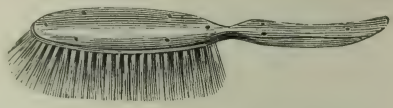
Broad Oval Hair Brush, Fine Bristle, 3/- to 4/-
Extra Fine Long Bristle, 4/6 to 7/6.



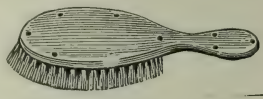
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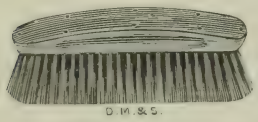
Cheap Hair Brushes, 1/6, 1/9, 2/-, 2/3, 2/6.

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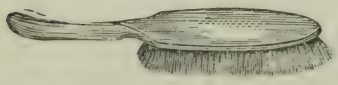
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EBONY CLOTH BRUSHES. EBONY HAT BRUSHES.

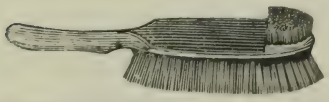
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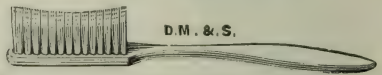


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IN THE FORTIES.



WHEN the Queen ascended the throne Aberdeen newspapers sold at 4½d. each. They consisted of four pages, and were issued weekly. They contained a week's home and foreign news, the London correspondence appearing the fourth day after it was written, and the postage on letters cost 1/2.

The means of communication were slow and dear, and as a consequence the newspapers contained condensed reports, and but very meagre details of the public life of the time. At that time a young schoolmaster, who was an accurate observer and an earnest student, had gone over two or three times every word in Webster's Dictionary, so as to get at the correct pronunciation. He had also verified every proof in Bagster's Comprehensive Bible, and detected a number of errors which he corrected, and for which Mr. Bagster held him in thankful remembrance. He was also a stenographic writer, using Taylor's system, but he felt on examination and with practice that it was difficult to write, and even more difficult to read, from the arbitrary nature of the characters representing letters and words, and he made several improvements. These he forwarded to Mr. Bagster to publish for him, as Taylor's Stenography, improved for use in schools, at a low price, but the shrewd publisher suggested that instead of Taylor's system he should bring out one of his own, and shortly after he did so, entitled Stenographic Sound Hand. The principle on which he proceeded was that each sound in the language should have a distinct sign—to be represented by dots, curves, and straight lines—and so expressed that it would be "sound made visible"—a simple, natural, and easily acquired system of writing. It was published in 1837, and excited some attention. Mr. Isaac Pitman, for he was the author, applied himself diligently to its improvement, and with suggestions and assistance from those interested in a writing reform, a very much improved edition was published in 1840 under the title of Phonography or Writing by Sound, being a new and natural system of shorthand. To meet the requirements of the time it was issued as a penny sheet, a marvel of beautiful lithography, and it had a large circulation. Another edition was called for with still further improvements, published at 8d., and from then till now has been published edition after edition in ever increasing appreciation and popularity. At what time it was first introduced to our city, I do not know. I cannot get any trace farther back than 1842 or 1843, when a copy of the work was in the possession of Mr. Andrew Sherer, ship chandler and shipowner, Quay, who recommended it to some of his friends who began the study, and one of whom—the only one alive so far as I know—writes it fluently and beautifully to the present time.

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PERSONAL ATTENTION TO ALL ORDERS.

Mr. Sherer was a man who early in life devoted himself to philanthropic and benevolent work. He was a Sabbath School teacher, a temperance reformer, a hydropathist, and eminently progressive. He was an active Congregationalist, and when the Atonement controversy came before the churches, he went with the Evangelical Union, and became a prominent leader in that body. Had he lived a few years longer he would have witnessed and taken part in the union of the two bodies, which has now taken place after fifty years of separation.

There were some then who practised Phonography in the city, but they were few. The visit, however, of two brothers of the inventor, Benn and Henry Pitman, gave a great impetus to the movement. In 1845 they gave two lectures in the County Rooms at which the Rev. Sir Wm. Dunbar, Bart., the minister of St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel, Gallowgate, presided. They gave a full explanation of the system to an audience numbering about 500, and after the lecture they surprised the audience by writing to dictation, at an ordinary speaking rate, a few hundred words, reading them forward and backward speedily and accurately. Classes were then formed, and altogether there were about 350 pupils; 60 of these being boys from Gordon's Hospital. After the classes were finished a soiree was held in the Temperance Hall, George Street. Owing to absence from home Rev. Sir William Dunbar was unable to be present, but he wrote excusing his absence, and praising the system and the teachers for their able instruction, he having been one of the pupils. Rev. Sir William will be remembered by the few who survive him as a frank, kindly man, with a pleasant countenance, and always the gentleman. As a minister he had his worries. His excommunication by Bishop Skinner gave him, I suppose, less trouble than the irrepressible progressiveness of his colleague, Rev. Samuel A. Walker, who instituted evening service in St. Paul's, and conducted a Mission Church in the Gallowgate. Whoever was to blame, they seemed very much to ignore each other; but they are now both where there is no misunderstandings, and where there is peace, perfect peace.

The chair was taken by the Rev. John Hope, the minister of the Unitarian Church, and the speakers were Archibald M'Donald, James M'Pherson, and James Murray. A. M'Donald was a well-known Chartist, an eloquent and forcible speaker, and took a lead in public meetings. He contested the Elgin Burghs with Sir Andrew Leith Hay, and was elected, by the show of hands at the hustings. Sir Andrew demanded a poll, and as "Airchie," as he was familiarly called, had no funds to contest the election, Sir Andrew became member. He was of an inventive turn of mind, and made some progress in the manufacture of granite vases and cups by grinding the granite and moulding it into the form desired, but it did not seem to be appreciated, and came to little practical value. James M'Pherson was a combmaker, and also a prominent Chartist orator at that time. He was also a capital speaker, and on that occasion made a stirring and eloquent speech. James Murray was a man who interested himself in religious and benevolent work, and was one of the worthies of the Loch Kirk, the Rev. David Arthur's. In a very happy address he presented each of the brothers Pitman with a gold watch and chain as an evidence of the good service they had given to their pupils, and their appreciation of their teaching. It is a curious circumstance that the first man to introduce Phonography to the city should be the first subscriber to the funds of the Aberdeen Temperance Society, and the man who took the foremost part in the first social meeting of Phonographers in the city should be the first to subscribe the pledge of the Aberdeen Temperance Society. The one, Andrew Sherer, the other, James Murray, father of ex-Baillie Murray, St. Nicholas Street. Every one of those mentioned as taking part in that meeting are dead, with the exception of Mr Benn Pitman. As a result of their visit several classes were opened, but now I know only one who was a pupil, and and he does not remember any others now alive.

Mr. Johnston Pirie, to whom I refer, was a pupil of Benn Pitman's class. He is a

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beautiful writer, swift and accurate, and has found it of immense service to him in business and private life. For years he took his minister's sermons. Rev. J. Aiken, Original Secession Church, and on one occasion when they had been disappointed with the supply not coming forward, a few minutes before the service began, one of the elders asked Mr. Pirie to take it. He went home and quickly returned with a MS. sermon in Phonography, which he read to the congregation as easily and as distinctly as if it had been ordinary print—a double compliment to the value of Phonography, and to the skill and ability of the writer, who could thus on an emergency fill up a gap—which help was highly appreciated by the congregation, as they listened again to one of the discourses of their esteemed minister. The first report of the Aberdeen Phonographic Society was submitted to the members on the first week of January, 1846. Roderick M'Kenzie, a clerk in a lawyer's office, was the secretary. He had begun the study of Phonography before the Pitmans visited the city. He was pretty far advanced, and he had a very fine style of writing.

Some ladies became active phonographers then, teaching classes and issuing a Phonographic Magazine entitled the *Bagatelle*, and if I am not mistaken some of them are still hale and hearty, but it would be invidious to mention names, as an approximation to age might be inferred, and that is what no lady likes to be known.

In 1847 there was still no falling off in enthusiasm. Several classes were conducted, and amongst those teaching was Lemuel Young, one of the masters in Broadford Works, who had become a beautiful writer. Another phonographer then was Mr. James Williamson, at that time in a wholesale merchant's in the Gallowgate, but who was lately the Provost of Banff. I do not know whether he has kept up his shorthand writing or not, but he was one of the early students and members of the Phonographic Society. Mr. Francis Cooper began before 1845, having got the first book from Mr. Sherer. He had been very zealous in acquiring the art, and became not only an expert reporter but an exceedingly neat writer. Mr. Cooper taught and corrected lessons to many, encouraging them to devote their spare time to the acquisition of Phonography, and in 1847 he conducted a morning class in one of the rooms of Meston's Academy, Union Street, where at six o'clock 15 or 20 young men were instructed. Mr. Cooper wrote out in shorthand a complete copy of the Bible, including Psalms, Paraphrases, and Hymns, a work of great labour and care, but completed with success. As a member of St. Nicholas Lane Church he reported the sermons of the late Rev. Henry Angus, and had in 1853 completed 7 volumes of 3000 pages, latterly using in reporting them in church pen and ink in preference to pencil. Mr. Cooper has had many distinguished pupils, among whom I may mention the late Wm. Alexander, LL.D., and the still living eminent missionary and townsman, Dr. Laws, Livingstonia, Africa, and Professor Cooper of Madras. His unwearied and gratuitous work in promoting phonography is worthy of all praise, and he is undoubtedly one of the oldest writers of the system in our city, and one of its most active pioneers. Mr. Cooper was associated with George Reid and John Walker in producing a lithographed monthly, the *Phonographic Herald*, during the year 1847, and published by the proprietors of the Book-stall, A. Brown & Co. Mr. Reid was early in the movement, as also Mr. Walker. The former was a nephew of the late Mr. Reid, and a partner in the firm of B. Reid & Co. He was an ardent phonographer. John Walker was a printer, and a brother of ex-Baillie Walker, a great enthusiast in the Phonographic Reform, and wrote the New Testament very legibly and neatly. Mr. Cooper alone survives his two colleagues.

In 1848 Mr. Archibald Gillies joined the *Aberdeen Herald* as reporter. Previous to that time there were no verbatim reporters on the press in the city. With the cumbrous and uncertain stenography which was used on special occasions it was wonderful the amount of matter that was given and the accuracy with which it was recorded. Mr. Gillies, in reporting at Public Board discussions, sometimes gave the verbatim con-

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versational speeches of the members, which were often amusing and enjoyable to the readers. A reporter in his professional work must have some very humorous experiences, and Mr. Gillies shortly after coming to the city had to attend a tenantry gathering in connection with the marriage of their Laird. The Laird's brother had to make a speech and stood up to do so, but he had either nothing to say or could not say it, and he havered away unintelligibly and blunderingly about crops and weather. When after a pause, Mr. Gillies being near, note book in hand, the orator took a firm hold of his hair, bawling out at the pitch of his voice, "Did you ever see a crop of carrots like that?" which convulsed the audience, for at that time Mr. Gillies's hair was red, long, and upright. It was the hit of the speech-making, and was delicately referred to in the *Herald* on the first Saturday after the meeting.

At that time, David Symon, a lawyer's clerk, was an enthusiast, and had classes for a season or two, which were well attended. The same year, James Valentine, who had been studying Pitman's System, joined the staff of the *Banner*, and continued reporting till its decease, when he went to the *Aberdeen Journal* and acted as reporter there for several years. Mr. Valentine was well known for his intelligence and zeal in many public questions. He was much interested in music, taking a leading part in promoting the improvement of Psalmody in our city; was on the committee who started the Saturday Evening Entertainments, arranged and tabulated valuable statistical tables of trade, commerce, and population, and gave very helpful aid to sanitary reform and other social questions. He contributed some papers to *Macmillan's Magazine* and *Good Words*, and altogether he was a pleasant comrade, a shrewd and able co-worker, and spent much of his spare time in promoting the public good.

For Good Scotch Stories

Read CRAIGDAM & ITS MINISTERS by George Walker. Price Sixpence. A. Brown & Co., Publishers, Aberdeen.

CHRISTMAS NUMBERS IN ABERDEEN.



XMAS Number is a strong feature this year, even stronger than usual, we think, at least some Xmas Numbers are stronger than ever they have been before. You have, of course, seen the last month's number of *Brown's Book-Stall*, with its bright, seasonable, and national supplementary picture, giving a characteristic portrait of the latest acquisition to the great Scots nation, namely Sandy McLaus. With the other great Scott we are inclined to exclaim—"Lives there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said I will arise and go to Brown's Book-Stall and expend the sum of one penny in purchasing *the* Christmas Number."

If you happen to be the happy possessor of tuppence you should certainly expend the other penny in securing a copy of the special Christmas issue of *Bon-Accord*. The contents are, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, "extensive and peculiar." From the page where they extol the "Silver Bell" to that on which the Silversmith holds the field they hold their cheerful way through song and story. To be thoroughly up-to-date there is an article on the Gay Gordons, but wisely the Dargai incident is eschewed, and they go right to the root of the matter with an interesting account of Jane Maxwell, the dashing Duchess who raised the regiment in 1794. This is accompanied by a portrait of the present Marquis of Huntly, and a full-page supplement, after a drawing by Mr. Wm. Smith, showing the Duchess recruiting in a country market.

By the way have you been to see Messrs. Smith and Hector's exhibition of Breton sketches in their studio at 61 Schoolhill? If not you should, they are worth seeing—and buying.

Then there's *The Northern Figaro* has got its Xmas Number too, but it deserves a fresh page, and shall have it—see page 111.

BON-ACCORD PRESS.

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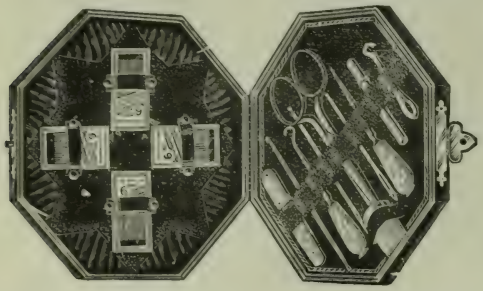
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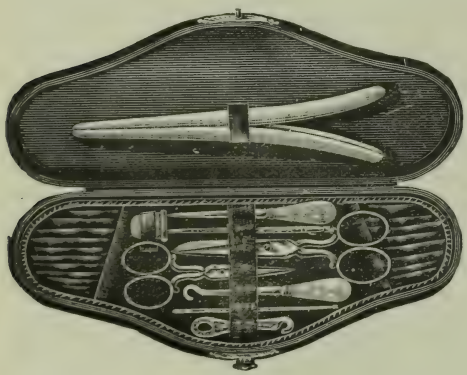
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From an Original Sketch by Mr. E. J. Sullivan.

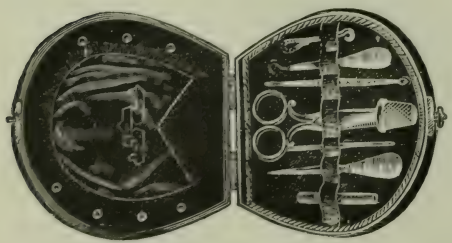
Ladies' Companions



As above, fine Leather Case, plush lined. Warranted Sheffield Cutlery, 9/6. A larger size with extra fittings, 17/6.

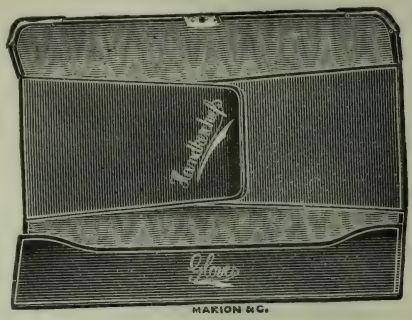


This style with Glove Stretcher, 7/6.

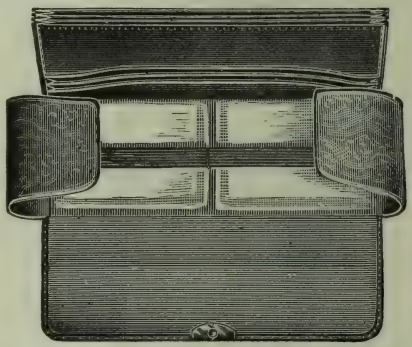


This pattern, plush case, plush lined, 5/6.

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Scarf Cases with Fixture for Collar Studs and Scarf Pins, Morocco Leather, 9/6.



ST. FITTACK'S: A NIGHTMARE.

THE autumn nicht when Nigg lay still,
The moon gaed scuddin' through the sky;
The plovers piped o'er Tullos Hill,
The corn in stooks was reestlin' dry.

I dandered by the Bay o' Nigg
As city bells the midnicht tolled,
And barmy breaker's foamin' big
O'er clatterin' stanes like thunder rolled.

The Girdleness flashed oot and in
Its kindly warnin' o'er the sea;
St. Fittack's graveyard wa's within
The nicht wind's croon sooched e'rily.

By day St. Fittack's kirkyard seems
A weedy, drear, deserted hole,
By nicht when moonlight o'er it streams,
The rendezvous o' restless souls.

This nicht the little belfry blazed,
Its slender spire, its tiny bell,
A dainty thing by faerie raised
To ring some dying baby's knell.

I lap the wa', and on a stane—
Some lang dead Nigger's monument—
I sat and pondered a' my lane
On life and death and what they meant.

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Ower in the toon the citizens
Are maistly steeped in drink or sleep ;
But here the kirkyard denizens,
Although unseen, their revels keep.

A nettle boos, a dockan shak's,
A stane gaes rattlin' doon the bank ;
Wee Devilkins the clatter mak's,
Tormentin' waukrif souls wi' pranks.

And throo the wa' cracks lichties trip,
Dance down the haugh a twinklin' train ;
Ower at the healin' well they dip,
And turn and twinkle back again.

And puzzlin' over life and death,
A riddle that I canna rede ;
I saft and safter drew my breath.
And soonly slept amo' the dead.

Hoo lang I slept I canna tell,
But roused at last wi' mony a horn
And mony a clamorin' factory bell
That rang impatient through the morn.

I waukened—rubbed my e'en and stared,
My head was bizzin' like a bee ;
And like the wifie i' the sang,
Says I "This is na surely me."

The kirkyard wa's are here ; and there
The little belfry safe and soun',
But Tullos Hill seems feued, and where
Were fields last night, the day—a toon.

A thoosan' hooses in a nicht,
Wi' toors and steeples far and wide,
And in the bay—afore my sicht
A thoosan' ships in harbour ride.

And stranger still, the gravestanes seem
Much brawer, fresher than yestreen ;
Tchach—dammit—this maun be a dream,
I'll no believ't—lat's rub my e'en.

And read the stanes to see if aye
The fathers o' the hamlet sleep—
What's this ?—Guid God ! I shak' and pray,
While o'er my niz the cauld sweats dreep.

Freens o' my youth, can ye be deid,
Wi' wham last nicht I played at whist ?
The tears doon fa', I canna read
Your gravestanes throo this sauty mist.

The Psalmist says we canna richtly tell what change a day brings forth ;
That's true for Judah ! but a nicht
Works michty wonders in the north.

Here Shirra Broon's his record closed
And taen tae avizandum ;
The cases rare his Lordship posed,
In heaven tae understand 'em.

Epitaph.

In prison lone the Shirra lies,
For trial here remitted ;
The Lord will say on Judgment Day
"For justice done—Acquitted."

The Toon's House Plutarch learnèd chiel
Lies ready for uprisin'
Wi' heart richt leal, and head weel stored,
Wi' knowledge maist surprisin'.

Epitaph.

In a deid box below
Lies Saunders Munro,
The Toon's Hoose lamented recorder,
Gin the big buik's ahin
When to Heaven he win,
He'll set it in apple-pie order.

Here's Maker Carnie, kind and keen,
A poet first—and second
(A combination rarely seen)
A man o' business reckoned.

Epitaph.

Softly tread, a poet's ashes
Wait below the end of time ;
Softly quote, in reverent whispers,
Fragments of the "Waifs of Rhyme."

Waifs that drifting with the current,
Waifs that tossing with the wind,
Rest at last in quiet corners
Of the human heart and mind.

Tones of feeling, glints of gladness,
Glimpses of the good and fair,
Sympathy that softens sadness,
Merry thoughts that conquer care.

And the waifs aye tossing, drifting,
Down life's lanes and streams are whirled ;
Here and there like seeds they settle,
Bright to bourgeon in the world.



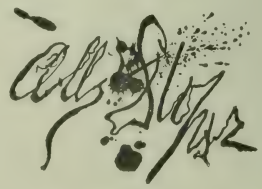
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Softly tread, a poet's ashes
Waits below the end of time ;
But to us he's ever singing
Charming little "Waifs of Rhyme."

Here's auld John Low, the minister,
Let's hope that he's forgiven ;
John valued mair a rood o' glebe
Than acres broad in Heaven.

Epitaph.

The Reverend John Low
Is buried below,
Nae mair noo he mumbles and screeches ;
In Hell, ye may bet,
He can hardly get het
If he burn as bad as he preaches.

Beside the eastern wa' there lies
Awaitin' Resurrection
A raw o' fossil councillors
In dread of non-election.

Each narrow ward—echt feet o' sward,
Within' a little rail is,
Nae index stane nor golden chain
Distinguishes the Baillies.

But o'er their dust the noble bust
O' faithful Provost Daniel,
Wi' city crests, twa unco beasts
Like pard or spotted spaniel.

While under on a slab there's traced
This verse, their sole record,
A single epitaph's enough
For a' the Cooncil Board.

Epitaph.

How are the mighty fallen
From the palmy days of Zion ;
Daniel's still in the wild beasts' den,
But he's only got one lion.

And neist I see the doctor's deid,
His peels have lost their fushion ;
He took a maggot in his heid
To test new fangled pusion,
And here he lies.

Epitaph.

Here's the auld doctor boddy,
A thocht cracked in the noddy,
Wha dabbled wi' dockans and daisies ;
Gane to heaven or hell,
We canna weel tell—
He sent patients to baith o' the places.

Tho folks wi' caulds to heat in Hell,
The sair hearts sent to glory,
And those complaints he coodna tell
He kept in Purgatory.

In classical sepulchral vault
Methinks here lies Sir William,
Who Greeks' and Romans' every thought
Could learnedly reveal 'em.

When Homer in Elysian fields
Was chatting with Ulysses,
Sir William happened there to take
An airing with his missus.

Old Homer heard him ask what time
He might expect his dinner,
The poet says I know I ween
That man, or I'm a sinner.

His figure's strange, his face unknown,
But when I heard him speak,
I thought it was some "old time" pal
Who thus accènts his Greek.

Epitaph.

The question vexing shades below
Is, which of two is Homer?
The party living there before,
Or this like named newcomer.

They made old Plato referee,
Who heard both Homers speak,
And then declared it was a "draw,"
They equally knew Greek.

A silence fell, the horns ceased,
The bells forego their clangour ;
And cauld and stiff I try to rise,
But ferlies spy nae langer.

On Nigg's broad bay nae steamers ride
But salmon cobbles only ;
Nae toors nor spires on Tullos bide,
But fir trees dark and lonely.

And gravestanes noo wi' dirt and moss
Are covered as of yore ;
And friends wham I sae mourned the loss
Will drink wi' me once more.



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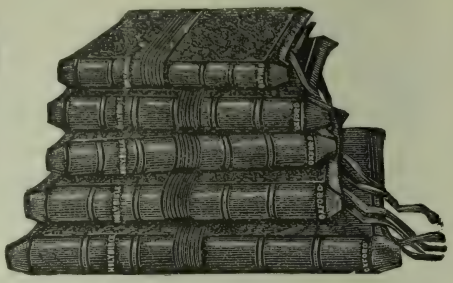
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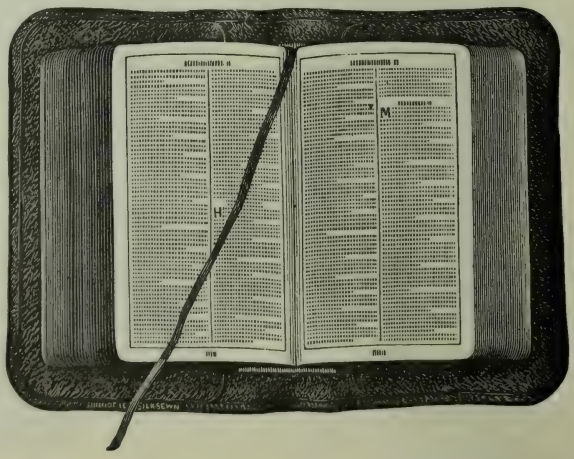
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At the Sign of the Brush & Pen

Being some notes on the Black and White Artists of to day

No. 5.—Mr. E. J. Sullivan.



A POET or a philosopher—it matters not which, for they are alike in their unreliability—has said in one of his most profound thoughts that "there is nothing like leather." Personally, I have an excellent substitute for it—Cheek; and it was this that led me into Castle Dangerous as hereinafter related. How the exercise of the latter, however, did not lead to a prompt application of the former, as typified for the occasion by the boot of Mr. E. J. Sullivan, an artist of the first water and a man of abiding patience, when, on behalf of the readers of the *Book-Stall*, I went on a recent occasion north-westwards in London town, is to me a matter of heartfelt congratulation if also of much wonder. In short, I had undertaken to interview the aforesaid Mr. Sullivan, and the fact that I escaped, as the legal documents put it, "skaithless," says much for the good humour and sweet amiability of the other man; for, to adapt Mr Gilbert's *obiter dictum* about the bobby to the circumstance of the moment, when your enterprising Showman goes an-interviewing, then, verily, the victim's life is not a happy one.

It is a rather pleasant, not to say an amusing occupation to sit in one's back parlour, undisturbed save by telegraphic communications from the Editor, couched in language more vigorous than scriptural, to hurry up with the "copy," and there compose letters to prominent pen-men, requesting them to lay bare the secret recesses of the heart, to picture in words adequate to the importance of the occasion, the life they have led since they discarded the infantile bottle, and to give as truthful a description as possible of the Morris wall-paper in their second best parlour, or the exact number of Old Masters hung in the bath-room. This, at anyrate, was my conception of the part I was to play in writing these notes at the time when the Editor, worthy man, induced me to undertake that great responsibility, and this was the spirit in which I had determined to proceed. It was an easy and an entertaining rôle, for I could see in my mind's eye the artist trying to reconcile with his conscience and the fact that he stood at the plate o' Sundays, his description of the drawing of himself by a fellow artist on their joint return from a tea-party (which formed a prominent adornment on the walls of his studio) as an *impressionist sketch*. But Mr E. J. Sullivan is very wide awake, and in reply to my request for the customary confession of faith, he adroitly, and with malice prepense, invited me to call. Now, conducting correspondence with a celebrity through the prosaic medium of the Post-Master General is a vastly different affair from bearding the lion in his den, and I can assure you that it was with a very clean collar and a mighty sinking in the cardiac region that I set out for the studio of this well known black and white man.

Haverstock Hill is about as near Scotland as it well can be provided it wishes to remain in London. It is only the fine sense of humour of those responsible for its name, however, that is accountable for it being called a "hill." True, there is a slight rise in the "lie o' the lan'," necessitating the resting at many wayside shrines such as *The Load of Hay* or the *Sir Richard Steele* on the part of the adventurous pilgrim climbing this Pisgah from which he hopes to view the Promised Land, represented, on this occasion only, by Belsize Grove, but taken as a whole Haverstock Hill as a substitute for Sculty is poor, even though the breezes from Happy Hampstead blow with refreshing vigour o'er its summit when the "win's that wye." Belsize Grove, at No. 30 of which Mr Sullivan sits in

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state in a halo of cigarette smoke—his consumption of his favourite mixture being such that the Revenue would miss him—is what might be termed a quiet neighbourhood with—and I sincerely trust this is correct, for I used my pocket compass with some care—a North light and all the other things which artists find necessary in a dwelling place. My knock at the door was a subdued one, and I was rather surprised when a boyish figure with a pair of twinkling eyes full of merriment and sly humour, in fact an individual bearing a considerable likeness to Mr Phil May, quietly broke the fact to me that he and no other was Mr. Sullivan. Hitherto I had taken him for Mr. Sullivan's youngest son, and it was no slight relief to find that my subject was not the terrible reality I had pictured. Once inside his own sanctum, what could I do save follow the example of James Hogg, and stand and "glower," for the place was littered with drawings such as made me nigh forget the tenth, if not the eighth, commandment—Mr. Sullivan being just on the point of completing a series of thirty pictures for which he had been commissioned.

Seated in the snuggest of chairs, a cigarette going merrily, and a sample of a new brand of lemonade which had a name something like "Dew of Ben Nevis,"—of which Mr. Sullivan, with charming solicitude for my welfare insisted that I should partake—beside me, I felt indeed that after all life was worth living. After two hours of this sort of thing I came to the conclusion that my true vocation was that of interviewer, and forthwith abandoned all thoughts of the ministry.

Then we talked; at least he did, and I listened, smoked, and consumed the aforesaid lemonade. Before dealing with his *apologia pro sua vita* in detail, however, it is interesting to note the prominence which the month of September occupies in the story of his life, for it was during that month that most of the turning points in his career have occured. He came into the world in September 6th, 1869, to be precise; he left London, where he was born, on his first birthday, proceeding to the Lake District of which his earliest recollections are. Five years later, again in September, he came to Hastings, then went to school in September, and came back to London at the age of nineteen to join the *Graphic* staff in September.

Mr. Sullivan's "career," as he smilingly observed I was good enough to call it, began when he was nineteen in Mr. Thomas's room at the *Graphic*—that starting point in the fortunes of so many other famous artists, when Mr. C. N. Wilkinson, afterwards founder of *Black and White*, wrote him a note of introduction to the Secretary of the Joint Dock Committee for a permit to sketch in the Docks during the great strike.

"Ah me," said Mr. Sullivan, with the nearest approach to a sigh he could manage, though to be sure he is a shocking pessimist, much given, doubtless from force of habit, to looking at the *black* side of things—"Ah me, these were the halcyon days of black and white work—at least for the artist."



MR. E. J. SULLIVAN.
From a Pencil Sketch by himself.

"Pen-drawing has also a past then?" I ventured to enquire, for the lemonade was invigorating.

Yes, he answered in effect, it is not now what it used to be in the days when the *Graphic* and the *London News* had things pretty much to themselves. Now illustrated papers spring up like the gourd of Jonah in a night, and, started

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as they are generally on small capital, they have to make a name ere it gets exhausted, or perish. An increased demand for black and white work thus arising has created by the well known economic axiom an additional supply of workers, and this, combined with the fact that many of the papers are, like a well-known city factor's description of some of his tenants, 'here the day and awa' the morn,' has greatly lowered the prices paid for good work ; it has, in fact, tended to reduce the majority of black and white men to one common level—the sheep and the goats being much on a par so far as payment is concerned.

"Indeed," said my victim with sly humour, "I am seriously thinking of throwing up artistic work altogether and taking to literature, or"—with the least perceptible pause—"*interviewing*."

"My dear Mr Sullivan," I said, "let us try and look at the bright side of things ; you may die before then."

When the *Daily Graphic* started, Mr. Sullivan joined the staff, and on it he spent two exciting years, doing the greater part of the portraits that appeared in its pages during that time. On one occasion he did thirty-six Nonconformist delegates in one day at the rate of five minutes a-piece, but the result, he confesses, was not brilliant. He and his friend Jones—his name for another artist now famous—did forty-eight Irish members one day between them, racing each other. Mr. Sullivan beat his opponent on the post by a couple of heads—those of Tim Healy and Michael Davitt. In fact, when thoroughly set, Mr. Sullivan is capable of turning out work at a rare speed, and, moreover, of consistently high merit, his "record" in this respect being eighty finished drawings in eighty days. This is really a more brilliant feat than may at first appear to the lay mind, for it includes the reading of the text to be illustrated—generally a couple of days' hard work—the selection of the 'situations,' grouping and arrangement of his models, etc. While on the *Daily Graphic*, he was, as he puts it, sexton to their 'graveyard,' in which were buried eminent statesmen, poets, editors, and even interviewers.

"Any black and white artists as well?" I queried.

"Oh no," he answered, "they all die young—ere fame has fully descended on them. Happily, however," he continued, "many of these portraits have not yet appeared, or when they do, now and again, it is to welcome an explorer home or a statesman's return to political life."

After leaving the *Daily Graphic*, Mr. Sullivan had an interval as a free-lance, mainly occupied with magazine work—chiefly for the *English Illustrated*, then in its palmiest days under the McMillans, for which firm he has done a considerable amount of work, including several volumes in their excellent "Illustrated Standard Novels" and their exquisite "Cranford" series, notable for the work contributed to it by one of our most delightful black and white men—Mr. Hugh Thomson. In the former he did the drawings for "Lavengro," in which some of his best work appears, for he found the book a "sympathetic" one, and for Marryat's "Pirate and the Three Cutters," published recently. In the "Cranford" series he did "Tom Brown's Schooldays" and Sheridan's "School for Scandal." For one or two of his pictures in "Tom Brown" he was severely taken to task by an irate person in the columns of the *Daily Chronicle*. The chief cause of complaint was the introduction of a syphon into one of the drawings, an article which this punctilious person pointed out with great indigation had not then been invented. But, as Mr. Sullivan justly observes, the passage in the book, "Oh England, young England," to which the illustration applies, is quite as applicable to the present as to the time when Judge Hughes penned it, and the book is not one of a season, but a "classic" equally applicable to the age of syphons as to that which managed to get along without these useful articles

Curiously enough, some years ago, when nothing but blood and thunder appeared on the hoardings, Mr. Sullivan tried hard to get poster work, but was told that no artist need apply. These were the days before Mr. Dudley Hardy had like the Sun in Mr. Davidson's Ballad, taken Heaven by storm with his yellow girls and other brilliant samples of Art on the hoarding.

Mr. Sullivan has also written and drawn a good deal for Mr. Latey, of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, who made very praiseworthy efforts to make a great Church-goer of him as a series of eminent preachers done for that paper will bear witness. Then, when the *Pall Mall* changed into Mr. Astor's hands, he joined the *Budget* staff, and worked for it until its decease, illustrating many stories by Barry Pain, H. G. Wells, and Pett Ridge, and finishing up in great style with John Oliver Hobbes' "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham."

This brings Mr. Sullivan's record pretty much up to date, save that he has also illustrated a charmingly got-

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up edition of Walton's "Complete Angler" for Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., a firm noted for the dainty and exquisite productions which they publish. He has also done the pictures for one or two volumes in that remarkably cheap and excellent series of *editions de luxe* for the million, the Illustrated English Library, issued by Messrs. Service & Paton, to whose courtesy and kindness we are indebted for permission to reproduce his drawing of Norna of the Fitful Head from their edition of "The Pirate."

As to Mr. Sullivan's work itself—well, example is better than precept, and I do not think I can give a better testimonial to its excellence than by referring the reader to the cleverly executed and very able character sketches which, through the kindness of the artist and his charming wife, we are able to reproduce with this issue. Editors are men who have no finer feelings, and the man who runs this paper is no exception to the rule, else surely I had written a paragraph exclusively devoted to the praise of Mrs. Sullivan, as a small token of gratitude for the kindly and considerate manner in which she tried to lighten your Showman's heavy task. However, when I compile my great work on charming wives who have distinguished husbands, of a verity she shall have a foremost place in the record.

Space will not permit me to tell of how our interview closed with a gallant assault on the door knocker and the entrance of Mr. F. H. Townsend, a brother of the brush, who, when assured that I was quite harmless, kindly promised to be treated according to his deserts at a later date in these pages, or how with the kindliest thoughts of Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan's welcome, and a profound appreciation of the sentiments which animated the dual monarchy of Barataria, I took my departure into the night,

"With the gratifying feeling that my duty had been done."

J. G. R.

Aberdeen in the beginning of the Century.

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THE NORTHERN FIGARO

COMES to the front with an Annual which is not for a year but for all time. It is really something that is worth keeping. If variety is the spice of life, as some sage saith, then the flavour ought to be considerably improved by a perusal of this most marvellous sixpenny worth. Mark you it is only sixpence, and if you are not an Aberdonian and do not appreciate a bargain, you can buy a copy for charity, as the profits are to go to the poor children's "Day in the Country" Fund.

Time availeth not to tell of the marvellous contents. The genial editor has impressed his literary friends, "whom he reckons up by dozens," into his service. And we have contributions by a score and a half of writers, amongst whom we note Hugh Haliburton, W. A. Mackenzie, J. M. Bulloch, John Strange Winter, J. G. Reid, and many others. But the pictures! No one with a taste for Black and White art ought to miss them. We have counted 26 different artists, including such names as Sauber, Hartrick, E. J. Sullivan, Sydney Paget, Chris Hammond, Sickert, etc., and some of them contribute several sketches.

Besides these artists of world-wide fame some of our local artists, such as Mr. R. W. Hay, Mr. J. G. Murray, and Mr. Pickford, contribute charming sketches. The number is well printed on fine paper and issued in an ornamental cover. Don't forget to call early and secure a copy.

It is well that we can occasionally have what might be called a portable picture gallery, seeing that the Art Gallery in Schoolhill is more often closed than open. But all the same, after buying the Xmas *Figaro* you should take a walk round Brown's Fine Art Saloon, which is always open. And it has this advantage that you can either pay without going in or go in without paying. Come before you forget about it.

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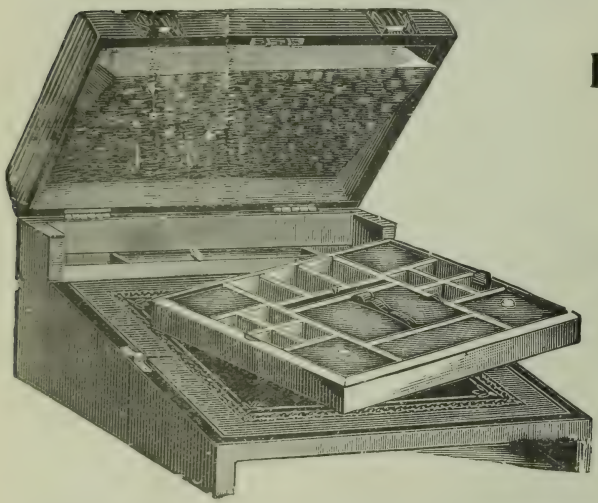
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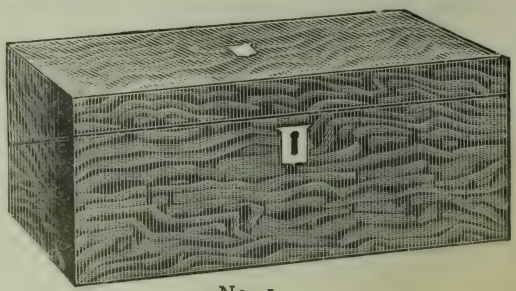


DESKS and WORKBOXES.

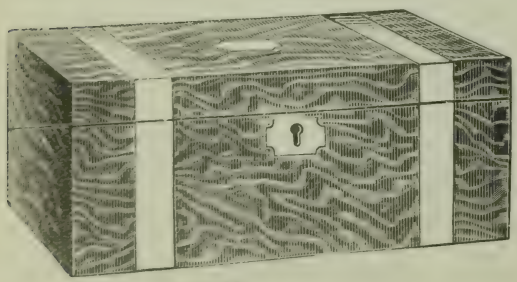
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MORE ABERDEEN WORTHIES.

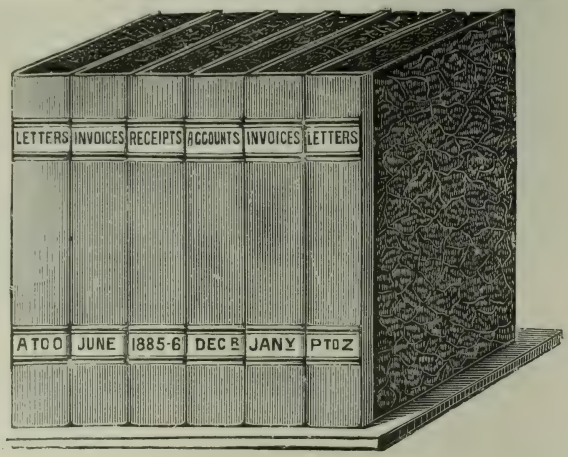
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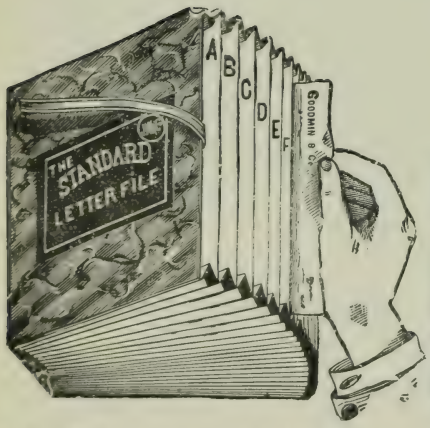
FROM classic Broad Street with its books and its pungent smell of leather to the aroma of the Denburn, as inhaled from the top of the Mutton Brae, was not a far cry. I say, "was" advisedly — the present tense not being applicable—for while the first-named thoroughfare stands pretty much where it did in the early sixties, the Mutton Brae has gradually been erased, bit by bit, from off the face of maps of Aberdeen. But though the Mutton Brae and its immediate vicinity were probably less aristocratic than their neighbour, Broad Street, they bore a no less important part in the making of local history. There was no culvert then for the Denburn to run through, and in place of the Union Terrace Gardens was the "Woodie," known to the youth of the city as a happy hunting-ground in which to dodge the "bobbie" of the time, and a public bleach-green largely patronised by the good-wives of a bye-gone generation. The upper part of Schoolhill, and Woolmanhill, Blackfriars Street, and Black's Buildings, were all then spoken of as at the top of or beside the Mutton Brae. The "Brae" was shorn of its early-day glory when the "burn" was covered in, and the Great North of Scotland Railway extended its line to Kittybrewster *via* the Denburn Valley. Quite a coterie of worthies inhabited the neighbourhood I have thus summarised.

A notable citizen, by name, William Morgan, by profession a barber, occupied a shop in Woolmanhill, as far back as my memory will carry me. He was an unlettered humorist, and did an extensive tonsorial trade in his little shop. Mr. Morgan did not strictly abide by the commandment, "six days shalt thou labour," for on the "seventh" he opened his establishment from 8 to 10 in the morning, and shaved as many of his regular customers as he could in the time at his disposal. His place of business consisted of a "but and a ben." In the former he manufactured hair soles and made-up wigs; in the latter he shaved and cut hair. In those days there were no rotary hair brushes nor fancy "clippers." I am inclined to think that the scissors used must have been made of iron, or of soft untempered steel, for an "edge" was wont to be put on the blades by means of a three-cornered file! For razor cuts, which were not infrequent, the handy, though primitive "moose-wobs," *i.e.*, spiders' webs, plentifully found in my first barber's shop, or a bit of beaver cut from the proprietor's silk hat were called into requisition. Mr. Morgan, or "Weelum," as his customers more frequently styled him, was a most energetic artist, and for speed could have held his own with the redoubtable, historical Sweeney Todd.

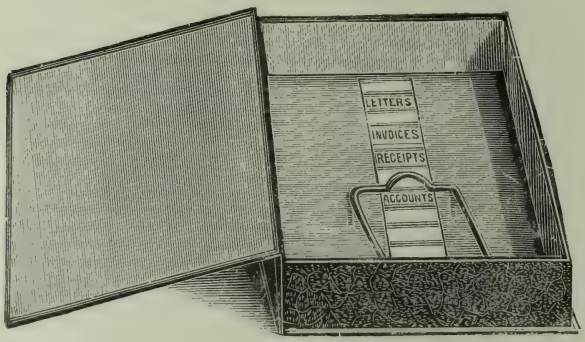
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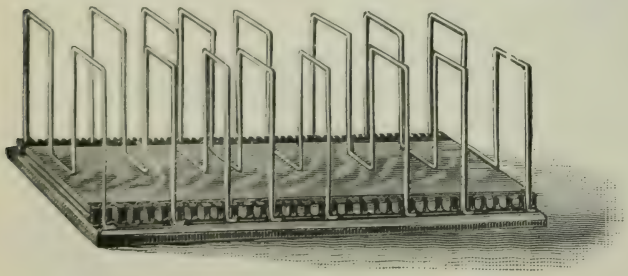
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He was barber in ordinary to the patients in the Royal Infirmary, and, I think, did similar personal duty at the Royal Lunatic Asylum. Well do I remember the short, thick-set, pudgy figure of this well-known citizen. The ruddy close-shaven face, displaying a twitching, humorous mouth, the merry twinkling eyes, stand out clear before me as I write. Mr. Morgan rarely wore a coat while at work, but his white shirt sleeves and long white apron were features of his general attire. He, of course, as was the general custom among tradesmen with places of business, wore a silk hat, with most of the beaver rubbed or brushed the wrong way. I think I hear his cheery voice trolling out a phrase which may be as new to the present generation as it was to me in the sixties :—"Good-bye. Hist-ye back; speedy growth to the hair. The barbers' toast." It is many years since "Weelum" died, but, I take it, his loss was keenly felt, and not a few will look back with kindly recollections of this local Figaro.

Another indispensable worthy was Matthew Deans, the chimney sweeper. "Mattha" lived in the Mutton Brae, and did a roaring trade. His was a much-dreaded personality, at least to the "infants in arms" part of the population, and many a "waukrife" child, when all other means had failed, would close its eyes in a sudden ecstacy when it was suggested that "Mattha" Deans would have to be sent for. The "Mattha" conjured up in his sooty garments in the little mind was a different individual indeed to what that good man was when his face was washed. Then he positively beamed with good nature and was a general favourite —especially among anxious, zealously clean housewives.

"Broker" Christie was also a Woolmanhill and Mutton Brae tradesman. His was a shop in which almost everything, "from a needle to an anchor" in hardware, and furniture could be had. He was by trade a carpenter, and for years held the contracts for supplying coffins for the poorer patients who died in the Infirmary, and, if I mistake not, he also did similar service at the St. Nicholas Poorhouse. Mr. Christie was a bustling little man whose clothing was invariably some sizes too big for his body. His trousers were so long that they had perforce to be rolled up at the feet.

His coat was cut after the pattern of a more or less fashionable evening dress garment, and it never seemed to have been new, yet it never looked any older than on the first day I saw it on its owner. He wore the usual "lum" hat, stuck well back on his head; and his waistcoat came well down over his stomach. The colour of his clothing was what is known as rusty black. One peculiarity of the "undertaking" business in those days has fixed itself fast in my mind. Among the poorer classes there was no such thing as a cloth-covered coffin. In many, very many cases, alas! the wood was not even blackened, or, if it was, it but served to show the rough unplaned wood to greater advantage. And such a thing as "pitch run into the seams" was, I opine, unknown in the manufacture of those "shells" made to do service as coffins. What a change for the better has since then taken place, but who will deny that reform is not yet required?

Other notable citizens belonging to or residing about the "corner" included Mr. Andrew Sutherland, draper and hosier, who occupied the shop ultimately made famous by Mr. Wm. Morrison, and known but a few years back as the Collie's Brig Drapery Warehouse. Mr. Sutherland's place of business was spoken of in my boyhood days as the "shoppie down the steps" in Black's Buildings. On the pavement just where the pillar letter box stood, and still stands, Muslin Betty was wont to display her "light goods" department; and in the afternoons in summer two and perhaps three fisher lassies or women sold "dulse, pepper dulse, and batherlocks." Mr. John Booth, watchmaker, whose shop was in the Upperkirkgate, lived in No. 5 Black's Buildings; Mr. Robert McWilliam, who had a small joiner's shop in Woolmanhill, and Mr. William Cay, of the firm of Mitchell & Cay, founder of the present successful firm of William Cay & Sons, both lived in No. 6 of the Buildings referred to. Messrs. Mitchell & Cay carried on an extensive

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house carpentry business in Garden Nook Close, beside the Well of Spa. A less notable, though not less known worthy who lived in the same house with Mr. McWilliam and Mr. Cay, was old Robert McKay, for long beadle in the Gaelic Church in Gaelic Lane. Robert was a weaver to trade, and in common with most of his class was a widely read and intelligent man. Quiet, inoffensive, modest, Mr. McKay was universally respected, and his somewhat tragic death caused much regret. Did space permit, I might mention such other names as George Brander, mason; George Mitchell, painter ("Brutus"),; Robert Hay, grocer ("Robbie Hay, the merchan' "); but a more detailed reference may be made to these in a future article.

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IF you've got a thought that's happy,
Boil it down;
Make it short and crisp and snappy—
Boil it down.
When your brain its coin has minted,
Down the page your pen has sprinted,
If you want your effort printed,
Boil it down.

Take out every surplus letter—
Boil it down;
Fewer syllables the better—
Boil it down.
Make your meaning plain—express it
So we'll know, not merely guess it—
Then, my friend, ere you address it,
Boil it down.

Boil out all the extra trimmings—
Boil it down;
Skim it well, then skim the trimmings—
Boil it down;
When you're sure 'twould be a sin to
Cut another sentence in two,
Send it on—and we'll begin to
Boil it down.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL DEE: A Description of the River from the Wells to the Sea. Written by ALEX. INKSON MCCONNOCHIE; Illustrated by J. G. MURRAY, A.R.E. WM. JOLLY & SONS, Aberdeen, 1898. pp. vii. + 161.

From the date when Brown's "Guide to the Highlands of Deeside" was published in 1831, there have appeared from time to time guide books and also histories of portions of the Dee valley, but we are certain that the handsome quarto now issued cannot be approached by any of them, either as regards literary or artistic merit. The combination of pen and pencil brought to the production of this volume has been singularly happy, and the result is a description of the river from the Wells to the Sea which leaves little to be desired.

Mr. McConnochie's familiarity with the whole ground, from the top of Braeriach to the Torry shore, enables him to act as a delightful and entertaining guide to the beautiful scenery of Deeside, which has many landscape pictures of surpassing beauty.

The volume is divided into twelve stages, full chapters being given to Braemar, Balmoral, Ballater, Aboyne, and Banchory, while the other seven chapters form the connecting links between these points, the last covering the course of the river from Banchory to Aberdeen. But Mr. McConnochie does not confine himself wholly to description, for by legend, ballad, and story, he invests the various points along the valley with historical associations which make them stand out as objects yielding their quota to the general history of our country.

Of the 91 illustrations with which Mr. Murray has enriched the volume, from the Wells on the top of Braeriach, where an ice axe is more than ample to bridge the infant river, to the harbour lights at Aberdeen that twinkle *finis*, they are all most characteristic of the Dee and do ample justice to the subject in artistic execution. A specimen illustration appears on page 119.

The book is tastefully bound in white buckram with suitable thistle decoration, and either for the library or the drawing-room table "The Royal Dee" should prove a most acceptable acquisition. We trust its success will be such as to induce the authors at no distant date to undertake a similar volume for the sister river. The Don, though not perhaps abounding in such richness of picturesque pictures, has still beauties wholly its own. M.

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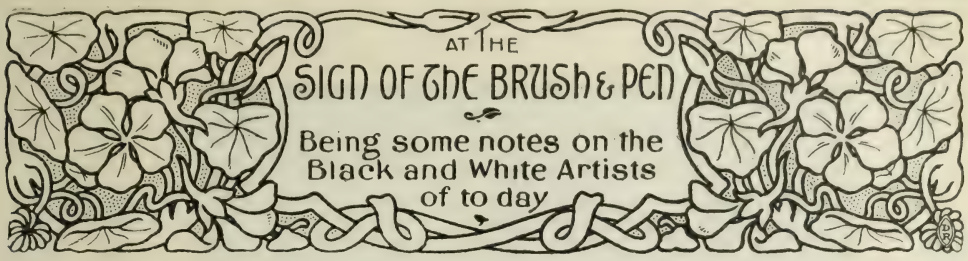
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No. 6.—MR. F. T. JANE.

"THROW physic to the dogs," our brilliant literary friend Mr. William Shakespeare remarked in one of his inspired moments. Another gentleman, also of much literary promise, to wit the late Mr. Massinger, has likewise spoken in no very reverent terms of the medical profession—

> Out, ye impostors!
> Quick-salving, cheating mountebanks—your skill
> Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill—

while Churchill — not the lion-slayer, but another of the same—is hardly less severe when he writes—

> Most of the evils we poor mortals know
> From doctors and imagination flow.

And now, as a last blow which ought to make our embryo medicine men turn from their evil ways while there is yet time, and follow some respectable profession, such as bookselling, comes Mr. F. T. Jane, the genial artist, into whom I am privileged to stick pins this month, with the assertion that the medical man is his pet aversion, or rather divides that distinction with what he calls "the singer person"—one *pro indiviso* half of the said aversion falling on each, and his heirs, jointly and severally, as the lawyer bodies put it. While on this subject I may also put it on record that Mr. Jane hates Music Halls and all that pertains to them, dislikes theatres, and, save for a game at chess on occasion, can get along very comfortably without entertainment of any kind. Neither does he collect old china, coins (save those of the realm), autographs, or postage stamps, but believing nevertheless, that it is always well to have a shot in the locker, he takes the original method of ensuring that this should be so by gathering together every species of shot and shell he can lay hands on, from a one pound shell to a 40 pounder 4·7 projectile. With the exception of these, the only Objects of Art in which he takes an interest, apart from those of his own producing (and so far as the last mentioned are concerned, he is not sufficiently vain to make it more than a fatherly one) are some envelopes addressed to him, and bearing on the back a big seal on which is the Russian Royal Arms. The Russians, by the way, were muchly taken up with his "Fighting Ships" book hereinafter mentioned, but more than this I am not at liberty to say.

From his earliest infancy he took an interest in those who go down to the sea in ships. A son of the manse, his father being the Rev. J. Jane, Vicar of Upottery, Devon, he was born in 1865, and from the first was intended for the Royal Navy. His health, however, was delicate, whether on account of an early development of his tendency to look upon doctors as abominations, history deponeth not, but at anyrate, to use his own phrase, the Navy business didn't come off. He was trained in the way he should go at Exeter School, and thus early his genius for black and white manifested itself in the production of a newspaper with the very unorthodox name of *Toby*, which he ran while at school. It cost twopence, and was undoubtedly worth the money, being set up by himself and printed on a small hand-press, while the illustrations were "graphed." He ran it against the school paper till the Censor, otherwise the Headmaster, stepped in and in quite Sultanic fashion suppressed it. This is not the only paper, however, that he has run. While doing the naval manœuvres he used to issue an illustrated sheet called the *Daily Liar*. One year he lost all his luggage, and got on board with only the things he stood in. In the *Liar* there was a prize competition for "Limericks," and the poet of the vessel romped in an easy winner with the following lines commemorative of Mr. Jane's luggageless condition :—



The Destroyer "Thrasher" run down by the "Phaeton" off Plymouth.

From an Original Drawing by Mr. F. T. Jane.

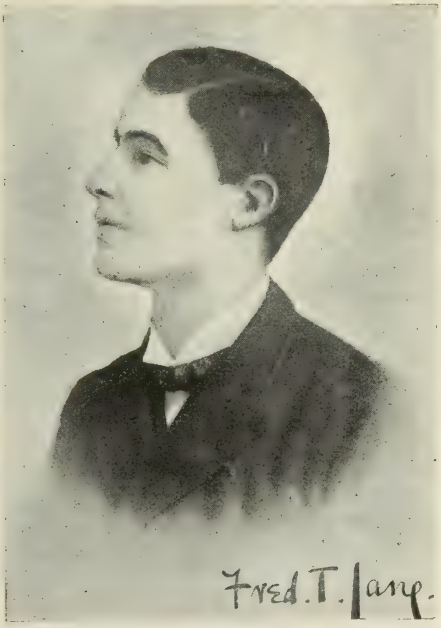
Our little Jane has but one shirt,
One handkerchief smothered in dirt
On which he wipes brushes
And Indian ink crushes:
I hope now his feelings aren't hurt.

Apropos to the condition of his "nepkin" Mr. Jane admits that he has never got over the schoolboy habit of using a handkerchief as a blotting pad, though his wife, who is something of a humourist, has sought to cure him by marking on them all "Not to be used as a paint rag," to the occasional perturbation of folks whose eyes chance to alight on the legend. In the days of his youth, too, he painted a diorama with "bang-up explosions." It was exhibited at popular rates of admission in a loft over his father's coach-house, and had invariably large and enthusiastic audiences. From Exeter he entered for the Sandhurst Exam., but failed to get in, yet this is a circumstance which no one who knows Mr. Jane and his work can profess to regret. What the Navy lost Literature and Art gained, and a man who can write such delightful fancies as "To Venus in Five Seconds," and draw as Mr. Jane does, is deserving of a better fate than becoming a mere Admiral of the Fleet. However, his love for the sea was not to be damped by any such trivial circumstance. Even in Heaven, like the mariners in Mr. Kipling's "Chantey," I can hardly believe that Mr. Jane would be at home without a strip of ocean handy. He would certainly join in the strike which the author of "Barrack Room Ballads" so graphically depicts—

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Crying: "Under Heaven there is neither lead nor lea!
Must we sing for evermore
On the windless glassy floor?
Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat to open sea!"

Having almost perforce drifted into Art, he took up naval black and white work with conspicuous success, and has done excellent work for *Black and White* and the *Illustrated London News*, for the latter of which he has attended the naval manœuvres, generally in torpedo craft, of the mysteries of which he has a better knowledge than most people. On some of the experiences of this exhilarating work was based his first book, "Blake of the Rattlesnake," a story of future torpedo war, and in the little volume of drawings, "The Torpedo Book," issued by him through Messrs. Neville, Beeman, Ltd., he still further illustrates in a most graphic manner some of the highly exciting moments he has spent on board these craft. Of late, however, since he has had his Battle Ships book in hand, he has done practically nothing for any paper.

The fact that Britain rules the waves in spite of "my only brother" with the mailed fist (who, by the way, Mr. Jane had the privilege of meeting on board the *Deutschland*) is one to which innumerable bards and others have borne witness. Gratifying as the circumstance is, however, there are those amongst us like the little girl in the ballad—who, unfortunately so far as the gratification of her own curiosity was concerned, was a little too young for the purpose—who have a like thirst for



knowledge as to how the thing is done. No popular success can be attained without the public pining to know the minutest particulars, even to the colour of the hair of the cook of the cousin of the man who scored it, and it is but right that the most searching inquiry should be made as to how the wonderful feat referred to in the patriotic ballad which in the same breath conveys the interesting intelligence that Britons never *never* will be slaves, is accomplished. This is what Mr. Jane tells us in his pictures—pictures which show how it is done, and illustrate the secret of England's greatness and the proudest of our possessions—with

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the probable exception of *our* Highlanders—our Navy. Lordly 67-ton gun armour-plated battle ships, like the *Royal Sovereign*, swift-sailing cruisers, death-dealing torpedo boats and cunning torpedo catchers—with all of them he is familiar, and by his graphic illustrations of such and kindred naval scenes and incidents has done far more to educate the public mind to a true appreciation of how Britannia rules the waves than could ever be attained by the spoken word of the most "forward" of politicians. A word in the ear of mine friend of Germany (for fuller title see speeches of his "only brother")—when next he would impress his people with the importance of passing a naval vote, let him secure, for a consideration, the services of Mr. Jane to place the matter on a pictorial basis. It will be a busy day for the shipbuilding yards when he does, and a less harassing one for the Chinese.

Mr. Jane's love of the sea has led him into some highly exciting adventures. During the Chilian war he went out "on spec" sketching, but he confesses it was not a good "spec." He was on board the *Almirante Condell* when the *Blanco Encolada* was torpedoed, but in a moment of confidence has confided in me that he heard little and saw less of the event for two very excellent reasons—

(1) Because he was sea-sick, and
(2) Because he had been put to shovel coal by inartistic Chilians, and, as he graphically puts it, was "in a devil of a funk as to what a shot in the boilers would mean."

Though Mr. Jane, with a modesty that sits very well upon him, makes very little of the part he played in this exciting little drama, there is no doubt that his conduct during the whole of the war was of the pluckiest and most daring nature. He warns me (having a fine sense of humour) that I am not to draw too largely on my imagination in relating this portion of the story of his career, but for this I can assure him there was really no necessity, more especially as his adventures and escapes from "sudden death" were a good deal more thrilling than any I could invent. Finally he got pretty nearly shot as a spy, and escaped, he adds with a twinkle, on the ground of probable insanity!

While "doing" the naval manœuvres for his paper Mr. Jane has gone through ordeals both of fire and of water, and the stories he can tell when the natural shyness of his disposition has been overcome by such a person as myself, are highly diverting to hear, though not quite so entertaining to experience. To his unquestionable skill as an artist, he adds a very intimate knowledge of naval matters. Nor does his versatility end here, for he writes as well as he draws, and to his credit must already be placed several excellent books. Since he took to the climbing of Parnassus his success has been greater (and it must be confessed better earned) than that which falls to the lot of most young authors. I have already referred to "Blake of the Rattlesnake," as thrilling a book as the heart could desire. It was followed by "The Incubated Girl," which achieved the distinction of being more slashed than most books. "We tremble for the author's brain" remarked the *Hull Daily Mail*, evidently realising that it was paid to be funny. "A hideous nightmare of a book . . . a prostitution of human intelligence," added, with Christian charity, the *Sheffield Independent*. After so valuable expressions of opinion it is unnecessary to say more. Of the merits of his third venture, "To Venus in Five Seconds," however, I can speak from personal experience, for I read it at a sitting the other night, and as a consequence got to bed as Sarah Jane was bringing up my shaving water. To tell the truth it is a capital little fancy, improbable if you like, even absurd if you insist upon it, but all the same excellently told and desperately exciting. To it Mr. Jane contributed some characteristic pictures in happy keeping with the text. His latest book, "The Lordship, the Passen and We" is a story of rural Devonshire, mercifully *not* in dialect. Of course I need not enforce the moral of all this—it is obvious to the most ordinary intelligence that those same volumes can be had from Messrs. Brown & Coy. at the usual price, with a smile from the Editor for cash down.

Mr. Jane's *magnum opus* in the book-making, as well as in the artistic line, is, however, the volume on which he was engaged when I had the temerity to insist, if only for the sake of his health, that he should vary the occupation by telling me something about himself. To his credit, be it said, he at once saw my philanthropic motives, and fell in with the humour of the situation that a busy man working 16 hours a day should pause in the earning of his bread and butter in order to supply a bloated capitalist with "copy." Be this as it may, his latest book, "All the World's Fighting Ships," (published in a very handy and elegant style by Messrs. Sampson, Low, & Coy.) is a stupendous work, and if, as a philosopher

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or some equally irresponsible person has remarked, there is a dignity in labour which surpasseth that of kings, then verily Mr. Jane should be a very exalted person indeed. In the volume in question are given particulars in four languages, English, French, German, and Italian as to the fighting weight, the equipment, and general appearance of all the world's war ships, while over 1000 ships are accurately illustrated by Mr Jane. Indeed the original drawings, if spread out, would make a 6 inch line all round the largest ironclad afloat! As a sample of monumental industry on the part of the compiler and artist, this invaluable work would be hard to beat. It has, naturally enough, aroused a vast amount of interest, not only here, but in almost every Capital in the world, where, by the way the book was put on sale a few days after publication in London, and has been fortunate enough to meet with the approval and the support not only of many Foreign Governments, but of his august Majesty the Kaiser, and his martyred relative, the latter of whom was good enough to compliment Mr. Jane personally on his splendid work. While on the subject of this volume Mr. Jane told me a rather good story with reference to it. One sentence in the book reads —"This ship, like most English cruisers, has very raking funnels," which one of the translators turned into "This ship, like most English cruisers, has *most obscene* looking funnels." Which, as Mr. Jane remarked, is funny if printable.

In addition to his other accomplishments Mr. Jane designs posters, and is also an inventor, having about a year since completed a naval Kriegspiel, at which he has been working for a long time. It has not been published yet, being, as he calls it, too brain fagging, but he is shortly to lecture about it at the United Service Institution.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Jane's rather unorthodox views on the medical profession already referred to, it cannot be denied that he possesses the saving grace of humour, as witness the "happy thought" that prompted him to have the floor of his studio painted with huge footsteps—each about 12 inches square. But even down to the circumstances under which he likes to work he is original, for notwithstanding his antipathy to the "singer man," he prefers to write to the strains of a barrel organ. There is another author who lives a door or two from him who does not, which is perhaps not altogether surprising. The net result he invites me to fill in—I prefer, however, to leave it to the imagination of the reader.

As to the future, Mr. Jane is not content to rest on his laurels. A book consisting of a story somewhat after the style of "To Venus in Five Seconds," is already in hand. It deals, however, with this world and a subject never done before, and is to be heavily illustrated by the author. But there is no limit to the fertile ingenuity of the man, and to what he may next turn his hand it would be rash to prophesy and hard to say. There is no damping his ardour, no abating his enthusiasm. Whatever his hand findeth to do is done according to the scriptural injunction, and of a verity his versatility is not to be lightly reckoned with. Artist, author, and inventor as well, he reminds one of Mr. Kipling's Marine, only more so—

> For there isn't a job on the top o' the earth the beggar don't know nor do—
> You can leave 'im at night on a bald man's 'ead to paddle 'is own canoe—
> 'E's a kind of a giddy harumfrodite—

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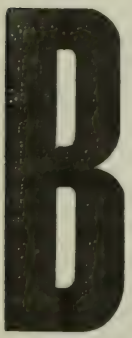
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IN THE FIFTIES.

BEFORE coming to Aberdeen Mr. Gillies had a brilliant phonographic record, being thoroughly acquainted with the art theoretically and practically. In 1846 he edited and published in Edinburgh *The Northern Reformer*, part written in phonography and part printed in phonotypy. He was one of the earliest in Scotland, if not the first, to issue a magazine devoted to the writing and printing reform. He frequently lectured and taught classes in Edinburgh, which were well attended and very successful. On one occasion the chair was taken by Professor Wm. Gregory, at that time Professor of Chemistry in Edinburgh University, formerly occupying the same chair at King's College, Old Aberdeen. In introducing Mr. Gillies he spoke highly of his qualifications as a reporter and of his ability as a teacher, and stated to the meeting that he was personally able to testify to this, as he had been under his tuition, and was glad to have the opportunity of thus publicly acknowledging. Professor Gregory was a man of varied talent, and was one of the first to take an active part in promoting and aiding the phonetic cause. As a public educationist his services to it were of great value in its early days.

When in Aberdeen Mr. Gillies devoted a considerable part of his spare time to the promotion of phonography and phonotypy. As a labour of love he had several classes which were very well attended and with excellent results. In 1852 Mr. Dewar, a dentist in the city, who was at one time President of the Mechanics' Institution, invented a reporting machine which created some interest at that time. It consisted of a tube, one end of which was fitted with a mouthpiece, and the other was capable of being moved by the foot to any one of six rooms, in each of which there was a longhand writer. The reporter read from his notes a sentence to the first longhand writer, another to the second and so on till the six were served, and then commenced again with the first. On the completion of a line it was despatched to the composing room and set up by the compositors. It does not appear to have been ever applied to practical newspaper reporting. Mr. Gillies, however, carried out a scheme of a somewhat similar kind. A public dinner was to be held on a Friday evening; it was a most important gathering, and a full report was very desirable. Publishing day was Saturday, and with only one reporter it seemed impossible to accomplish it. Mr. Gillies, however, was equal to the occasion. He prepared a number of slips of paper about seven inches long and four wide, these were printed with the letters A B C D E F at the top of each. The slips were then ruled with the same number of lines, and the lines numbered 1, 2, 3, and so on, a space being left on the side of each for gumming them together. Mr. Gillies went to the dinner, took all the

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speeches in shorthand up to 12 o'clock, then went to the office and with six quick longhand writers he commenced reading his notes to them one after the other and kept them writing as fast as their pens could go. For instance he gave A "It should always be remembered that facility" who would write this on line 1, and then B would get "in reading is as essential as rapidity in writing," this B would write on his line 1. He continued in this manner till he reached F when it would be A's turn to commence again, and so on. By this means the *Aberdeen Herald* was able to produce the speeches, occupying four and a half columns of printed matter, in the Saturday's paper. In this there was a very striking proof of the legibility of Mr. Gillies' writing, and of his capability as a reporter in reading right off from his shorthand notes, and these written too at about an average rate of 160 words a minute.

Towards the close of 1849, James K. Edwards, reporter in the *Aberdeen Journal*, opened a class for teaching Phonography in a room of the Mechanics' Institution. He was an excellent writer and a capital teacher. After leaving Aberdeen he went to Canada and joined the staff of the *Toronto Globe*. At this class there were two pupils with the same initials, whose literary productions have often appeared in the Aberdeen newspapers during the past forty years. They are the well known W.C., William Carnie and William Cadenhead. Both have struck the lyre with considerable success, and we recognise them as Bards of Bon-Accord. Carnie's "Waifs of Rhyme," and Cadenhead's "Flights of Fancy," are the outcome of their poetic gifts, and are highly appreciated by their fellow-citizens. The class was a small one, and I do not know whether Mr. Cadenhead became skilled in the "Winged Art," but Mr. Carnie found in shorthand a friend, to use his own happy phrase, "that served him well." After he began the study he pursued it with great assiduity, and in the early mornings he was busy with his friend, Mr. Charles Morrison, who read to him, while he practised writing, and who has many pleasing recollections of the hours spent with the young enthusiast, who was determined to acquire it for practical purposes. Mr. Morrison got from such services an inspiration to do so likewise, and he is and has been for long a swift writer and an ardent phonographer. So well did Mr. Carnie prosecute this study that in May, 1850, he became a member of the Phonetic Society with a1 before his name, indicating that he could write 100 words a minute, and was willing to correct the exercises of learners who might apply for his help. The *Phonetic Journal* announced the new member as William Carnie, Inspector of Poor, Banchory-Devenick, Ruthrieston.

Mr. Carnie was also precentor of the Parish Church, conductor of a Musical Association in Aberdeen, and reporter for the *North of Scotland Gazette*, but his cheery, blythesome perseverance carried him through it all with great success. Yet amid all his work he had time to help others with their shorthand studies. Several young men, his companions, spent their spare time in the study of music and phonography under his guidance and help. Wm. Murray, a young lithographer, was one of these, and in whom Mr. Carnie was greatly interested. After acquiring skill and neatness in shorthand he introduced Mr. Murray to Mr. Isaac Pitman, by whom he was engaged to go to Bath to do the finer transfer writing for his publications. Mr. Pitman announced that he had engaged Mr. Wm. Murray of Aberdeen, a lithographic shorthand writer, whose specimen promises that in a few months he will excel anything that has been produced at the Phonetic Institute. Mr. Murray fulfilled this prediction; the publications of the period issued from Bath being gems of lithographic shorthand writing. Mr. Murray left for Australia after remaining in Mr. Pitman's employment for some time, and on the voyage he had some books covered with spoiled copies of some of the phonographic publications. As he was reading several of the passengers saw the mysterious caligraphy, and on its being explained what it was, not a few of them had lessons on the way out, which made the voyage more pleasurable and interesting to

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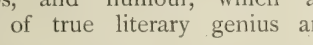
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those who availed themselves of Mr. Murray's help. On arriving in Australia he soon devoted himself to teaching phonography, and was the first to get it introduced as a subject to be taught in the Melbourne Public Schools. He published the *Australian Phonographic News*, which was beautifully lithographed and very much admired for its accurate and beautiful outlines of phonographic writing. He was also connected with the newspaper press, publishing and editing the *Emerald Hill News*. After remaining for some years in the Colony he left for the United States, where he was a professional shorthand writer at the White House, Washington. For a long time after he left Aberdeen he corresponded with his friend, Mr. D. Taylor, of Taylor & Henderson, who was associated with him in the same business when they were young men. Mr. Murray died many years ago, but he is by not a few remembered as a pleasant companion, a good musician, and an expert phonographer. When Mr. Gillies left the *Aberdeen Herald* Mr. Carnie was appointed his successor, and then began his real press career, a career to which he says "I look back with unclouded delight." It was a busy, hopeful, interesting time. When sub-editor and reporter of the *Herald*, attending to its daily duties, he acted as correspondent for the *Times* and *Scotsman*, also contributing a column weekly of county and city gossip for the *Banffshire Journal*. His contributions to the press, whether in the form of paragraph, poetry, descriptive sketches, or biographical notices, are marked by elegance of diction, a deft and delicate touch, combining taste, fancy, pathos, and humour, which are characteristic of true literary genius and culture.

In June, 1854, in the advertising columns of the *Aberdeen Herald* appeared the following :—



These mystic characters, to the initiated reading—"Time saved is time gained," announcing that Mr. Carnie would open a class for the teaching of Phonography in Donaldson's School, Back Wynd, on the mornings of Monday and Thursday at six o'clock The *Free Press*, in noticing the announcement, said—"Mr. Carnie is a rapid and elegant writer of Phonetic Shorthand, and we know few that will excel him." Many shook their heads at the bold experiment, but like all Mr. Carnie's enterprises it was a success. No fewer than 60 enrolled themselves as pupils, and I persume several found it a great service to them in their after life as an aid to business or intellecutal pursuits. The writer of these reminiscences had the pleasure of taking the morning class when Mr. Carnie was prevented by indisposition, and he well remembers how attentive and interested the pupils were in their work.

During subsequent years Mr. Carnie was helpful in promoting phonography by attending meetings and otherwise. When in 1862 he received the appointment of clerk and treasurer to the Royal Infirmary and Asylum, he relinquished his official connection with the press. The office to which he was appointed he has since held with credit to himself and with the highest satisfaction to the directors and the public. It could not be otherwise ; he is punctual and attentive to his duties, and with kindly consideration and deep sympathy he helped in a way which but few public officials know *how*, to lighten the burden and sorrow of those who required the aid, and who were unacquainted with those forms which were necessary to secure the help of such valuable institutions. It is only the other day that an appreciative public gave testimony to the value of Mr. Carnie's public services, the best citizens of a present and former generation taking part in the interesting ceremony. May the increased leisure which he now enjoys be fruitful of much happiness and all good in the future which is yet before him.

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WE have just got in three new books which ought to command a good sale, and afford readers a few pleasant hours. One is "Shrewsbury," a romance by Stanley Weyman, with 24 illustrations by Claude A. Shepperson. The second is "The Tragedy of the Korosko" by Conan Doyle, with forty full-page illustrations. The third is "Simon Dale" by Anthony Hope, with eight illustrations. Owing to the tribulations of stocktaking we have not yet had time to read them, but considering they are by three such good men and true, any one of them is sure to be good value for the 4s. 6d. spent upon it. We hope before we meet again next month to have read them all, and may then be able to give the straight tip.

Speaking of tips, have you ever tried BROWN'S BON-ACCORD PEN ? It does not scratch nor spurt, and only costs 6d. a box.

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"UP on the headquarters of the Kentucky River, where the mountains hedge the world in," said a Michigan traveller, "I came across a little store one day at the forks of the road. There wasn't a house in sight, which didn't mean so much perhaps, in view of the fact that one couldn't see a half-dozen hundred yards in any direction for the mountains, and I wondered where the merchant's trade came from. I stopped to talk to him a while, just to see what business was like in such an out-of-the-way place, and I found him quite a chatty kind of a fellow.

"'There's one thing about it, anyway,' said I, after we had talked a little, 'you don't have to spend much money in advertising.'

"'That's so; and there's something saved in that, I reckon.'

"'Still,' I said for my side, 'if a man advertises right there's money in it.'

"'I ain't so sure about that.'

"'But you have never tried it.'

"'Ain't I?' he said, with a air of one who knew all about it. 'I reckon I have. I opened a shoe store down in one of the Blue Grass towns about seven years ago, and, by cracky, the fust three months I was in business I spent 17/6 fer advertisements!'

"'Horrors!' I exclaimed, 'it's a wonder such extragance didn't ruin you."

"His face dropped until I could have stepped on it.

"That's jist what it done, mister,' he said lugubriously; 'I busted higher 'n a kite afore six months.'

"As I rode away I wondered what the man would have thought if he had been suddenly told how much money was paid out in the country every day for what he had given 17/6 for in a whole lifetime."

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AT THE
SIGN OF THE BRUSH & PEN
Being some notes on the Black and White Artists of to day

No. 7.—MR. T. E. DONNISON.



UCH has been written about the hobbies of famous men. Lord Charles Beresford, we know, when not looking after the Navy or fighting by-elections by means of those "breezy" speeches so happily hit off by the poet—

They say the sailor's speech was long and "breezy":
But wouldn't there have been a pretty shindy
If you had gone the further length, quite easy,
Of saying that the sailor's speech was *windy!*

indulges in carpentering; our own Mr. Bryce, when not replying to the giddy Socialists of South Aberdeen, has a weakness for mountaineering; Lady Dilke in her spare moments accumulates Aldines, Elzevirs, and Stephens; the Archbishop of Canterbury, having plucked the weekly instalment of brands from the burning, loves a little light literature; while Mr. H. S. Maxim takes his pleasure sadly by studying the abstract sciences. Much publicity also has been given to the names of those works which have influenced the great (among which, it is almost unnecessary to say, *Brown's Book-Stall* takes a high place), and to the particular events which have proved turning points in their careers. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends" the Bard of Avon once remarked with some truth, for it was the kick from a playmate, it will be recollected, that infused vigour into Sir Isaac Newton and goaded him into the apple business, while the advice of a female person whom he used to walk out o' nights was instrumental in inducing Hugh Miller to give up the primitive delights of being a stone mason in order to become a scholar. A chance remark, History tells us, led Samuel Morse to invent the telegraph—which emphasises the fact that we should always be careful what we say in company, for we may be unwittingly giving away a good thing—while, to quote the words of one of his biographers, it was because Maria Millis, a simple serving maid without even the customary trace of *belleletrie*, had "planted the seeds of that resolve in his heart before he was six years of age" that Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, was guided to a noble life. Even the sayings which distinguished people swear by have been duly chronicled—the Editor tells me he has not been influenced by any in particular, though he knows several which he has found most helpful in influencing others, but unfortunately for the public weal they are hardly printable—while Mr. Stead has put it on record that Lord Dufferin has found inspiration in the fact that "They also serve who only stand and wait"; that John Burns has endeavoured to remember that "The world is my country and to do good is my religion"—by the issue of manifestoes or otherwise; and that Mr. Labouchere believes it is best "To speak the truth and shame the devil"—a maxim which it must be confessed he has not failed to act up to. Even the favourite dishes and the love stories of distinguished people have not escaped the eagle eye of the enterprising chronicler. So far as the former is concerned everybody knows that not even one of Jimmy Hay's seven course dinners with the finest wines that W. Walker & Sons could sell you equals in the estimation of Mr. Phil May a meal of which the chief item is Irish stew, while in the matter of love stories it is gratifying to think that, in spite of Chaucer's sarcastic comment—

Marriage is such a rabble rout,
That those who are out would fain get in
And those who are in would fain get out,



PREHISTORIC JOURNALIST - "WAKE UP YOU RASCAL & BE INTERVIEWED!"

Specially drawn for "Brown's Book-Stall" by Mr. T. E. Donnison.

even among our "Old Nobility" the forging of the golden fetter is not always a failure. In this respect artists seem a peculiarly favoured class. Tintoretto, we are told, married Faustina and lived in a beautifully carved, white, Gothic house. She was a model wife, and used to wrap up his money in a handkerchief for him, and enjoin him to render a strict account of his intromissions when he came back. She was also very particular about his dress—firstly that he should always wear the robe of a Venetian citizen when he left home, and secondly that said garment should be taken care of on rainy days. Rembrandt also did well, for Mrs R. not only brought him a considerable fortune, but was also a fortune in herself. Rubens had for a second wife one of the richest and most beautiful girls in all Flanders; Hogarth and Gainsborough were likewise fortunate, while Romney had a much better wife than he deserved, in view of the fact that he found it necessary to paint "the divine" Lady Hamilton some forty-one times in all.

All this lengthy preamble, however, by way of preliminary to pointing out that no reliable work has as yet been compiled on the deeds from which distinguished people derive the most satisfaction, and as a first instalment to the production of such, I put it on record that when Mr. T. E. Donnison (to whom the reader will please consider himself hereby introduced) is indulging in his one antidote to the cares and perplexities incidental to the pilgrim's life, and which beset the path of the just, to wit a game at golf, the best drives he makes, and those from which he obtains alike the maximum of pleasure and of progress are those when the ball represents to his fertile imagination the head of some unappreciative Editor!

"O that mine enemy were celebrated that he also might be described in the *Book-Stall*" is doubtless the feelings of many a victim, the secrets of whose happy home are laid bare to an unsympathetic public, for of a verity the fierce light that beats upon a throne is as but a farthing candle to a Bray compared with the inquisitorial process which the hapless artist undergoes who is offered up on the sacrificial altar of these pages. "It's an ill win' that blaws naebody guid," or to put it as the Editor would express it—poetically, "Darkest clouds have silver linings" At least so says the Old Proverb and the equally unreliable Poet, but Old Proverbs and New Poets are not to be spoken of lightly. And even the Röntgen-ray sort of scrutiny already referred to is no exception to the rule. It also has its advantages, for it enables the artist, among other things, to act up to the Scriptural injunction to "Know thyself," and is, moreover, a means whereby many virtues hidden even from the victim himself are made unmistakably obvious. A case in point is that of Mr. T. E. Donnison. Until I had the hardihood to request him to furnish without further delay the fullest particulars of his career, he told me he was quite unaware that he had one. A man, to say nothing of a woman, without a past is like a nobleman without an ancestor, or a Society Beauty without—not Somebody's Soap, but Somebody's "Bouquet Bloom"—none of them can afford to be without it. As a passport to the most select circles a career—the more notorious the better—is invaluable, and for anyone to



MR. T. E. DONNISON.

wander through the world ignorant of so valuable a possession, cannot but severely handicap himself in Life's journey. Therefore, if I have caused Mr. Donnison, as a modest man, much suffering by exhibiting him in public, I still feel that there is a contra side to the account, and that had I not placed him on the line, so to speak, and invited all and sundry to behold what manner of man he is, the many rare virtues which, after considerable research, I have discovered he possessed, might for ever have remained unknown even to himself. This somewhat garrulous *apologia* is rendered necessary because of one of the harrowing pictures which Mr. Donnison has sent for publication, and which is intended to represent how acutely he suffered during the trial by ordeal. The other

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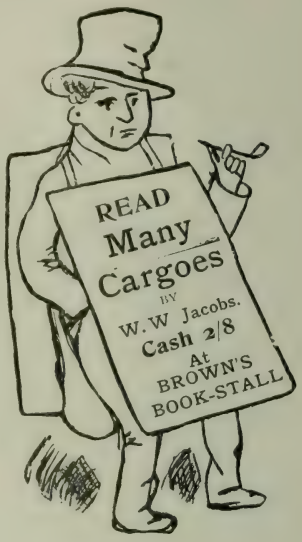
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delightfully humorous drawing will readily be recognised as merely a repetition in subject matter of the first mentioned, antedated, however, to a period of which neither of the primitive gentlemen depicted have any immediate recollection.

The hitherto undiscovered career of Mr. Donnison began, curiously enough, almost before his birth in the early sixties. He was designed by his father for the legal profession—his articles being practically arranged before he saw the light. After a liberal education in the classics and football at Rugby, which, by the way, he speaks of as the best school in the world, he began to learn the mysteries of English Law—a profession which, from the first, he admits having found distasteful. For fifteen years he stuck to it, ten of which were spent in practice as a solicitor in a large seaport town in the North of England. But even a solicitor will turn, and at the end of this period he considered he had had enough of it, so he gave up the drawing of deeds for that of pictures—the gentle art after which he had yearned ever since he could hold a pen. The serving of his indentures in the new profession did not take long, for the work was congenial, and if the table of fees was not at first on so liberal a scale as an Executry or a Factorship—or whatever may be the English equivalent thereof—would have provided, the duties were infinitely more entertaining. After a few months' study from the life, he came to London, where he had the benefit of tuition under one of his personal friends, M. H. Evans. Four years of the most enjoyable work followed, and these have brought him a measure of success which he says he scarcely had hoped for. The plunge from the solemnities of the Law to the labours of a humorous artist was, to use his own words, a cold one, but he has never regretted his decision to take it.

In the few years he has devoted to black and white work—for in the army of illustrators Mr. Donnison is a comparatively young recruit, though the quality of his work almost belies the assertion—he has contributed to considerably over thirty different illustrated papers, including that friend of our youth, the *Boy's Own Paper*, in which some of his happiest conceits have appeared, and *To-Day* (to which he contributed a capital series in the prehistoric vein). His *début* was made in the publications of Mr. James Henderson of Red Lion Court, and the encouragement he received there, like the efforts of Shaftesbury's nurse, gave him strength for what proved a very uphill fight. Mr. Henderson has a reputation for being ever ready to extend a helping hand to the struggling artist or author, and Mr. Donnison found his own experience no exception to the rule.

Mr. Donnison's work is almost exclusively humorous, indeed so much is this the case that the public now refuse to take him seriously. Anything like sustained work of a solemn nature he declares to be pain and grief to him—almost as painful in fact as the operation he is now undergoing at my hands. When in some of his gayest moods, however, he has attempted



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a little serious work, an example of which recently appeared in one of the shilling magazines. The picture was allegorical and decorative, and represented a nice, cheery subject—a female figure seated amidst icebergs moodily waiting for more victims to the North Pole mania. Naturally enough those who had previously known Mr. Donnison in his sadder vein set about to discover the joke, the result being a protest from a casual reader calling the artist's attention to the circumstance that the figure in question had her feet on the wrong legs! As a matter of fact both the feet and the legs were all right, but doubtless the critic could not forget that Mr. Donnison was usually "a funny man," and was attempting to be so in this instance—therefore it behoved him to encourage the artist by letting the latter see that he, the said critic, at least was no Scotsman who could not see a joke, but thoroughly understood and appreciated this witty conception! "Personally," said Mr. Donnison, when I asked him how it felt to be a salaried wit; "Personally I am a poor melancholy dog—a veritable Jack Point among jesters. Any success I may have had," he continued modestly, "has been hatched in a hot-bed of misery, and the sight of T. E. D. working out an excruciating joke is one which would bring tears to the eyes of the most hardened."

"Tears of laughter when they read it," I insinuated cunningly, but it is easier to put salt on a bird's tail or for the traditional camel to pass through the eye of the historical needle than to catch Mr. Donnison by any such delicate compliment, and my only reply was a request that I would be good enough to tighten the thumb-screw and not play with the mouse in the traditional cat-like manner.

A year or so ago Mr. Donnison had a share in the publication of a little volume of pictures illustrative of Nansen's memorable expedition. Though he tells me that he is not particularly proud of the production, there can, perhaps, be no harm in saying that the book is by no means uninteresting. Though it is primarily intended as a contribution to the youngsters' book-shelf—and it is just the thing for an imaginative boy who can make a sledge of a drawing room chair and a silk tent out of Mamma's mantle—it is also one into which the elders will likewise not be above looking, for its authors have succeeded in presenting, so far as an ordinary individual whose explorations have hitherto been confined to the more restricted area of the four mile radius, and who has got no nearer the Pole than Newmachar, can presume to pass an opinion—a very accurate picture of the things we see and the people we meet when we go to the Arctic for the summer.

As an artist Mr. Donnison takes a high place, and as a humorist he is no less successful. In the "prehistoric" vein he compares favourably with Mr. E. T. Reed of *Punch*, and if he does not possess quite the same versatility, he more than makes up for it in the happy nature of his conceits. But Mr. Donnison is not only an artist with a past—he is an artist with a future as well. He has done good work, but he will do still better, for he is endowed with no mean artistic skill, a fertile fancy, an inalienable love of his profession, and above all, pluck and perseverance that are almost Scotch in their grim determination; while he is, moreover, one of the kindest and most genial of men. With such qualifications he cannot fail to attain an even greater measure of success than has yet fallen to his lot, and it is not necessary to assume the prophetic mantle to enable even the merest tyro in the art of casting horoscopes to foretell for Mr. Donnison a very high—and a very well-earned—place among his contemporaries in black and white.

J. G. R.

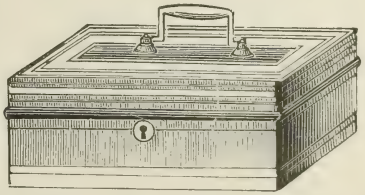
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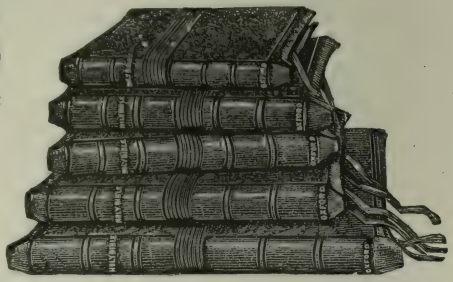
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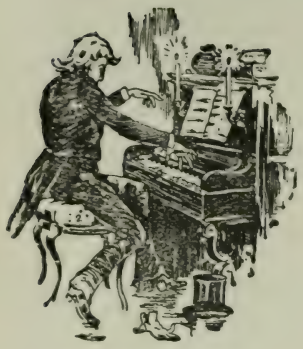
MORE ABERDEEN WORTHIES.

No. III.

EVEN at the risk of being promptly dubbed egotistical I firmly believe I was born for the express purpose of entering public life at an early age! Be that as it may, however, I have a distinct recollection of placing my services freely at the disposal of the custodians of my native city when I was little more than eight years of age. On the occasion in question, and in conjunction with about a dozen others of my embryo "fellow-citizens," I assisted to take the "tired" body of "Double Hatter," reclining more or less gracefully inside the "New Times," from the top of Jack's Brae to Superintendent Duthie's Government Hostelry, otherwise the Police-Office. "Double Hatter" was an itinerant street organist of whose antecedents I have not been able to glean any information. I am inclined to the opinion that he was of foreign extraction and Italian at that. From the fact that soap and water were his sworn enemies, and that his matted, unkempt hair and untrimmed beard had never been under the care of a knight of the scissors and razor, I conclude that sunny Italy would have claimed him for her own. He was a grotesque creature. Somewhat under average height, "Double Hatter" was slightly humpbacked and a trifle bow-legged. He was usually dressed in loose-fitting trousers, a long corduroy vest that had once been yellow in colour, and a dark brown velveteen coat. His headgear, which consisted of *two* silk hats one placed inside the other, was the chief characteristic of his attire. From this the appellation "Double Hatter" had no doubt been derived. His almost constant companion was a monkey of a more than usually vixenish type. Indeed it was politic to give this particular "link" a wide berth, for woe betide the boy who was unfortunate enough to get into its clutches. It could scratch and bite in a way that would have brought blushes to the face of the most depraved and vicious woman who ever lived! The monkey was extremely fond of nuts, and sweets in the form of "candy bools," and by way of variety the youths of the time were wont to vary their contributions by an occasional glass "pitcher," or an ordinary clay "bool" The fun began of course when his monkeyship put any of these in his mouth and found them "hard nuts to crack." "Double Hatter's" organ was of diminutive size, and, by the time I was first introduced to its owner, was very asthmatic. Its bronchial tubes were sadly out of order. As the day advanced the "performer" became perceptibly "fatigued" with his labours, and the aroma proceeding from his mouth was redolent of whisky and cloves. Towards early evening, in the summer time more especially, he generally collapsed, and had to be more or less gently "assisted" from the street into the roomy

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vehicle with the two-leaved door or lid already referred to as the "New Times," and rolled to his frequent nightly shelter. This mode of conveyance to the police cells for drunks is now a thing of the past, and when a poor inebriate is so helpless as to be unable to work his legs and feet, an ordinary "hurley" is generally requisitioned for the nonce from some kind-hearted shopkeeper.

The "force" in those days was, so to speak, divided into two classes or sections—the *day policeman* and the *night watchman*. Now, they are all police *constables*, relegated to day or night duty, as the case may be. Then, the older men were told off to night duty, now, the recruits, as a rule, begin with that work. There was no age limit, and, once a member of the force, meant a sinecure till the man died of old age. Helmets were not known. The head-gear consisted of a tall, glazed "stove-pipe" hat, hence the cognomen "tarry hat," I presume. How many of the present generation of children know the origin of the appellation still in use, I wonder? The cut of the police clothing was not as the song has it :—

"Quite in the Regent Street style."

Indeed, on looking back I am not surprised at the slowness of the movements of the average policeman compared with the supple freedom of the guardians of the public peace of to-day. Their uniform then was so heavy and cumbersome, and the coats—for tunics were not then in vogue—more especially were so long as to entirely preclude any freedom of motion on the part of either legs or feet. In winter the great-coats worn reached down to the calf of the leg. There were no leggings, but short, stiff, tarpaulin-cloth "tippets" were worn round the shoulders of the men in rainy weather. The cape covered the shoulders and nothing more. Worsted mittens were provided in cold weather, but white gloves were undreamt of. The watchmen, in addition to "calling the hours" during the night and early morning, had also to put out the street lamps on their beats. For this un-police-like duty, each man was provided with a crook-headed oak staff, an iron "cleek" being fastened into the head. With this primitive "implement" the gas was screwed out in the public thoroughfares.

Apropos of the bobby's tippet, I have vivid recollection of a more than ordinarily interesting incident thereanent, in which I played a not unimportant part. On the Skene Street beat was a day policeman whose sobriquet was "Candyletty." I have spelt the name phonetically, because I don't know how else to do it. At the entrance to Garden-nook-close, just beside where the Spa Well *used* to be, before it was built into the back wall of the Royal Infirmary, was a small building, consisting of a little shoppie, kept by an old body named "Rosie." Her stock-in-trade consisted chiefly of sweets of various kinds, plum-duff, "chasers," and other edibles. There was an outer as well as an inner door to Rosie's establishment, and a peg fastened on the back of the former was made to do duty as a pin on which to hang the bobby's tippet. For some reason or other Candyletty was not a favourite with the young and rising generation of the period, and so it came about that a plot was hatched involving the loss, by accident, of course (!) of his cape. There were some half-a-dozen conspirators in the diabolical scheme, your humble servant being one of the sextett. The Denburn was in spate at the moment, so after purloining the tippet I was deputed to drop it into the water at Collie's Brig. This I had barely succeeded in doing successfully when a hue and cry was raised—"Here's Candyletty." Sure enough the information was correct, for "Candy" was to be seen coming puffing down Skene Street as fast as his thirteen or fourteen stone weight would permit of him doing so. We took to our heels down the burnside in the direction of the Mutton Brae with the bobby in full pursuit. Just underneath Union Bridge at that time was a grating at the mouth of the burn's culvert, through which two of us crawled and got perched each on a stone standing up clear out of the water. Mr. Candyletty stood watch and ward over the entrance for the whole forenoon, and threatened, stormed, and entreated us to come out, but it was of no avail. There we remained until he went off. I got twice

punished for that little escapade—at school in the afternoon, and at home at night. I do not know that ever Candyletty knew which of us was the "death" of his cape, but he afterwards looked upon me with considerable suspicion when any boyish tricks were perpetrated about the corner.

I fear the discipline of the force was not so strict in those days as it is now. The watchmen, at anyrate, were not "above" taking a dram in a friend's house, even when on duty; and, as inspectors were an unknown quantity, and sergeants' visits, like of those of angels, "few and far between," a good deal of time "had to be" killed during the long and weary hours of the watchmen's vigils. Small wonder, then, if many a stair and lobby of the tenement houses in Aberdeen could then a tale unfold of "weary eyelids closed in slumber" in the silent watches of the night! But those were happy times, when "burgling" rarely startled the peaceful dwellers of Bon-Accord, and shebeens flourished!

The writer begs to thank W. W. for the anecdote referring to "Louisville."

FRANK CLEMENTS.

STRAIGHT TIPS.

THOSE who like the Historical Novel with plenty of gallants with rapiers and ruffles, and belles in brocade ought to read Anthony Hope's new novel, "Simon Dale." This is Anthony's first *real* historical novel. Hitherto he has been in the habit of manufacturing his history as well as his story, and indeed some of the passages in the history of Zenda were of a very engrossing nature. On the present occasion, however, he takes us to the Court of Charles II., where we meet many gay characters, and are, as Mr. Samuel Pepys would say, "mightily entertained." One thing one always expects to find in a novel by Anthony Hope is smart dialogue and in this case the reader will not be disappointed. Moral—the cash price is 4/6 at Brown's Book-Stall.

Amongst the other books which are going at present and are worth reading, Zola's "Paris" holds a good place. It has certainly had a good advertisement, for which M. Zola has paid a good price. Conan Doyle is also to the front with the "Tragedy of the Korosko."

BIBLES seem to be in great demand just now. Whether because the world is growing better, or because it is growing worse, we know not. It may be, of course, simply owing to the fact that we are showing a very nice and varied stock of them, and also of Prayer Books, both with and without Hymns. Our SCOTCH PRAYER BOOK, which we always keep in a variety of styles, is one for which there is a good and regular demand.

This reminds us that we have a number of Prayer Books with the old edition of the Hymns A. & M., mostly good editions and well bound. But as the Hymns are not the latest edition, we are prepared to clear them out at a nominal price. This is an opportunity for getting cheap and good books for missions, &c.

The flowers that bloom in the spring are going to be early this year, thanks to the mild season, and we have provided for their arrival by laying in a stock of pretty vases. One special line we have at 10½d. a pair, which is worth looking at. Another beautiful vase we have at 1/- each, which is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, whether you have flowers to put in it or not. These lines won't describe, you've got to see them.

George Newnes, the versatile, has broken out in a fresh place. Impressed with the fact that truth is stranger than fiction, he has started the *Wide World Magazine*. He says there will be no fiction in the magazine, but it will contain true stories of weird adventure, more thrilling than any conceived by the novelist in his wildest flights. A big order this you will say, but the purveyor of *Tit-Bits* has filled big orders before now. The first number looks well, and we anticipate a treat in the perusal.

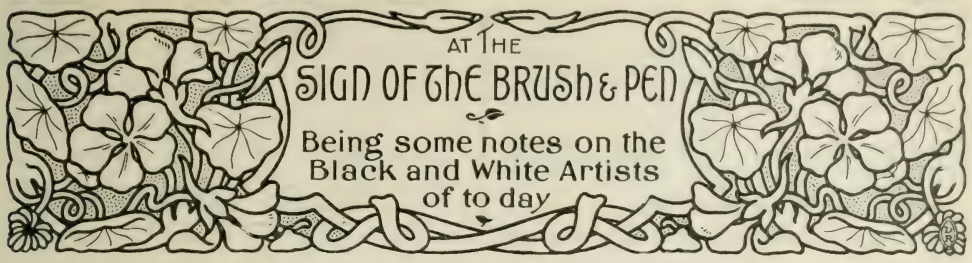
"Boswell," said Dr. Johnson, meeting the biographer in the street, "I have been reading some of your manuscripts. There is a great deal about yourself in them. They seem to me to be Youmoirs rather than Memoirs."

"What's that book you're reading, papa?" "'The Last Days of Pompeii,' my pet." "What did he die of, papa?" "An eruption, my dear."



A Lancer Scout bringing in information from the front.

Specially drawn by Mr. Harry Payne for "Brown's Book-Stall."



No. 8.—MR. HARRY PAYNE.

Arma virumque cano — by kind permission, of course, of the poet of Mantua (and Mr George Bernard Shaw) who have hitherto had a monopoly in this particular form of canticle ; the gentleman who forms the subject of my very prosaic minstrelsy being Mr Harry Payne and no other. "Be a hero in the strife" says the American David and should this doubtless excellent advice be followed, it is probable that, if you are not killed in the effort, you will be commemorated on canvas by Mr Payne, the artist who graces our pillory this month, and one of whose many claims to the distinction lies in the fact that he has perpetuated in paint the memory of nearly every battle of importance since the prehistoric days when those mighty women, the Shield Maidens,

> Wrought on the field of battle their toil, and hurled the thrilling javelins,

down to the latest "little affair" at Dargai. Nor has the effort exhausted him, for he will be found by those visiting his handsome studio down Catford way to be as enthusiastic as ever in picturing the deeds of Tommy Atkins at home and abroad, on foot or on horse, in barracks, in camp, or in desert, or in those slack times when "graceful concessions" are fashionable, and

> . . . the war drum throbs no longer, and the battle flag is furl'd,

sighing, like Alexander of old, for new worlds to conquer.

When I had once disabused my mind of the idea that I had missed my way and strayed into an annexe of Woolwich Arsenal, where all the cast-off helmets and spears and things used since the days of Tiberius are stored, Mr Payne's studio proved to be a delightful snuggery in which to ply the inquisitorial pen ; while its owner is one of the most genial and courteous of hosts. But it is not in the studio alone that the military element predominates. In every corner of the house weapons of war are to be found ; here it is a lance with pennon floating, surmounted by a lancer's shako, there trophies of Zulu spears, cutlasses, swords, and arms of every description. Then you come across many interesting relics—a Waterloo sword, a Crimean helmet, a coatee worn by the 60th Rifles, a Waterloo water-bottle (one of the first ever used in the service), and so on ; while one portion of the *sanctum sanctorum* is occupied by a case filled with specimens of the head-dresses of the British Army from the days of Waterloo to those of Abu-Klea, the value of which in securing historical accuracy in the painting of military pictures can readily be appreciated, even by those whose knowledge of military matters is limited to that obtainable from the stirring pages of the *Free Press*.

As to the Coming of Mr Payne and his early career, History deponeth not. In that safe spirit of prophecy, however, of which an ideal illustration is found in the morning papers when "forecasting" the Queen's Speech, it may not unreasonably be assumed that he was born in due course and suffered under one or more schoolmasters. His pet aversion was arithmetic, and to this day he confesses that a column of figures has greater terrors for him than the drawing of a column of cavalry on the march—a bit of work which cannot be recommended to impatient people. As a boy he was put to business in the City, but here again his disinclination to add up correctly proved a stumbling-block to further fame. In short, the artistic temperament which runs in the family was not to be denied. Speaking of the family love for Art reminds me that our victim's brother, Mr. Arthur Payne, is an artist of exceptional ability. The latter, however, fills a different sphere of usefulness, and, doubtless by the same un-

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reasoning Law of Contrast which induces the little man to marry the tall woman, turns, metaphorically speaking, Harry's swords into ploughshares and his batteries of artillery into Cathedrals, by devoting his attention to architectural work generally. While speaking of his brother, Mr Payne modestly referred to his own work as being confined merely to figures and animals, but I glanced round his studio as he spoke, and thereafter gently rebuked him. Forsaking, then, the gentle arts of peace for those of war, Mr Payne, while still a youth, got into a place where his artistic abilities found an outlet in the sketching of badges for the British Army. Then came the turning point of his career that made him a painter. If it had less of the romantic in its attendant circumstances than was the case with Wilberforce, who, if we are to believe the historian, became a philanthropist at the suggestion of a brother of his aunt, who gave him a present of a considerable sum of money, and an equal amount of good advice to the effect that part of it—the money, of course—should be passed on to the poor; or even as in the case of Franklin, whose first view of the sea, according to the same veritable authority, made him a navigator, it had equally practical results. While still labouring at his badges, he got his first commission for a painting, "Changing Guard at the Horse Guards," and from that day, now more than twenty years ago, to this, he has been busily employed painting military pictures.

Unlike most of the better known painters of similar and other subjects, Mr Payne finds no time for the adornment of exhibitions or dealers' windows, his work being executed invariably for private customers. His pictures are great favourites with the Royal Family, several having been sold to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; one was bought by the charming Princess his wife to be sent as a present to the Court of Denmark; while more than one has been secured by no less august a purchaser than Our Lady of Balmoral herself. During the '87 Jubilee—one can now recall these events in a tranquil spirit—a number of actors and actresses presented Her Majesty with an Album containing their portraits and signatures, and Mr Payne and his brother were commissioned to illustrate the pages with small sketches, a very handsome present, due in no slight measure to the artists' happy conception of the nature of their task, being the result. Nor does the Royal record end here, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, whose military genius is well known, having purchased through a dealer, who gave Mr Payne the commission, several of his stirring war episodes; while of persons not of the Blood, Mr Payne numbers among his *clientèle* a countless array of celebrities, the military element naturally predominating. While speaking of his military patrons Mr Payne told me a rather amusing story of the exacting despotism of some of these gentlemen as regards matters of detail as opposed to



MR. HARRY PAYNE.

pictorial effect. Some years ago a regiment of Dragoons was ordered to South Africa, and he was commissioned by one of the officers to paint some sketches of the men. In one of these the position of the figure produced a small fold in the chest of the tunic, which hid the button.

"Would you believe it," said Mr Payne, "that picture was sent back to me to take the fold out, and to give it the usual upright military appearance!"

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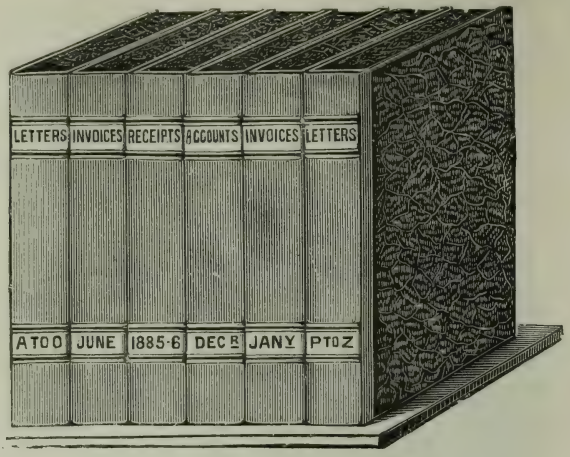


"THE TROOP LEADER PLACING HIS VEDETTES ON THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE. DETTINGEN, JUNE 16TH, 1743."

From a Drawing by Mr. Harry Payne, reproduced by kind permission of the Proprietors of *The Navy and Army Illustrated.*

Though primarily a painter, Mr Payne is also a justly celebrated black and white artist, and as such is entitled to an honoured position in this series. Indeed, of late years he has devoted more and more time to this particular class of work. Perhaps his most noteworthy achievement 'with brush and pen' was the drawings executed by him for a magnificent *edition-de-luxe* "On Service," published at a guinea by Messrs Raphael Tuck & Sons, the famous firm of fine art printers and publishers. A copy of this work was sent to the Queen, who was so pleased with it that she wrote for several others. A copy was also sent to me, and as I have no wish to plagiarise the methods of Royalty, I content myself by remarking that it is a really superb publication. Some of Mr Payne's pictures are such as would stir the blood of the most unimaginative of men—an Aberdeen policeman for choice. Among such are his representations of the gallant 93rd at Balaclava, when Colin Campbell wouldn't even alter the formation of the

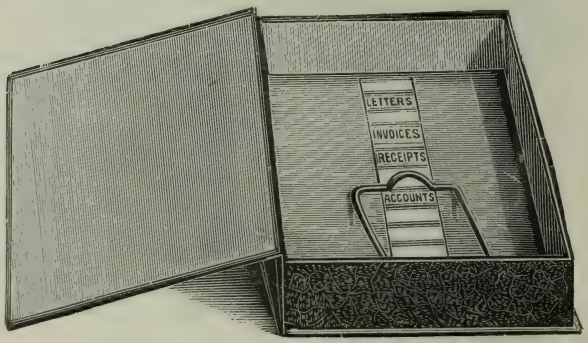
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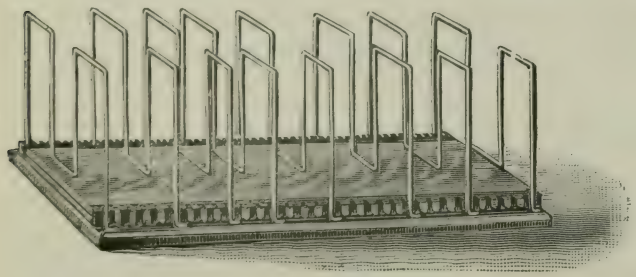
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"thin red line" to receive the Russian cavalry; of the Charge of the Heavy Brigade when the Inniskillings and Scots Greys rode shoulder to shoulder as they had last done at Waterloo, and with like disastrous results on the enemy; and of that ill-fated rush of the gallant Cardigan and his Six Hundred into the Valley of Death—deeds of which, in these days when Bismarck's theory of the Pomeranian Grenadier is carried to its utmost limit by our crisis-dispelling Foreign Minister, we read with a great wonder that such things could have been. Of a verity a book "to have and to hold."

Some time ago Mr Payne designed a series of Victoria Cross incidents, which proved very popular. He also illustrated a number of articles on the same subject for that best of all magazines, the *Strand*, while his thrilling pictures in the *Graphic*, which, as all men know, occupies an equally high position among the illustrated weeklies, are as well known as they are deservedly popular. As illustrative of the high pressure at which an artist on an enterprising publication like the *Graphic* must work, I may mention that one of the drawings of last year's Jubilee procession, executed by him for the special issue published on that occasion, came into being, like Jonah's gourd, in a night. He did not get home until late in the evening, after spending about eight hours in the saddle (having been one of the few chosen to represent his regiment), and had to start the sketch at once, and stick to it until it was finished on the following afternoon. To that excellent publication, *The Navy and A my Illustrated*, issued by Messrs. George Newnes, he has also contributed some capital black and white work—notably his illustrations to the special "Inniskilling Dragoons" and "Scots Greys" issues. To the Manager of this publication, who not only gave permission to produce one of the drawings in question, but also supplied a specially made electro for the purpose, our best thanks are due for the illustration "The Troop Leader placing his Vedettes on the Morning of the Battle, Dettingen, June 16th, 1743," in which Mr. Payne gives an interesting picture of the famous Royal Scots Greys in the high pointed Grenadier caps which they then wore. Incidentally, I may add, that a most interesting account of the gallant regiment from the time of its formation by the second Charles in 1678 down to its serving with the Camel Corps in Egypt, a period of over 200 years, during which it has scarcely suffered defeat, and only once, at Val—lost a standard—is given by Mr. G. F. Bacon in the particular issue of *The Navy and Army Illustrated*, from which our illustration is reproduced. One quotation from Mr. Bacon's article I cannot refrain from making—the thrilling description which he gives of the Greys and the Highlanders at Waterloo :—

> Following up their unprecedented success, the Greys went on, charging everything they came across : lancers, cuirrassiers, artillery—little they cared—until they actually penetrated to the very rear of the French position. Their glorious valour cost them dear, and it was only by hard, desperate fighting that they regained the British lines and resumed their post only just in time to give their mighty support to their gallant comrades of the 92nd Highlanders. This reckless handful—for there were barely two hundred of the 92nd left—charged a column of French about two thousand strong. With the odds of ten to one against them, these brave fellows never hesitated for a moment. They pierced right into the centre of the French, and when the Greys charged up, the Highlanders broke ranks, and clinging to the horsemen's stirrup leathers, went surging into the mass to the wild skirling of the pipes and the yells of "Scotland for ever!" Infantry and cavalry together destroyed or captured nearly every single man of the opposing force.
>
> Small wonder is it that Napoleon, who was greatly impressed by the excellent manœuvring and swordmanship of the Greys exclaimed :
>
> "*Ces terribles chevaux gris! Comme ils travaillent!*"

Better evidence of Mr. Payne's skill as a black and white artist than can be conveyed by the written word, however, will be found in the stirring piece of brush work "A Lancer Scout bringing in information from the Front," which forms our supplement this month, and which Mr Payne, with characteristic kindness, did specially for the *Book-Stall*. While on the subject of our illustrations I may add that the portrait of Mr Payne in his open-air studio—a charmingly-shaded garden in which he loves to paint in summer time—was taken about a couple of years ago, quite unknown to the artist, by a friend who "snapped" the husband while talking to Mrs Payne. The canvas on which Mr Payne is engaged is an oil painting of the "Battle of Villiers-en-Couche, 1794."

Among heroes Mr Payne has a select and extensive acquaintance, having drawn a number of pictures illustrative of many of the most recent gallant deeds which have won for their doers the highly-coveted Bronze Cross with the simple inscription, "For Valour." Some of these were for a volume "Heroes of Our Day," published about four years ago, and which met with great success. But the ordeal of sitting as a painter's model is some times a more trying

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experience for these hardy campaigners than the taking of the Chagru Kotal heights or any similar deed of derring-do. As an instance of how severe is the strain on an artist's model, Mr Payne told me that on one occasion he had as a model a man who had been in the 7th Hussars and the Cape Mounted Rifles. He was invalided home through being stabbed in the foot in a charge in Basutoland. He was a fine strapping fellow, and in reply to Mr Payne's inquiry as to whether he was likely to faint, answered, "I don't think so, though I have been knocked nearly silly by a knob-kerry."

"Well," continued Mr Payne, "he hadn't been up long when, sure enough, he turned deadly pale, and I had to take him out in the air and give him water."

The circumstance that Mr Payne is himself an active member of a Yeomanry regiment is naturally of assistance to him in the technical part of his work. But to be a successful military painter such as he is, a tremendous amount of special knowledge is required. No picture is so liable to criticism—both by those who know and those who don't — as that which depicts a military event; and the artist must not only be thoroughly versed in the details of all the different and ever-changing uniforms of the service, but be acquainted with the drill of all arms—cavalry, infantry, and artillery, as well as with the minutest particulars regarding arms and accoutrements. In these matters Mr Payne's knowledge is encyclopædic, and this, combined with his splendid draughtsmanship and fine appreciation of colour, places him in the first rank of military painters of the day, and though, from the fact that he is a busy man and one not given to self-advertisement, his name may not be so familiar to the man in the street as that of some others, his work is none the less brilliant or worthy of the highest praise. As a worker he is indefatigable, and, immersed in his Art, the conventional allocation of Time into so many hours for work and so many for sleep is hardly recognised by him. In penning the characteristic *L'Envoi* to "The Seven Seas," Mr Kipling must surely have had Mr Payne in his mind's eye when he wrote:—

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting, and never be tired at all!

J. G. R.

OUR MODESTY,

Which is proverbial, induces us to cull the following gem from *Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday* of March 19th:—

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 525.—MR. E. TOWNSEND SMITH, F.O.S.

"It is with the utmost pleasure that A. SLOPER adds the accompanying portrait to his collection. As an eminent *littérateur* himself, the Ancient naturally takes a warm interest in his fellow scribes, particularly those who, like our hero, show bright promise of ultimate greatness. E. T. S., who is widely known to fame throughout the land o' cakes, is the able editor of *Brown's Book-Stall*, a clever literary and artistic supplement to *Scottish Notes and Queries*, of which he is also the proprietor. Chiefly because ALLY thinks highly of him, he was created F.O.S. and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him January 15th, 1898." *Debrett Improved.*

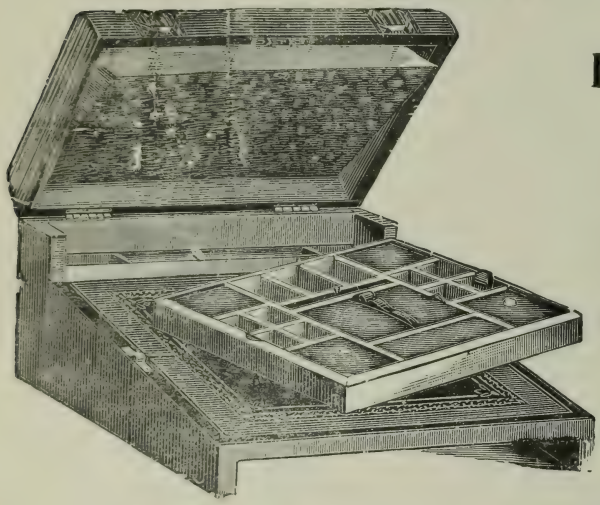
"Many a father prevents his small boys from acquiring valuable information." "How?" "By having a rule that they musn't touch his books without washing their hands."

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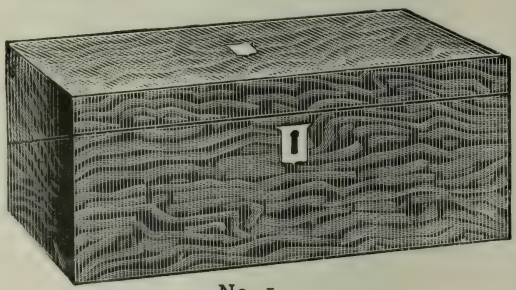


DESKS and WORKBOXES.

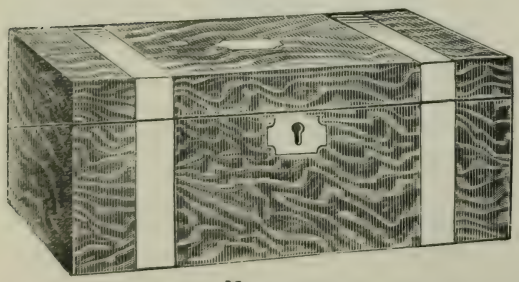
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No. 45. MAY, 1898. PRICE ONE PENNY.

CHEER UP.



DULL season is slowly ebbing away, and with the approach of summer business shows signs of reviving vitality. One of the symptoms is the demand for Bags—Travelling Bags. This shows that mankind is waking up from its winter hybernation and is thinking of week-ends in the country. And looking still further ahead, it begins to make plans for its summer holiday. To meet this demand we have laid in a large stock of bags of all sorts, which we are confident are the best value ever offered in Aberdeen. But don't take our word for it; come and see for yourself.

There are several quite new patterns, both in Week-end Bags and also in the larger styles. One special bag we have, of solid leather without any lining, will hold as much as a Gladstone and is only half the weight.

We are offering special bargains in Dress Baskets for ladies—not only because we like to give special advantage to the ladies, but also because we are going to give up stocking Dress Baskets and Trunks. We find they are too bulky for us to stock, and they take up the room which we require for our larger stock of Gladstones, Kits, Briefs, and Week-ends.

We have just got a new book, or rather a new edition of a book, by Seton Merriman, the author of "The Sowers," which is going very well—"Young Mistley," cash 4s. 6d. There is also another, "Her Wild Oats," by John Bickerdyke, which will repay perusal.

It is really marvellous what is being done in the way of cheap reprints now-a-days. We don't refer to the cheap books usually sold by the drapers. And speaking of them reminds us of a story of a bookseller in Newcastle who was tempted to lay in a stock of a series of books which were being sold by a draper next door. On examining his purchase he found how badly they were got up, and his professional soul revolted at palming them on an unsuspecting public as good booksellers' books. However, he had to get rid of them, so he put them into his window ticketed thus:—"BADLY PRINTED ON BAD PAPER AND MISERABLY BOUND, BUT CHEAP."

But the reprints we refer to are the reverse of this. The special instance of cheap and good to which we would direct your attention this month is the new edition of Shakespeare, published by Bliss, Sands & Co. It is similar in size and style to the well-known Temple Shakespeare, clearly printed on good paper and neatly bound in red cloth. Each volume contains one play, and the whole will be completed in 40 volumes at the very low price of SIXPENCE each. It will be the best pocket Shakespeare in the market at the price. If you are passing Brown's Book-stall drop in and see it.

LOST OR MISLAID, STOLEN OR STRAYED.

SOME time ago there was sold by auction in Aberdeen the library of a deceased gentleman. Amongst the books was a set of "Pitaval's Causes Célèbres et Interessantes," published in Amsterdam, in 1775. It was a very nice set, in old calf, gilt back, and in very good condition, but it had one grave defect, volume 13 was amissing. Now the chances are that the missing volume had been borrowed by some friend of the gentleman's in the neighbourhood, and may be reposing on his shelves unto this day; or perchance it may have made a tour of the second-hand bookshops. In either case we shall be glad to hear of its whereabouts.

IN MEMORIAM.

He came with a poem, and dire intent,
And up the sanctum stairs he went;
Hope and a smile on his face were blended,

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He bearded the editor in his lair,
And began a-reading his poem fair;
But the editor stopped him before he had ended,

And this is the manner in which he descended.

A LONDON SCOT.

OUR aim is to be original, but we are not above stealing from our contemporaries if we see anything good. On this occasion we have annexed from the *Half-Holiday* of our old friend, Ally Sloper, the portrait of our esteemed contributor Mr. J. Grant Reid, who is rapidly becoming well known in literary and artistic circles in London. He is, as all good men and true ought to be, a constant reader of *Scottish Notes and Queries*, and has apparently been caught in the act.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



NO. 522.—MR. J. GRANT REID, F.O.S.

"As quite a kidlet our hero showed that love of art and literature which has since won him a famous place among its critics. It is true his tastes at that early age were of a not very exalted standard, his greatest delight being in 'Ruthless Richard,' the 'Pirate of the Pacific,' fearsomely illustrated with sketches of that buccaneer's gory career. But as the years went on he gradually acquired more cultured ideas, and is to-day one of the most charming and scholarly writers, as a perusal of *Brown's Book-Stall* will speedily reveal. Chiefly because he knows all about '*black-and-white*' he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him December 11th, 1897."—*Debrett Improved.*

THE COBBLER.

A CRIPPLE old Cobbler pegging a shoe
Sat by his door in the village street ;
In his apron of leather with plenty to do,
Pegging of shoes for the villagers' feet.

A greasy old Cobbler matted and grey,
A Cobbler all sticky with rosin and paste,
Smiling and humming and pegging away,
Loitering never, and never in haste.

Rumbling o'er levels and jolting in ruts,
Cumbrous and slow comes the farmer's wain,
From the Cobbler's window the daylight shuts
With its toppling burden of straw and grain.

And the cripple old Cobbler smiles and nods
To the burly farmer passing bye,
But little the farmer dreams as he plods
What the Cobbler claims of his corn and rye.

The cheery old Cobbler smiles and nods,
And times with his hammer the song he sings :
"He harnessed the plough and turned the sod,
That the grain might grow he wearily brings."

On the fresh tossed earth came the green spring blade,
The rising stalk and the drooping ear,
Then the ripened field and the harvest made,
Still the farmer trembled in doubt and fear.

But the green that crept o'er the purple mould,
And was crowned with gold in the ripened field,
To the Cobbler's eye was a scroll unrolled
That the glory and joy of earth revealed.

With jangling harness and grinding wheels,
The laird in his carriage all varnish and gold,
By the door of the artiste in uppers and heels,
With the bearing supreme of a Godling, rolled.

But the wise old Cobbler chuckles and sings ;
He has measured the earth and he knows the stars,
And he laughs at the pride yon lordling brings,
For the Cobbler is heir to the universe.

He seeks not the parchments that licence to kill
The hare in the meadow, the fish in the pool,
The bird in the forest, the deer on the hill,
To prey like the brute and joy as a fool.

But he knows the joy of night in the wood,
When the swinging beech boughs creak and stir,
When he hears the plaint of the cushat's brood
Disturbed by the sway of the sheltering fir.

And the life that ebbed through the torpid night
Now flows and freshens with the dawn,
And the soul is stirred by the growing light
That gives of its glory to lake and lawn.

The light that brings to the fields their green,
And signals the woods for the throstle's song,
The gleam and shadow gives the stream,
And the imaged flowers it flows among.

The pheasant flustered through the boughs,
With rustle and rush mounts o'er the trees,
The rabbit from its burrow goes,
And jinks through the brake to the clover leas.

The Cobbler sees where the game bird urged
Its flight, and marks the rabbits' way,
But love from the Cobbler's soul has purged
The impulse of the brute to slay.

For who would, wanton, care to kill
The child at play on the village street,
Yet the hare that limps on the barren hill,
And the worm that twines at the Cobbler's feet

Are fellow mortals unto him,
And he knows in the beasts his distant kin,
And the laughing child and the singing bird
Have a common soul of joy within.

So the rustling pheasant safe is gone,
And the timid rabbit goes its way,
And the dipping ousel on its stone
Sings in the stream its dreamy lay.

And the Cobbler sees and the Cobbler hears
The beauties love alone revealed,
But the glory of the universe
To the callous heart is for ever sealed.

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Spider (leaving the course to partake of a second)—"And now to climb to some other fly!"

Specially drawn by Mr. A. Chasemore for "Brown's Book-Stall."



At the Sign of the Brush and Pen.

No. 9.—Mr. A. CHASEMORE.

THE Great Grammarian Bain has put it on record that there is an exception which goes to the proving of every rule. If then, we admit the truth of the Ancient Proverb that a Jack-of-all-Trades is Master of None, it is comforting to reflect that (Bain being an honourable man), there must inevitably be an exception. That exception is the merry wit, alike in picture and in print, on whom we hold our customary monthly inquisition on the present occasion, Mr. A. Chasemore, the genial artist who, paradoxical as it may seem, has for many years made the last page of *Judy* undeniably the first—if not in numerical progression, at least in merit and general interest.

"I am a Jack-of-all-Trades," said Mr. Chasemore, when I had cautioned him in the customary manner that anything he might say might be used in evidence against him; "and" he added, with a modesty that sat well upon him, "with your keenly critical faculty you can doubtless draw the customary inference."

Thereupon I respectfully submitted to his consideration the loophole of escape which the forethought of our friend the Professor had provided as hereinbefore referred to. "In these circumstances," I added, "I prefer to call you 'a lad o' pairts'," at which he seemed pleased.

Since the days when, as Mr. Gilbert puts it—

> Our gallant Norman foes made our merry land their own,
> And the Saxon from the Conqueror was flying,

there have been Chasemores either making History or picturing it. Even at that remote period they could all tell who their great-grandfathers were, while many had pedigrees as complicated as "The Traveller's Easy-Finding Time Table," but it is not until the glorious days of the ever young, virtuous, and good Queen Bess that any absolutely reliable account of their deeds is obtainable. About that time they flourished—to use a word dear to the pen of Magnell of "Questions" fame—flourished their stout oak walking sticks, and (when it ran to it) their elegant hunting crops, in and around Horsham in the Home Counties. It was, however, at the old Saxon *Fullenhame*—"the resort of birds"—now more prosaically known as Fulham, the resort of Bishops (for at its palace, there, as the Crosby Hall legend has it, you will find them) that Mr. Chasemore first saw the light of day. To this part of London, then a land of green fields, now within the four mile radius, had come his grandfather early in the last century, and there, somewhere about the year 1860, this worthy gentleman began to emulate Horatius in the bridge keeping business. Which, being interpreted, means that he was appointed Manager of the old Fulham Bridge, commonly known as Putney Bridge, an appointment which, it is interesting to note, remained in the family until the Metropolitan bridges were made

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free of toll in 1880. Shortly after the "interesting event," that is the Coming of Mr. C., the family returned to the ancestral neighbourhood of Horsham where Mr. Chasemore *père* had rented a farm which, to quote the graphic description of his son, was as picturesque as it was unprofitable. There Mr. Chasemore and his brothers spent impartially their school-days and their pocket money, another well-known artist, Mr. Dendy Sadler, being, by the way, a schoolfellow. But even the romance of a 16th century haunted house, which constituted another of the attractions of the farm, was not sufficient to tempt him to remain, and he returned to London, eventually succeeding to the family post of keeper of the Bridge which he filled until, like Othello, he found his occupation gone.

It was about this time that he took the first step towards following out that profession in which he has gained so thoroughly well earned a success. Having a taste for drawing, though without any training, being then as he is to-day entirely self-taught, he decided, with the enterprise of youth, to endeavour to increase his income by doing illustrations for one of the three comic papers then existing; additional zest being doubtless added to his labours by the circumstance that he had a short time previously taken "a pair of sparkling eyes" and "crossed the Rubicon," or to put it more prosaically, got married. As a preliminary he purchased a few small wood blocks, and made initial size drawings on four of them, having previously had some practice on a quarter-page block which he already possessed, and to which was attached the history of his one failure. He had bought it a long time before, had drawn something on it, and left it for insertion at *Fun* office. Not seeing it appear, he ventured to call and enquire when it would. He was seen by Mr. Arnold, the then proprietor, who politely returned him what he now calls the wretched bit of box, but which he then regarded somewhat differently. "I ventured to ask him why he did not care to use the drawing," said Mr. Chasemore, "and his reply was laconic and to the point—it was not good enough. Hence the practice." To return, however, to the four blocks which marked the advent of the Second Venture. Undaunted by his previous rebuff, he took them to Fleet Street, leaving two at the shop of some little mushroom paper, even the name of which he has now forgotten, and two at *Punch* office in Bouverie Street. Sometime afterwards he called on the proprietors of the unknown "comic," as holding forth the greater prospect of success. But once more, though for the last time, he was doomed to disappointment. The gentleman behind the somewhat dilapidated counter which served as a barrier to protect the sanctum of the Editor from too rapid assault by irate contributors, enquired whether Mr. Chasemore would engrave the drawings as well, but as at this period of his career he had never seen an engraved block he felt that he could not conscientiously undertake to do so. With his hopes



MR. A. CHASEMORE.

From a Drawing by Mr. Alfred Bryan.

so low that no ordinary thermometer could have been equal to the situation, and the blocks in his pocket, he thought he might as well bring away their companions, deducing without even the aid of the ever friendly Euclid or the slightest reference to *hypothesis* or *construction* that for once in a way the less included the greater, and that as he had failed with the struggling rag, he was not likely to be successful with the famous weekly. But his mourning was destined to be turned into joy, for on arriving at the office of *Punch* he met Mr. Harry Lemon who

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communicated the interesting intelligence that his father, Mark Lemon, the then Editor, had not only accepted them, but Oliver-like, had asked for more. In due course then, the first of the drawings appeared as a tail-piece to the last page of the volume ending 1867. Soon afterwards he made his first attempt at a "social" subject. It represented a recruit joining a Volunteer Corps, and bore the legend :—

Adjutant—"What company would you wish to be in?"
Recruit—"Oh, gentleman's co'pany, of course!"

In the reproduction, it may be added, the recruit was left untouched, but the adjutant was re-drawn by Keene. Even at this early period of his career Mr. Chasemore exhibited something of that quaint *naïveté* which later found expression in many of his delightful drawings, for Mr. Spielmann in his excellent volume, "The History of Punch" (Cassell & Coy.), has placed it on record that when forwarding this particular sketch, Mr. Chasemore, with a happy combination of delightful modesty and sly humour wrote—"I'm afraid there is not much humour in the idea; still I hope it's good enough for *Punch!*"

Up to 1875, Mr. Chasemore contributed in all thirty-three drawings to *Punch*, and in addition there is a belated one in 1879—his last appearance in the pages of that paper until quite recently when Mr. F. C. Burnand, with a keener appreciation of Mr. Chasemore's undoubted cleverness than some of his predecessors, was good enough to accept some drawings from him, amongst them being a series called "Longago Legends," for which the letter-press, his own, was printed in the mediaeval style.

Previous to his connection with *Punch*, however, a pen and ink sketch which he had sent to *Judy* was published; so, finding that after the death of Mark Lemon his appearances in the former were few and far between, he applied to Mr. C. H. Ross, the then Editor of *Judy* for a post on his staff, was accepted, and thereafter justified his selection by proving one of the most original and amusing of the many clever artists who at one time or another have contributed to its pages.

With the purchase of *Judy* by Mr. Edward Dalziel, Mr. Chasemore's work was, thanks to the kindness of the new proprietor, considerably increased, and this good fortune was repeated to an even greater extent when Mr. Gilbert Dalziel, of whom those who have read these pages from the first and still live know something, took over the paper from his father. But when you mention the name of Mr. Gilbert Dalziel, Mr. Chasemore grows enthusiastic. Like all the other contributors to that gentleman's publications—artists and authors alike—and indeed, as is the case with everyone who has had the good fortune to come in contact—either personally or through the more prosaic medium of the Postmaster General—with the genial founder and present proprietor of the always entertaining *Half-Holiday*, Mr. Chasemore speaks in terms of the highest praise about Mr. Dalziel's never-failing kindness. And here I would like to make what might be called a personal statement in corroboration of this, for almost from the first Mr. Dalziel has taken a more than kindly interest in the fortunes of the *Book-Stall*. No trouble has been too great for him to undertake, and whenever assistance has been needed, either in the wooing of a shy artist or otherwise, his help has ever been at our service.



GEORGIAN TIPSTAVE.
From a drawing by Mr. A. Chasemore in "Judy."

Quot homines, tot sententiae—so many men, so many fancies. That of Mr. Chasemore is the collecting of odds and ends of other days. So enthusiastic did he become in this pursuit that when his doctor told him that he must have more exercise, he started taking walks before breakfast, though instead of making his way over breezy Putney Heath or Wimbledon Common, he generally found himself, if the tide was low, searching the muddy shore of the Thames for pre-historic flint chips and such like treasures, but after a time he was compelled to give it up—having already had diphtheria. But when he recalls the memories of those by-gone days, spent in the old Bridge House overlooking London's waterway, Mr. Chasemore becomes in turn dramatic and gruesome.

"Yes," he said, as in anticipation of some particularly blood-curdling memory of dark deeds by the muddy river, I pulled out my elegant Reporter's Note-book (supplied, of course, by Brown & Co.)—"Yes, I have witnessed some strange sights in the neigh-

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bourhood of the River. Many and many a poor mud-smirched, limb-twisted remnant of humanity have I seen drawn out of the Thames while I lived in the old Bridge House; strange to say generally on a Sunday morning. Sometimes at the dead of night, too," he continued, as I moved uneasily in my chair and looked out at the gathering shadows, "I could hear the crunching of footsteps on the rough causeway beneath my bedroom window, blended with the murmur of voices, and I knew if I looked out I should see by the light of a lantern a little group of waterside men shuffling along bearing Something on a shutter. No, there were no police stretchers in those days; what was used was simply an actual shutter taken down from a window of the quaint William and Mary Inn, the *Old Swan*, hard by, and on this rude bier the mortal remains of the poor suicide or murdered one was borne to the shed of honest John Phelps, the waterman, there to await the 'Crowner's quest.' But revolvers are cheap to-day," he added, with something of his old cheerfulness as the servant lit up the *sanctum* and I turned with a sigh to the special Blend—yes, it *might* have been Rainnie's—at my side, "so is rat poison, and carbolic acid, and such sights are rare enough now-a-days to be worthy of the title of a 'Thames Mystery'—mysteries which even now too often remain unsolved. I once" (he proceeded) "worked in just such an incident in a ghost story I wrote for *Judy's Annual*—we must have something lively at Christmas, you know!"

Mr. Chasemore's work in *Punch* and in *Judy* represents, however, only one side of a versatile and many-sided personality. From the first issue of Mr. Dalziel's *Half-Holiday* he has been one of the "principal boys" on the staff. Of his fellow-workers, as of the genial Chief, he has nothing but the happiest recollections, and in particular commented on the very clever and humorous work of his colleague, Mr. W. F. Thomas. Then he has contributed many pictures and some prose and verse to the *Boy's Own Paper*, to the *Million* (in which appeared his very clever "Faltheral Lays," both written and illustrated by himself), and to the *Pictorial World* in Gilbert Dalziel's time, while he has also drawn for *Fun*, the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, *St. Stephen's Review*, *Lady's Pictorial*, *Sketch*, and any number of others. Further, he has designed book covers for Messrs. Novello & Co., while, thanks to the courtesy and kindness of Messrs. Vicars & Poirson, the well-known firm of Art Embroiderers of 104 Newgate Street, we are able to reproduce at the beginning of these notes a very tasteful Venetian "heading" prepared by him for them. While acknowledging the courtesy of this firm, I have also to express our indebtedness to Mr. Gilbert Dalziel for the other illustrations (with the exception of "The Assassin and the Spider," specially drawn for us by Mr. Chasemore), which accompany these Notes. The portrait of Mr. Chasemore, from Mr. Alfred Bryan's clever pen is, by the way, from the justly famous F.O.S. Portrait Gallery.

In the way of book illustration he has done work for many well-known firms. Then, as Mr. Whistler slyly remarked of the late Lord Leighton, "he paints too," while for the last six years of Mr. John Hollingshead's reign at the Gaiety he designed the costumes for the famous productions which that era in the history of burlesque, beginning with "Aladdin" and ending with "Jack Sheppard." In "Ariel," one of the series, he used nothing but delicate tints in the costumes of the fairy crowds — stronger effects (and even these he kept down), being supplied in the dresses of the principals. The result was exceptionally fine, and so impressed the critical eye of Lord Leighton that he specially complimented Mr. Hollingshead on the happy effect of Mr. Chasemore's work.



Venetian Girl.

From a drawing by Mr. A. Chasemore, by permission of Mr. Gilbert Dalziel.

In short, Mr. Chasemore is a busy man—so busy in fact that rumour says that he works with both hands at once. There is more truth in this than might at first seem probable, for he can draw almost equally well with either, though his more important work is done by the left, but a charming little pencil study in my possession which he dashed off 'while you wait' with the right hand, will bear witness, if need be, that in his case at all events his right hand has not

The Point

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remained altogether ignorant of what his left was doing. Be this as it may, however, if there is any truth in the *obiter dictum* of our old friend Dr. Watts—

In works of labour, or of skill
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do—

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From a drawing by Mr. A. Chasemore in "Judy," 27th May, 1891. Vol. 48.

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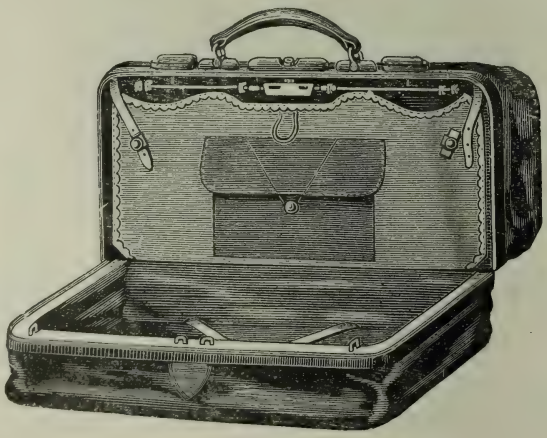
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IN THE FIFTIES.

ABOUT the close of 1847, a young man residing at the Farm of Mastrick, Pitcaple, procured a copy of the "Phonographic Instructor," and began to learn without the aid of a teacher. He became a very expert writer, and in the district taught several classes. J. G. Diack was his name, and it frequently occurs in the early numbers of the *Phonetic Journal.* As he was not successful in finding suitable employment in this country, in the early fifties he went to New Zealand to teach Phonography, if he could find an opening; if not, he was prepared to apply himself to agricultural pursuits. On arriving at Dunedin he was not long till he began teaching, and was fairly successful; while in the province of Otago he formed classes which had the effect of engaging the attention of the House of Representatives, who passed a resolution that he should be retained as instructor of Shorthand in the public schools at a salary of £300 a year. Mr Diack was a painstaking and enthusiastic teacher, and overcame many difficulties in the prosecution of his work. At the public examination of his pupils the newspapers gave very full reports of their progress, and gave him great credit for their instruction. On one occasion a pupil, a girl of eleven years of age, received a paper from Mr. Diack, written by him in Shorthand, being the leading article in the newspaper of the day. She had never seen it before, but read the whole quite easily, even more so than if it had been ordinary print—which was a surprise to the audience, creditable alike to the accuracy of the writer and the reader's knowledge of Phonography. He died in 1876 in the 51st year of his age, being universally esteemed and respected in the land of his adoption. Mr. Diack, however, in addition to his Phonographic work in New Zealand, has a special claim to recognition in connection with Aberdeen, for he had the honour of initiating one of our most highly appreciated and greatly gifted fellow citizens in the study of Phonography, which was the means of placing him in a position of singular influence in connection with our local newspaper press. William Alexander lived on the Farm of Damhead, Pitcaple. An accident laid him aside from active work, but gave him ample opportunity, of which he took full advantage, for mental improvement. He also acquired considerable skill in sketching with pen and pencil, and with returning health he was able to send communications to the *North of Scotland Gazette* on various subjects, but more especially those connected with agriculture and the condition of those engaged in agricultural work. The then editor, the late Mr. Wm. McCombie, was so struck by the writer's practical knowledge and the ability which characterised his productions that he offered him a situation on the staff of the paper. Such an occupation was very much to the taste of Mr. Alexander. He accepted the offer and came to Aberdeen in the autumn of 1852, receiving as a start 6/-

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a week. The inducement was not, as regards finance, very enticing, but as one who never shrank from work, and doing it at all times with thoroughness, he was very soon promoted to reporting for and sub-editing the paper which, on the 6th May, 1853, became the *Aberdeen Free Press*—so that he was officially connected with it from its commencement.

Having, as already stated, begun the study of Phonography under Mr. Diack, he now proceeded to acquire the art of verbatim reporting, and to attain this he was greatly assisted by that accomplished Phonographer, Mr. Francis Cooper.

In his copy of the Reporter's Companion, published 1st January, 1853, which I now have before me, it is interesting to note how well and faithfully it has been used, especially those pages which are of primary importance to the reporter. The reporting Grammalogues, the list of Contracted Words, and the Phraseography are well marked by frequent references, and even one error of the printer is corrected and written as it should have been in the phrase—"and as to the." Mr. Alexander soon became a very capable verbatim reporter, but he was more, and what with limited space for reports was of even more importance, with great skill he could condense a speech, giving its essence and expressing in better terms the ideas and thoughts which the speaker intended, but somehow failed to do. He used to take his reports in an unruled and pretty large note book. To young reporters he was ever kindly and helpful, and one who occupied the position of chief reporter on one of the leading daily newspapers in Scotland writes me that in the outset of his career, as a youth sitting beside him in professional work in Aberdeen, he received many hints and most valuable practical suggestions, and whose memory he should ever revere with the highest respect and regard.

On one occasion Mr. Alexander came to the writer in a great dilemma asking if he could take an evening meeting for him, the report of which he was very anxious to obtain. There were then only three professional reporters on the staff of the three newspapers in town at that time, and as there were several meetings of an important character that night it was more than they could undertake. I agreed, and attended in the Mechanic's Hall where a deputation from the Peace Society spoke. The members were Mr. Edward Miall, Editor of the *Nonconformist*, and Rev. Henry Richards, the Secretary. Both of these gentlemen subsequently became members of Parliament. The report was taken and occupied two columns of the paper, at which Mr. Alexander expressed himself well pleased.

On several occasions when the Vowel Scale was proposed to be changed, from the 9th edition of Phonography to the 10th, Mr. Valentine, Mr. Carnie, Mr. Alexander, and the writer frequently met to discuss the proposal experimentally.

In 1860 an attempt was made by a few literary friends to establish a new magazine in our city for the promotion of social and general reform—the writer acting as editor. The first number was published in May, 1860, and for six months it continued. Mr. Alexander was a regular contributor. In it from his pen appeared "An Etching from Life," "How Harry Barker became an abstainer," "The Farmer Boy," and "Nathaniel Shearer, or entertainment for man and beast," the latter story characterised by Mr. Alexander's style of writing, and which was brought to a close earlier than the author intended, owing to the termination of the publication. The monthly meetings of the contributors arranging for the subjects to be written upon were most pleasant and agreeable, not the least happy of the recollections being the quiet humour which Mr. Alexander evinced in his criticism of the work submitted by his colleagues.

With all his capability and experience Mr. Alexander was one of the most modest of men, and one of the kindliest of critics. Of his own work he expressed himself in terms so characteristic that I quote it—"It was the lot of the writer to labour in a diversified way, from writing newspaper addresses to executing the combined function of Reporter and Sub-Editor, and a few odds and ends in addition. To that part of the work the only reference that

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can be made here is that amid whatever imperfections, it was done with a fairly steadfast devotion to the interests of the paper, and at least with no desire to shirk a fair share of continuous personal labour." Not only was he known and honoured as a "Journalist," but he has given to the world in Aberdeenshire vernacular "Johnnie Gibb of Gushetneuk," which has earned for its author undying fame. The University conferred upon him the Honorary Degree of LL.D., and in doing so they voiced public opinion, which appreciated very highly his literary work and valued citizenship. To few men has it been given to have, as he had, the confidence of the foremost men in the city. In every scheme for the political, municipal, and social well-being of Aberdeen he was in closest touch with those who planned, and he did his best in assisting practically in carrying out such proposals. Dr. Alexander was a true and genuine friend, a man of public spirit and wide knowledge. His influence was far-reaching, and the beautiful monument erected to his memory in Nellfield Cemetery will keep alive the features and countenance of one, who as a citizen fulfilled its duties with a high moral purpose, and with a quiet, unobtrusive activity which was free from selfishness, and ever devoted to the best interests of his fellow townsmen.

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FOR Aberdeen readers at any rate, is "Reuben Dean." The author is an Aberdeenshire man, Rev. William Leslie Low; the scene is laid in Aberdeenshire; and it is written, partly at least, in good Aberdeenshire Scotch. Not the southron dialect with which the Kailyard School have deluged the world, but our own Doric, which we often hear but seldom read. The events take place principally in the neighbourhood of Inverurie, partly in Aberdeen, sketching life at the old Grammar School and University, and partly on the Indian Frontier. The characters are well-drawn. Jacob Dean in particular is a life-like Scot of the old school, a race which we hope will be long in dying out. The interest of the story keeps up all through, and holds the attention of old and young. Altogether the book is one which will be read and enjoyed both by boys and their fathers. When we say that it is published by the famous Scots publishers, Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier, it seems superfluous to mention that it is well got up, illustrated, and tastefully bound. It is, however, important to note that it can be got for the sum of 2/8 cash at Brown's Bookstall.

Another book which is also of special interest locally is "The Secession in the North: The Story of an Old Seceder Presbytery, 1688-1897" (3/6 net). It is written by Mr. James Thomas Findlay, who was at one time on the staff of the *Peterhead Sentinel*, and is now doing editorial work in South Shields. It has a number of illustrations and portraits, and as the subject is one of interest to many "hereabout and far awa'," the sale bids fair to be good. Copies are going well at Brown's Book-Stall, which was founded by an old Seceder, as you may learn, with many interesting details, in "Aberdeen Awa'" (5/- net) and "Craigdam and its Ministers" (6d.).

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On returning from the funeral of a laird in the Perthshire Highlands not long since, the tenants were discussing the important question of whether the newcomer was likely to prove as good a landlord as the the old one, when one old Highlander, who appeared to know more than the rest, settled it by saying—"Ach, no, we peeried ta wrong man to-day."

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AT THE SIGN OF THE BRUSH & PEN

Being some notes on the Black and White Artists of to day

No. 10.—MR. A. S. BOYD.



ÆSAR commences his "Commentaries," as we have all good reason to remember, by announcing in the best Latin at his command, the doubtless important fact that *omnes Gallia divisa est in tres partes;* similarly the chronicle of the career of Mr. A. S. Boyd, to whom to-day we render obeisance, may be begun by the statement that it also is divided into three parts, of which the Gentle Art of Banking forms the first, painting in oil and water-colours the second, and working in black and white the third stages. True, the days spent in the laying up of treasure for other people in that modern Temple of Juno Moneta the Royal Bank of Scotland, were neither congenial to him personally, nor are they of any very great historical importance, but the reader will readily realise that if the pretty little parallel from the pages of the "Gallic War" was to be worked in at all, they had to receive their due share of attention.

Glasgow takes his coming calmly.

The year 1854 is notable for three events. It saw the outbreak of the Crimean War; it was productive of so exceptional a harvest as to demand a special "Thanksgiving"; and in it Alexander Stuart Boyd issued into existence to his own accompaniment. While on the subject, we may point out that those who pine to see how celebrities look in the earliest and most immature period of their career, will find a capital likeness of of the infant Alexander drawn from memory by himself on another page of this issue. Glasgow, where the event which was subsequently to have no small influence on the history of Scottish humorous journalism, took place, was for the moment quiet, and the year locally was otherwise marked by no event of outstanding importance, nor do there appear to have been any portents of so auspicious a circumstance. The town was slowly recovering from a visit from the Queen and Prince Albert, and looking forward with anxiety to the Second Coming of the British Association, when Alexander intruded upon the scene, but it may at once be stated candidly that none of the events I have mentioned had the slightest effect upon his career. Glasgow generally took his advent quietly, and there was no undue exhibition of Jingoism.

Early Days of the Infant Boyd.

Mr. Boyd's father was a muslin manufacturer for the East India trade, but died when the former was only ten years of age, so that his influence had little effect in determining the future artist's career. Indeed, the source from which A. S. B. derived his artistic leanings is "wrop in mistery," and History fails to record that prior to his coming a Boyd had ever handled a pencil or a brush, save for the making of a memorandum or the white-washing of a ceiling. Indirectly, however, it is to his aunt that Mr. Boyd attributes his first longings after the Brush and Pen. When a child of three or four years of age he was taken seriously ill, and for his amusement, when recovering, this estimable lady brought him, after the manner of aunts, a number of illustrated papers and a box of paints. Being a boy, and only human, to cut out the pictures occurred to him instinctively, and this occupation, begun as a means of enlivening the weary days of convalescence, was destined to become a means of kindling in him the dormant admiration for pictorial art. Soon afterwards he tried to make pencil drawings from some of the pictures, and thus by what might be called "easy steps" worked his way into the domain of Art. The illustrated papers fostered the idea, the box of paints brought it to

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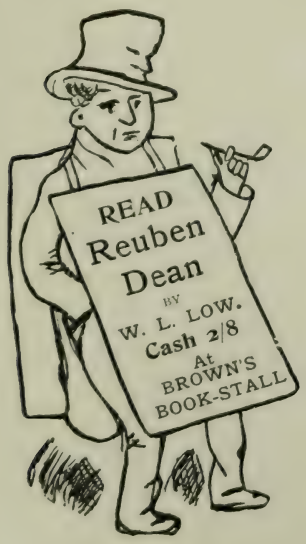
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life, while to the kindly encouragement he received from a friendly neighbour, afterwards his brother-in-law Mr. James Cowan, is in a measure due its establishment on a permanent basis. When about twelve years of age, young Boyd went for three months or so to the School of Art, then in Ingram Street under Mr. Robert Greenlees, and afterwards took drawing lessons in the school he attended. This extremely modest amount of tuition comprised all the art education he ever received prior to his adoption of art as a profession.

Boyd becomes a Banker—

On leaving school, Mr. Boyd entered the service o. the Royal Bank of Scotland, and here he remained for some six years, devoting a most valuable period of his life to work which, at best, was uncongenial to him. It is not recorded of him that he went so far as to decorate the Bank Ledgers with portraits of the customers, but he daily, or rather nightly, laid down the pen only to take up the brush, returning from the drawing of cheques to that of more attractive, if less profitable things.

But he cannot serve Mammon and the Muse.

Eventually, however, he resolved to end the struggle against his own nature, and to go where inclination and special endowment both pointed. In short, he could not serve Mammon and the Muse; and what the Royal Bank lost, Art in the highest sense of the word gained. Having taken the decisive step which ended the first stage of his career, Mr. Boyd threw heart and soul into his new profession. He attended the Life Classes of the Art Club, and about 1880 went for a few months to Heatherley's in Newman Street, London. With these exceptions, however, he received no professional training, and is to a large extent a self-taught artist. While yet an amateur he made his appearance on the walls of the Royal Scottish Academy with a small landscape in oil, and in 1877 exhibited for the first time in the Glasgow Institute. Nine years later found him adding to the interest of the exhibition at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours, since when, until he finally abandoned colour work for black and white, he was a constant exhibitor at well-known "shows," including the Royal Academy. In 1882 he got his R.S.W., being elected a member of the Royal Scottish Water-Colour Society; while he is also not unknown to Royalty, having been one of a deputation of four—the others being Sir Francis Powell, Colin Hunter, and Joseph Henderson—who presented Her Majesty with the Society's Album, prepared for the occasion of her first Jubilee.

The Labours of Boyd.

Among the many works in oil and water-colour that Mr. Boyd has produced during the sixteen years or so which he devoted to this branch of Art, special mention ought to be made of "The Rivals," painted in 1887, and hung at the Art Club Exhibition at Annan's. Mr. Boyd is a disciple of Wilkie, and in this work there is ample evidence of that Master's humour and style of treatment. Other pictures of note are "The Widow's Mite," a pathetic and powerful piece of work, "Drill," "Disinherited," "The Eve of Departure," "The First Visitor," "Sabbath Morn," and his tender and humorous "Other Grandfather," exhibited in the Scottish Academy in 1889. To the list must also of course be added a dramatic representation of a touching incident in the life of Burns, which was exhibited at the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1889, and which is the largest work Mr. Boyd has yet attempted.

He forsakes the Brush for the Pen.

Meantime the attractions of Black and White were luring him on. As a rule the latter proves but a stepping stone to the attainment of success in oils, but Mr. Boyd reversed the usual order of things by first winning his spurs in the more difficult of the two branches of Art, and then turning his attention to the other. While working in colours he had been giving a considerable amount of his time to illustrations, cartoons, and humorous sketches for various publications. In 1879 he had been commissioned by Dr. Donald Macleod to supply some illustrations for a story by Sarah Tytler in *Good Words*, and a year later laid the foundation of the great reputation he has right worthily earned as a humorous artist.

All men knew him as "Twym."

Over the well-known signature of "Twym" he contributed for many years, first to *Quiz* and latterly to the *Bailie*, a series of delightfully entertaining drawings. From the start of the former in 1881, till he broke off his connection on the paper changing hands in 1888, his work appeared every week without fail in its pages, and it is not too much to say, though Mr. Boyd would be the last to admit it, that his happy conceits have proved no mean factor in adding to the

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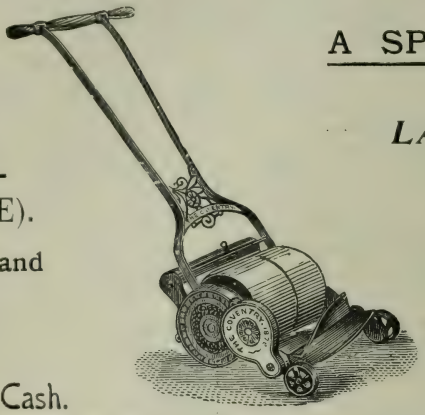
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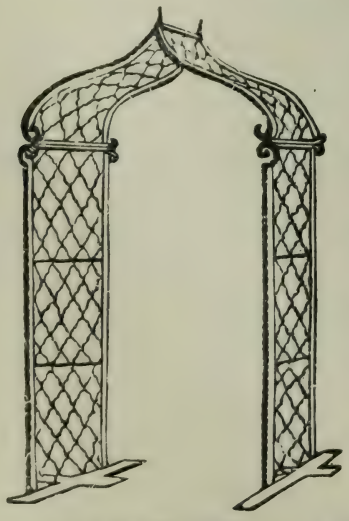
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Mother—"Haven't you got your gloves, Alexander?"
Alexander—"No, Mater. But my hands are quite clean!"

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gaiety of Nations. Indeed Twym's drawings—usually capital character studies in which the picture illustrates the "legend," and not the other away about, as is so often the case—were the life and soul of the publication in which they appeared. On leaving *Quiz* Mr. Boyd transferred his services to the *Bailie*, to which he contributed many vastly amusing sketches. About this time too, he represented the *Graphic* in Glasgow, but confesses there was little for him to do, the City of St. Mungo being a well ordered City, muchly given to municipilisation—and London cannot rise to the vagaries of Scotch Bailies. When the *Daily Graphic* started, however, he was asked to be its illustrator of local events, whereupon he contributed two or three sketches to it weekly from the first number till October, 1891, when at the suggestion of that right good friend of artist and author alike, Mr. W. L. Thomas, R. I., Mr. Boyd migrated to the "big toon."

Hey for London!

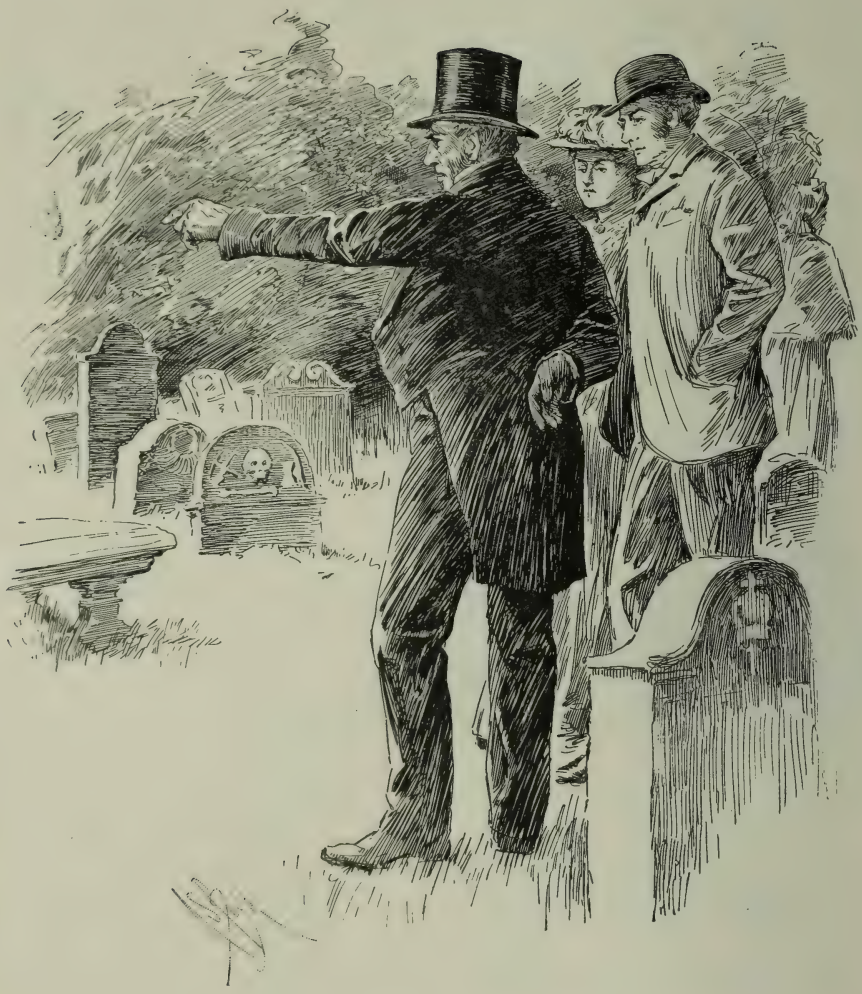
In London Mr. Boyd obtained greater scope for his undoubted genius, and finding a ready and profitable market for his excellent black and white work, he practically ceased being a painter and embarked on the third stage of his evolution. He immediately joined the *Daily Graphic* staff and has constantly been represented in its pages from that time until the present. Latterly, on account of the regretted illness of Mr. Reginald Cleaver, the well-known parliamentary artist, Mr. Boyd has done most of the House of Commons work, having, in addition to his other accomplishments, a happy knack of drawing an excellent likeness almost at a moment's notice.

"Punch" welcomes him.

In 1894 he arrived at *Punch*, making his *debut* almost simultaneously with Mr. J. A. Shepherd, the brilliant and humorous animal artist whose "Zig-Zags at the Zoo" everybody knows, and the irrepressible Mr. Phil May.

"You were late in finding your way into the Valhalla of the black and white artist," I remarked, when discussing the matter with him.

"I might have attained to *Punch* sooner," he replied, "had I not devoted so many years to work of a similar kind in Glasgow. But," he added as an after-thought, "perhaps I mightn't!"



"The prentit stanes that mark the deid,
Wi' lengthened lip the sarious read."

Illustration from R. L. Stevenson's "A Lowden Sabbath Morn," by permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

His first contribution appeared in the issue of 7th April in that year, and was a sketch of a lady in an omnibus, whose outrageously large sleeves extinguished her neighbours as effectually as the crinoline of her grandmother (according to Leech) had cancelled her grandfather. Since then Mr. Boyd has contributed very regularly to Mr. Burnand's pages, his drawings, as is always the case with him, being characterised by the great care with which they are executed, and "a singular appreciation of the value of his blacks," as Mr. Speilmann remarks in his "History of Punch." One of the latest which has appeared in *Punch* (in the issue for April 9th last) we are permitted through the courtesy of Messrs Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd., the proprietors of our only "comic," to reproduce.

More Labours.

In addition to his work in the pages of the *Daily Graphic* and *Punch*, Mr. Boyd has also contributed largely to the *Graphic* and many of the leading magazines. He has also done a number of book illustrations, of which, perhaps, the most important—certainly the most congenial, inasmuch as they were done mainly for his own pleasure, and at his own time—are a brilliant series for Stevenson's exquisite "A Lowden Sabbath Morn," a charming and elegant edition of which has lately been published by Messrs Chatto & Windus, to whose courtesy and kindness we are indebted for a loan of the electro of one of the drawings in question, illustrative of the lines :—

> "The prentit stanes that mark the deid
> Wi' lengthened lip, the sarious read ;
> Syne wag a moraleesin' heid
> An' then and there
> Their hirplin' practice an' their creed
> Try hard to square."

Bearding the Lion in his Den.

A visit to Mr Boyd at his happily-named dwelling, "The Hut," away on the outer boulevards of London town, is something to be remembered, and goes far to reconcile one to the invidious position of interviewer. But did space and the relentless editor permit, one might enlarge for pages on the attractions of "The Hut" itself, with its perfect little sanctum of a studio, which is also the working-room of the artist's wife, the author of numerous excellent stories and sketches, in many cases illustrated by her husband, and well known to the readers of the weekly papers and the magazines.

The Magerfu' Maggot.

Around the walls of this apartment are hung all sorts of weapons and curios, one of which, some South African utensil, had, about the time of my visit, developed a maggot of enormous and fearsome proportions. On all the ordinary poisons to which its English equivalent has been known to succumb, this uncanny creature throve amazingly, and gave promise of multiplying at compound interest rate. Stringent measures had to be adopted if "The Hut" was not to become a sort of tunnelled replica of the Underground Railway, so Mr. Boyd, remembering the Lord High Executioner's remedy of "Something lingering with boiling oil," took the bull by the horns, or rather the utensil and all that therein was, and boiled the lot! The "foreign devil" rather liked a full-bodied poison, but couldn't stand this, and incontinently died. With such like cheery reminiscence did Mr. Boyd beguile the time till the gathering shadows warned me that trains and 'buses wait for no man, and I bade him good-bye as he sped city-wards to prepare a picture of a night march of the Volunteers for the next issue of the *Daily Graphic*.

J. G. R.

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MORE ABERDEEN WORTHIES.

No. IV.



THE world has ever had its complement of wiseacres, and Aberdeen has never been without its contingent. These good people, or at anyrate a proportion of them, never seem to tire of telling us that musical education has not advanced one little bit locally, and that culture in that direction stands exactly where it did in the dark ages! My experience is somewhat different. Let us hie away back to the sixties, and what do we find? There were then three distinct vocal bodies in existence meeting regularly for the practice of part-singing. First in point of age came the Aberdeen Musical Association, founded in the autumn of 1852, and ably conducted by Mr. Richard Latter, who a year previously had made "a local habitation and," ultimately, "a name" for himself in the Granite City. Then came the Aberdeen Choral Society, instituted in 1853, under the capable leadership of Mr. James Melvin, a working moulder to trade, but an enthusiastic musician. The last of the trio was the Aberdeen Choral Union which was formed on 10th November, 1858. Mr. Latter was the first conductor of the "Union." Sol-fa was an almost unknown quantity in those days. To be sure Mr. Ludovic G. Sandison was struggling against heavy odds to introduce the new notation, and in the sixties was conducting appreciative classes of young people who were willing to give the "letter" notation a trial. And Mr. James Henderson, too, was doing his level best for the good of Hamilton's Patent Union Notation. This was a laudable attempt to combine "sol-fa" and "staff" together, but with the rapid spread of the former the combination has now lapsed. Mr. Alexander Clerihew, or "Sandy" as he was more familiarly styled by his intimates, was also in the field holding his own with the staff notation. What a grand tenor voice Mr. Clerihew was the happy possessor of. I think I hear it ringing through the rafters at the Kirk of Nigg where he was precentor for a number of years. He had no choir properly speaking, but a lot of the fisher lassies were wont to turn out of a Sunday morning, and, as soon as he had them fairly under way with the treble, he struck in to the tenor part himself. There may have been more refined singing in some of the city churches, but there certainly was no more hearty praise to be heard anywhere than in Nigg Parish Church while "Sandy" was at the helm.

My recollection of Mr. Sandison inclines me to the opinion that he was more a theorist than a vocalist. That he was a devoted and painstaking teacher no one will, I think, deny. The same may be said, but, perhaps, in a more modified sense, of Mr. Henderson's abilities. Then there was Mr.



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FOR EASY WRITING.

Donald Reid, the precentor of the Free East Church, who was wont to give lessons in singing at several of the week-day schools connected with the Free Church. Mr. Reid, who died at a ripe old age only a very short time ago, was essentially a teacher of the old style in schools of the period, viz.: by ear. He visited, every week, the Free East Church School, St. Andrew Street, while I was a pupil there, and the lesson used to extend to about half-an-hour's duration. In the senior classes we were taught the lines and spaces on the black-board. Mr. Reid had a peculiar system of rewards. He carried in one of his waistcoat pockets a supply of peppermint lozenges, and these he distributed among those who had sung best or answered the almost stereotyped questions asked on each occasion. On the front form there were three boys who divided honours, musically, as one might say, each taking his turn in leading the singing of the school in the morning, previous to prayer. One of these is now chief reporter on the staff of the *Scotsman* in Edinburgh, and also performs the duties of art critic for his paper—Mr. Wm. M. Gilbert. The second, I have lost sight of for some time, although I believe he is located in Aberdeen. He also is a Gilbert, but not of the same family. I think he learned to be an engineer or millwright. Both their "front" names was William, I think, and in order to distinguish one from t'other the latter was dubbed "black" Gilbert, from the colour of his hair, as far as I can recollect. The third little "nickum" was yours obediently.

Another vocal instructor of the time was Mr. Alexander Colston, an Edinburgh mason to trade. He originally came to Aberdeen to be precentor of the West Parish Church, immediately preceding Mr. Wm. Carnie. Mr. Colston, or "Old Cole" as we boys used to call him, had resigned his position in the West Kirk, but retained his teaching of "the young idea how to sing" at Robert Gordon's Hospital, the Boys' Hospital, known in vulgar parlance as the "Fugees," and Mrs. Emslie's Institution for Girls in Albyn Place. He also precented at the Thursday service which was weekly held in St. Mary's Chapel, underneath the back end of the East Parish Church, and thereby hangs a tale. The congregation consisted chiefly of a handful of decrepit old women, the two Melvins, blind musicians, singer and violinist, and an occasional "rank outsider." Each of the ministers of the six city churches took his turn in conducting the worship, and, as I have said, Mr. Colston led the praise. He lived at Bieldside, and as he had no other engagement in town of a Thursday, he was only too glad when he could pick up a substitute to do duty at the service in St. Mary's. I was then a budding young precentor, but without a charge. Some years previous to the incident I am about to relate, I had, to be precise, with all the confidence of youth—having only seen some ten summers—donned the gown and led the singing at the Parish Church, Kintore, and on coming out of the latern had tripped on the aforementioned robe, which was of course "miles" too big and too long for me, and my exit was more hurried than dignified on that occasion. Well, to make a long story short, I was a kind of protege of Mr. Colston's, and so it came about that I took duty for him on a memorable Thursday. During the week I had been adding the long metre tune "Melcombe" to my psalm-tune repertoire, and ere the fateful day came round I could sing it without the book! Alas! for human vanity Rev. Mr. Philip, then minister of St. Clements, was the clergyman, and to my delight gave out a long metre psalm to open the service with. In this I scored, notwithstanding the quavering, not to say untuneful, help I got from the congregation. The 2nd Paraphrase was next given out, and to this I had made up my mind to sing "Evan." I disdained the use of even a C pitchfork in those glorious days; and judge of my consternation when I had reached the second line of the paraphrase to find myself repeating "Melcombe." I had more nerve then than I have now, however, for quick as a lightning flash the inspiration came to me that by "doubling," or repeating the last two words or syllables in the second and fourth lines of each verse, I might be able to get

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through the "singing" without having to stop and begin again. At the close of five verses, sung in the manner I have described, if I did not sit down altogether covered with glory, confusion did not certainly overwhelm me. The third essay for the day was the short metre psalm beginning with the line—"Lord bless and pity us." This I sang to the tune "Evan" before mentioned! When the service was ended, Mr. Philip, who was *not* musical—at least I don't think he could have been—complimented his youthful precentor on the two new, though, as he put it, "rather peculiar" tunes sung in the middle of the service! The horror of the situation did not strike me fully till some years afterwards.

Another worthy citizen, who did a lot of class teaching in Aberdeen, was Mr. James Macbeth, father of the present proprietor of "Macbeth's Music Saloon." If I recollect aright he taught in what was known as the Baptist Academy in Diamond Lane, and I am under the impression Mr. Macbeth was the first to institute preparatory classes in connection with the Choral Union. In my next ramblings I shall endeavour to draw a comparision as between sight reading—so called—in the sixties, and reading at sight as we now know it.

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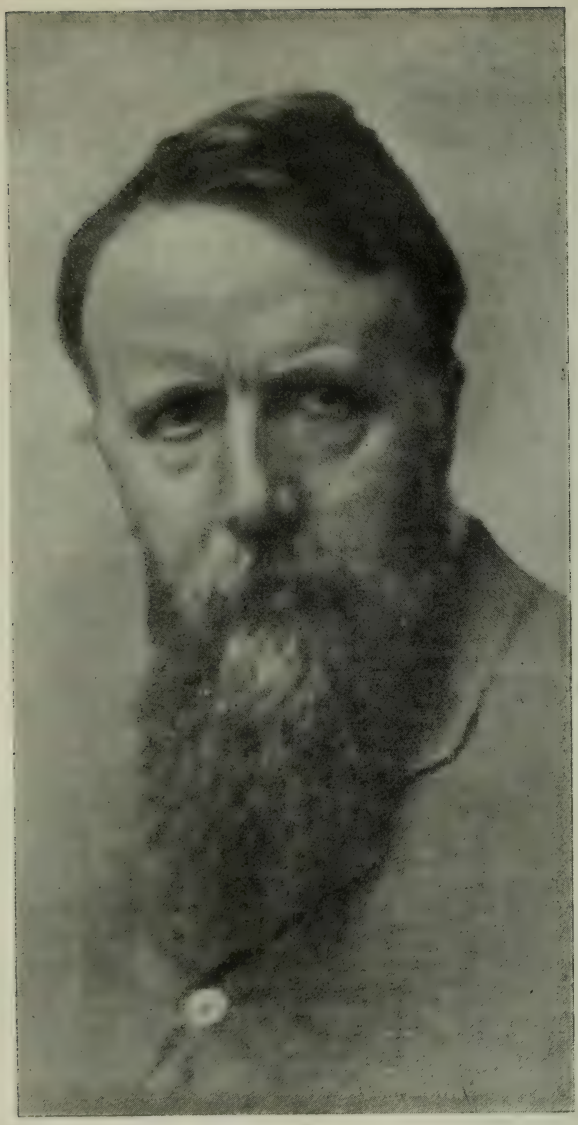
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AT THE SIGN OF THE BRUSH & PEN

Being some notes on the Black and White Artists of to day

No. 11.—SIR GEORGE REID, *P.*R.S.A.

The Architect Gibb, then there's Phillip "of Spain,"
And now there's a Reid o'er our artists to reign,
Good reason to cock up her beaver, I ween,
With right "Bon-Accord" has Fine Art Aberdeen.

The Bailie.

THE MASTER Mind who runs this paper took me aside the other day, and, after a few kindly words of encouragement to the effect that, if I continued to neglect local men of Art in these pages, there would undoubtedly be trouble, he continued :

"It's all very well writing about this or that English artist and telling us what fine fellows they are. Charity, my dear sir," he added, "begins at home."

"But all Aberdeen artists," I protested, "are great men, *Brown's Book-Stall*, with all respect, is, on the other hand, as yet only in its infancy."

He evidently, to his credit be it said, followed the argument to its logical conclusion. After a pause, however, he returned to the subject.

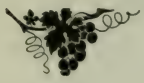
"What we want," he resumed dreamily, "is a first-class local man—one in whom everybody is interested. Now there is Sir George Reid——"

"Kind Sir," I ventured to interrupt, "ask me to do something difficult an you will. Raphael and Murillo are now, happily, in Heaven, and therefore beyond the range of practical politics, but there are still Poynter, and Alma Tadema, and Orchardson, and one or two others left. I will write to Alma Tadema for a coloured supplement with pleasure," I continued, "but don't, please, ask what is impossible."

"Hoots, laddie," he replied, lapsing into the doric in his enthusiasm, "just you try your han' at Sir George and I think you'll find he's ower good natured to refuse."

Need I say the prediction was in no way falsified? Nobody who knows the kindly hearted, genial gentleman who to-day occupies the proud position of President of the Royal Scottish Academy needs to be told it was not. Sir George assented with ready grace—perhaps also with a smile. But it is with a very real appreciation of my lack of qualification for the task that I have written these notes. Sir George Reid occupies a position in the foremost rank of contemporary artists, and Joseph Pennell, himself an artist and a critic of the highest repute, has spoken of him as one of the finest pen draughtsmen the world has ever seen ; while I am but the humblest of scribes whose claims on the acquaintance of the President are as few as were common folks in Barataria. They are two in number and painfully slender. My first meeting was not so much with the President personally, as with his dog, the big animal from Kepplestone, which in its day must have been familiar to all Aberdonians, and it is perhaps unnecessary to add that the canine giant had much the better of the encounter. I was a very small boy then, and in those days Fame, at all events in one's immediate circle, was not difficult of attainment. At anyrate the fact that the St. Lukes' "bow-wow," doubtless in the exuberance of its joy at meeting one of the same name as its master, had bowled me over, made me for a brief period a sort of Piper Findlater of the hour. It was one of those distinctions, however, which one would rather have had expressed differently, but I have long ago forgiven poor old "Rab"—peace to his ashes ! On another occasion, in the exercise of my duties as office boy, I was privileged personally to

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conduct Mr. Reid into the sanctum of his lawyer, and thereafter, like Mr. Ralston when his first drawing appeared in *Punch*, I tried to look unconscious of my greatness, and mentally determined that it would make no difference in my bearing.

It is therefore, as I have said, with a feeling of very great diffidence that I have acceded to the Editorial edict to write something about Sir George Reid, more particularly in view of the many able writers whose pens might have been more worthily employed on so congenial a task—to mention only the genial author of "Aberdeen Awa'," whose reminiscences formed so attractive a feature of the *Book-Stall* in its earlier days; or his learned namesake, the kindly hearted Ex-Dean of Guild, to whom I am personally greatly indebted for much valuable assistance in the very practical shape of a loan of an unpublished article written by him at the request of the then Editor of the *Aberdeen Journal* for the information of the Queen, Her Majesty—when about to commission portraits of Principal Tulloch and Dr. Norman Macleod—having expressed, through Lady Erroll, a wish to know something about Mr. Reid.

Sir George, as everbody knows, is an Aberdeen loon, and we are all proud of the fact. In her time the Granite City has enriched not only the Art of this country, but the Art of the World by the labour of some of her sons. Here it was, as every good citizen can tell you, that George Jameson, the "Scottish Vandyck," who, it is said, studied under Reubens was born, while in more recent times Bon-Accord has produced, among others, Cassie, William Dyce, and John Phillip—a quartet of which any city might well be proud. And then in 1841, on 31st October to be precise, and just nine days before the birth of the Prince of Wales, came George Reid, the third son of George Reid, a well-known and highly-respected citizen in his day, and Esther Tait, his wife. That there were at least the germs of Art faculty in the family is proved not only by the brilliant career of George, but by the somewhat overshadowed successes of his younger brothers, Mr. A. D. Reid, A.R.S.A., and Mr. Samuel Reid, who have also proved themselves accomplished wielders of the brush. As is usual in those predestined to artistic greatness, George shewed a fondness for pictures and a skill in making them at a decidedly early period of his existence, while at the mature age of twelve, having already received the elements of an ordinary education at "the Grammar"—that *Alma Mater* of so many famous townsmen—his father, appreciating the boy's skill, yet with the true caution of a son of the North, unwilling that the lad should risk the uncertainty of a painter's career, compromised the matter by apprenticing him for seven years to Messrs. Keith & Gibb, the well-known firm of lithographers in the city. Here he combined the advantages of turning the traditional "honest penny," while at the same time remaining not altogether separated from his beloved Art, and even, in the last two years of his term, putting his skill to some practical purpose, as some very fine work executed by him for the two volumes of Dr. John Stuart's "Sculptured Stones of Scotland," issued by the original Spalding Club, will bear witness.

It was while serving with Messrs. Keith & Gibb that he struck up an acquaintance with William Niddrie, a portrait painter who had been a pupil of James Giles, R.S.A., and who eventually ended his career as porter in the Aberdeen Savings Bank.

For Niddrie, Sir George has the highest regard and respect, and of his kind and genial disposition the warmest recollection. Speaking of those early days and his association with the struggling portrait painter, he has given me some most interesting reminiscences which will, I think, be new to many of the *Book-Stall* readers. It was not until after he was married and had a family that Niddrie took to Art—too late in life for the attainment of any real success. He laboured too, under the disadvantage of being able to obtain but little instruction, a few lessons from Giles being about all he ever had. His enthusiasm for Art, however, was something wonderful, and he lost no opportunity of endeavouring to increase his knowledge. He had read various "Lives" of famous painters, Edmund Burke's "On the sublime and the beautiful," Reynold's "Discourses," and other books of the kind, and it was a rare treat, Sir George told me, to hear him talk of art and artists. Before the discovery of photography he had good employment as a portrait painter. He used to travel about the country to Huntly, Inverurie, Peterhead, Fraserburgh and other neighbouring towns and villages, painting portraits of the farmers and shopkeepers, on occasion (when the husbands were in a particularly amiable frame of mind) their wives, and even at times a small laird or local dignitary. The prices he received were, however, very small, and with the discovery of photography he found his practice first fall off and then finally disappear altogether, so that he was compelled to look about for some other means of

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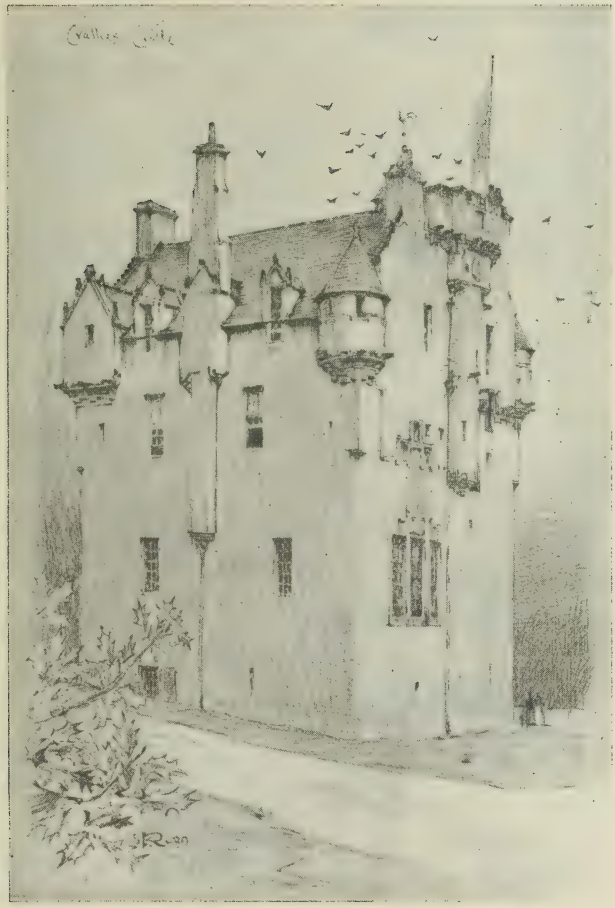
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livelihood. Sir George first made his acquaintance while porter in the Savings Bank, then in the Guest-row, from which he subsequently moved with the Bank to Exchange Street, where he lived on the premises, but in those later days he gave up painting entirely, being then an old man. It was during the former period, however, that young Reid used to go to Niddrie in the summer mornings at the early hour of six o'clock. At the time of the lessons the latter lived in Skene Street, near the Denburn, and in a house in which Cæsar Altria, an optician, had a shop. The house is still there, and may be recognised by the metal balcony outside one of the windows. Niddrie's room was the uppermost one, and in it for an hour and a half once a week, and at the modest fee of one shilling a lesson, he gave of his knowledge to the President that was to be.

"I think," said Sir George in conclusion, "that he had true artistic instincts, but he never had a chance of developing them.

'Chill penury repressed his noble rage,
And froze the genial current of his soul.'

I quote from memory," he continued, "but that is how William Niddrie's case has always appeared to me."

Reid had to be at Keith & Gibb's place at nine o'clock, and—our Tom Manns and our Keir Hardies being then but in embryo and the Eight Hours Day not yet a question of practical politics—with the exception of an hour for dinner, he remained at work until 8 p.m. Notwithstanding the long hours, however, he was not content to rest, but spent his evenings sketching from Nature or copying the plates of Harding's "Park and Forest." On his holidays he used to visit Edinburgh, choosing a time when the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy was open. On one such occasion he made the acquaintance of one of his predecessors in office, Sir George Harvey, who received the youthful Aberdonian with great kindness, and bestowed on him the customary quota of good advice, to which the future Sir George doubtless answered with Ophelia,

I shall the effect of this good counsel keep
As watchman to my heart,

or at anyrate in words of similar meaning. Naturally enough, the young laddie, like the lady in the ballad (who unfortunately for the gratification of her curiosity was a "little too young to know"), was of an enquiring disposition, the special point on which he wanted information being as to whether Sir George Harvey would advise him to become a painter. The great man's reply was characteristically Scotch. "I daren't, I daren't," he is reported to have said, "the decision must rest with yourself."

But as Ex-Dean of Guild Walker somewhat poetically puts it, "the routine of a lithographic establishment was becoming irksome, and so, shortly after completing his apprenticeship, about 1860, he left the steady and certain salary of a journeyman lithographer for the long unpaid and toilsome study of the Life Class at the School of the Academy in Edinburgh." Of this, the turning point in his career, Mr. Reid's own reminiscences are also interesting. In a very able and exhaustive article from the pen of Mr. J. M. Gray, which appeared in the *Art Journal* some years ago, and to which I am greatly indebted for many of the incidents in Mr. Reid's life story herein referred to, they are thusly recalled:

"He started early one chill, dark morning in the end of October, with a heavy heart, and anxious enough about his future. He says that now, when he looks back upon the time, it seems all like some weird, unreal dream, and he remembers how, as the train skirted the coast between Aberdeen and Stonehaven, and the day dawned in splendour over the sea, his thoughts went instinctively to a similar effect of sunrise in the 'Columbus' of Sir George Harvey, which he had seen in Edinburgh—he, too, going out into the Unknown to discover his New World."

One of Sir George's earliest recollections of Edinburgh is of the School of Design, about that time just re-organised, where he remembers seeing Robert Scott Lauder, the painter of "The Trial of Effie Deans," and the master of Orchardson, Pettie, and Chalmers, paying his last visit to the school.

Nine months in Edinburgh, however, sufficed to exhaust his none too plentiful supply of the needful *denarii*, and he returned to Aberdeen practically penniless, but though not quite reduced to that stage at which Burns wrote—

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, through life I'm doomed
to wander O,
Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting slumber O,
No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed me pain or
sorrow O,
I live to-day as well's I may, regardless of to-morrow O—

he was nevertheless glad to paint portraits for a few shillings each—frame included. To the credit of Aberdeen be it said, he received advantageous offers of work as a lithographic artist, but the President that was to be was made of sterner stuff than would permit him to give way, so, metaphorically speaking, he

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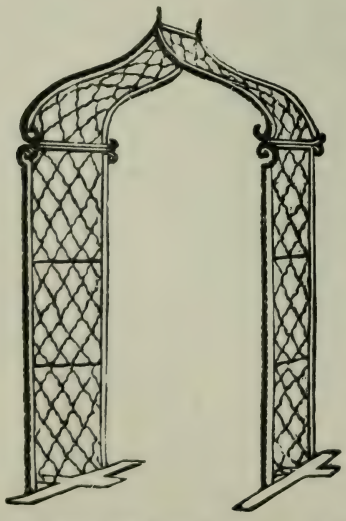
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nailed his canvas to the easel and took the Miltonic advice to argue not

> Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
> Right onward.

Virtue, assisted it must be admitted by a tremendous amount of hard work and grim determination, had its reward, "A Border Tower" passing muster and being exhibited in the R.S.A. Exhibition of 1862. True it was not hung on the line, and got scraped abundantly by the crinolines of the period, but it sold nevertheless for the munificent sum of fifty shillings sterling, having in the first instance been modestly priced at five pounds.



By SIR GEORGE REID, *P.*R.S.A.

Having remained for two years in Aberdeen, he returned again to Edinburgh to study at the Life Classes and from the Antique. Dame Fortune's golden smile, personified for the moment by the Association for the Promotion of Fine Arts in Scotland, beamed upon him in the very practical way of purchasing two of his landscapes, "Cawdor Castle" and another, for thirty five-pounds. It was about this time, too, that he first came under the influence of Continental Art. A friend in Aberdeen, Mr. J. F. White, LL.D., now of Dundee, but well remembered as one of the warmest and most practical supporters of Art in Scotland, had purchased in the International Exhibition of 1862 a large landscape by Mollinger which so impressed the young artist that he determined if possible to study under the Dutch master. On preferring the request, Mollinger readily assented, and Reid set out for Utrecht. Mollinger, who, by the way, died at the early age of 34, had been a pupil of the Dutch Roelofs, and had been greatly influenced by Troyon, and under his care the young Scotsman, working assiduously, made rapid progress in his self-chosen profession. Two years later Reid left for Paris, there to study form in Yvon's *atelier*, afterwards returning to the Hague to paint in the studio of his friend Josef Israels.

And here may be said to end the First Lesson.

From this time progress and promotion were as rapid as they had been right royally fought for and right worthily earned. In 1870 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy, advancing to full honours some seven years later, while the crowning point of a brilliant career came with his

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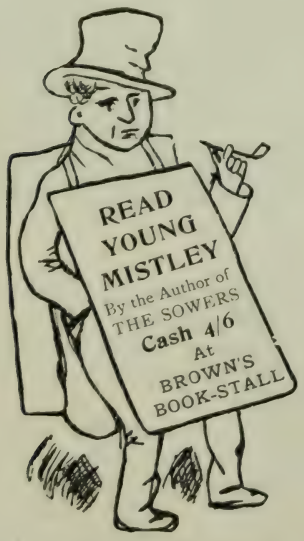
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election as President in succession to the late Sir William Fettes Douglas in 1891. At that time Sir George Reid was on the sunny side of fifty and by some six years the youngest President the Academy ever had.

The present is neither the time nor the place, even had the writer the ability which he assuredly has not, for estimating Sir George Reid's position in the Art World. But one cannot help marvelling at his versatility no less than at his genius. One of the articles of his artistic creed is that a really capable and accomplished artist should be able to paint any subject, in proof of which he has in turn perpetuated on canvas portraits, historical pictures, landscapes, and flowers, with like unqualified success, while his black and white work stands unrivalled by that of any living pen draughtsman. Everybody knows the brilliant series of drawings illustrating "Johnny Gibb," while by the special permission of Mr. Reid we are enabled to reproduce three fine local subjects from a now rather scarce volume "Twelve Sketches of Scenery and Antiquities on the line of the Great North of Scotland Railway," the letterpress of which was supplied by Mr. William Ferguson of Kinmundy. It is as a portrait painter, however, that Sir George Reid is best known to the man in the street, among the works in this branch of his profession which have brought him no slight degree of fame being the finely characteristic likenesses of the late Sir John Millais painted at Kepplestone while the latter was visiting the north, Professor Robertson Smith, Thomas Edward the Naturalist, and of that genial "Waif of Rhyme,' our fellow townsman, Mr. William Carnie, as well as the three fine specimens in the Town Hall—portraits of Sir Alexander Anderson, Mr. John Angus, and Ex-Provost George Thomson.

"To Praise a Man's Selfe cannot be Decent, except it be in rare Cases,' sayeth Bacon, and if this be so, then of a verity Sir George Reid is undoubtedly one of the exceptions. Personally he is a kindly hearted gentleman upon whom Fame lies lightly and who shuns publicity as other good people are supposed to avoid a person looked upon in these advanced times as either entirely mythical or at best in the sere and yellow leaf of a chequered career. All the greater, therefore, must be our meed of gratitude for his courteously given permission to say something about him—however inadequately—in these pages, and for the characteristic sketch from his pencil "On Greenock Quay," which we are permitted to publish for the first time. In the early days of his career, when but a penniless laddie as well as in later years when the sacrifice entailed by doing so was not to be lightly reckoned, he has remained true to his native city, and Aberdeen appreciates the fact, as we are all proud of our townsman. In short, Goldsmith puts our sentiments in a nut-shell, and describes Sir George Reid, not only as if he had known him all his life but had even had the temerity to trouble him for an "interview," when he writes—

> His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,
> His mannners were gentle, complying, and bland,
> Still born to improve us in every part
> His pencil our faces—his manners our heart.

J. G. R.

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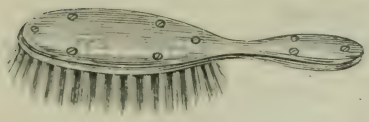
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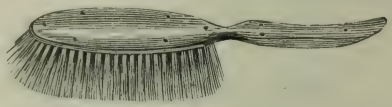
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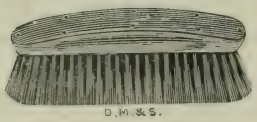
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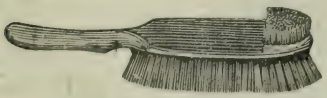
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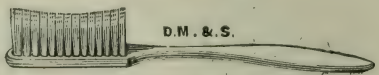


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IN THE FIFTIES.

IN the early fifties there was considerable activity in acquiring and teaching Phonography in Aberdeen. One who took a prominent part in both was a young man William Duncan, then attending the Grammar School preparatory to entering the University. Along with Professor Cooper, of Madras, he studied and got lessons from Mr. Francis Cooper, grocer, Chapel Street, a brother of the Professor. Mr. Duncan was a frequent visitor at the shop, comparing progress with Mr. Charles Cooper, who was then an assistant to his brother. The late Dr. Wm. Alexander went there for a similar purpose, as also Dr. Robert Laws, M.D., the distinguished African missionary. Of these four pupils one became the sub-editor of an influential North of England newspaper; two were honoured by the University of Aberdeen with the degree of LL.D., and the fourth with that of Doctor of Divinity.

Mr. Duncan was a persistent student of the art, and was soon known as an expert and beautiful writer. He attended the ministry of the Rev. James Stirling, George Street United Presbyterian Church, and practised verbatim reporting by taking down his sermons. Not satisfied with acquiring the art for himself, he at once set to the work of teaching others, and soon had a class which met in the early morning in one of the rooms connected with the Central Academy in Union Street. While attending the University he taught several classes in his spare time with considerable success, for he was an enthusiastic aud capable teacher, and not a few of his pupils have found that their knowledge of the art has served them well in the position in life which as professional and business men they occupy. He became a member of the Phonetic Society, and the *Phonetic Journal*, from 1864 onwards, contained many communications from his pen, Mr. Pitman specially commending him for his zeal and success as a teacher.

On leaving the University he went to Peterhead and began reporting on the *Peterhead Advertiser*, a small weekly which had but a short existence, but here he was in company with his old friend and fellow worker in phonography, Mr. A. M. Mowat, who at that time was on the staff of the *Peterhead Sentinel*. Leaving Peterhead he went to Stockton-on-Tees, then to the *Newcastle Daily Express*, passing on to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, and here for thirty-three years he laboured, respected for his capacity, diligence, and service. In 1891 Mr. Duncan resigned his active connection with that paper, and in connection with the event a presentation was made to him by the staff of the *Chronicle*. Mr. Joseph Cowen presided on the occasion, and alluded to Mr. Duncan's entering the office thirty-three years before, to the conscientious manner in which he discharged his duties, escaping many snares which beset a sub-editor who had to be at his post from eve till morn and had little to relieve the monotony of the press-room.



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He had sub-edited the paper for thirty years and was held in the highest esteem and respect by the whole staff. Mr. Duncan was elected the first President of the Institute of Journalists for the Northern Centre, and he is a Fellow of the Institute.

He visited Aberdeen, representing the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* at the University celebrations, some two years ago, and he still continues to do extra and special work for his old paper. Meantime he holds the appointment of Official Reporter for the Newcastle Corporation which, however, leaves him time for other work as he finds inclination and opportunity. Mr. Duncan has many old friends here (the writer being one) who are pleased to know that he is "still hale and hearty."

I was making enquiry at an old friend, one of our City Magistrates, if he remembered any of those who in the early fifties were studying the art along with him when he began. He mentioned several, and as he named them one after another, he said "he is dead"; then he spoke of Mr. Duncan, familiarly styling him "Willie," and he believed he was also dead some years ago. "Oh, no," I said, "for I have a letter from him this morning," which I took from my pocket and read, at which he was greatly pleased — for he had very pleasant remembrances of him, not only as an old acquaintance, but as a friend of his brother who learned Phonography along with Mr. Duncan, but who died many years ago.

Mr. A. M. Mowat was very intimate with Mr. Duncan—they studied and taught Phonography together. I used to correct Mr. Mowat's exercises and had with him many phonographic talks and suggestions. He soon acquired a thorough knowledge of the art, and became a very excellent teacher. He had made up his mind to follow literature as a profession, and began as Editor of the *Northern Telegraphic News*, which was published by W. Bennet, printer, Castle Street, and was the first daily newspaper in Aberdeen. As a newspaper it was poor, scrappy, and amateurish. The Editor had to do the leaders, sub-editing, and reporting; in this he was assisted by a number of young friends who had a taste for literature. Among those who contributed stories reviews, and paragraphs, was "Wild Rose," Mr. John Fullerton, then of Woodside. He occupied the Poet's Corner, and contributed a series of papers headed "Stray Thoughts," "The Poets of the Granite City," "The Poets of America," Reviews of Books and Magazines, and Answers to Correspondents, most of which were fictitious. Mr. W. R. Moir, author of "Timothy Twig," was also one of the contributors. Mr. Alex. Troup, paper merchant, also of Woodside, was one of Mr. Mowat's intimate friends and gave him valuable assistance in the *Telegraph*. Robert Kempt (afterwards engaged in London as a literary man, and author of "Pencil and Palette," "Biographical Anecdotes of Contemporary Painters," 1881, and "Convivial Caledonia") and others all gave their services free, amply rewarded in seeing their literary productions in print. While in Aberdeen Mr. Mowat taught a number of classes, and along with Mr. W. Duncan was very active and energetic. Mr. Pitman was so pleased with Messrs. Duncan, Mowat, and the writer, that he specially referred in the *Phonetic Journal* to the valuable work they were doing in the advancement of Phonography, for by their exertions the list of the Phonetic Society was very considerably increased from Aberdeen. Mr. Mowat left Aberdeen for Peterhead to the *Sentinel*, which has been a starting point in reporting and editorial work for not a few Aberdonians who have taken a high place in connection with newspaper work, and it is to be hoped it may continue so to be. Mr. Mowat soon left to join the staff of the *Caledonian Mercury* in Edinburgh; from that he went to the *Glasgow Herald*, where he rose to the position of chief reporter, then to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, and afterwards to a Liverpool paper, where he died in 1869, in the thirty-first year of his age. He was genial and kindly, and as a note-taker, for swiftness and accuracy, he has been rarely excelled. He was greatly esteemed by his contemporaries, and his early death was deeply regretted by his many friends.

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Of the Phonographic Circle in the early fifties, Mr. Alex. Troup, wholesale stationer, was an active member. Residing at Woodside, in close friendship with Mr. Duncan and Mr. Mowat, and practising shorthand with them, he soon acquired considerable facility in writing, and was afterwards an inspiring and energetic teacher. At Woodside he formed classes which were well attended, several of his pupils joining the Phonetic Society, they in their turn teaching the art as they had opportunity. Among his pupils was Mr. Fullerton ("Wild Rose"), several others who now hold important positions in the Foreign Mission field, and his own brother, James, who after leaving the University entered the Civil Service and has retired only a few months ago after being nearly thirty-five years in Consular appointments, being for a considerable time Consul General at Yokohama, Japan. He found Phonography of great value to him in his public duties. Mr. Troup is still interested in Phonography, although he does not take any public part in its advancement.

One of Mr. Duncan's associates in learning Phonography was Mr. John S. Stuart, accountant and treasurer, Great North of Scotland Railway. He was a member of a Mutual Improvement Association from which a few young men began the study of Shorthand. They had no teacher but taught each other by means of the Instructor and Manual. In this association and class Mr. W. Duncan was a member and one of the enthusiasts who ultimately became a professional. Mr. Stuart has always been interested in the progress of Phonography, and although never teaching any classes, he frequently examined the papers of learners, and gave occasional lectures to railway employees on the subject. He has presided over and taken part in many meetings during the past thirty years in encouraging those who were actively engaged in teaching and learning. His presence has always been welcomed, for he is a ready and humorous speaker, of great business capacity and mental culture. I believe he still writes the 9th edition, for he was vigorously opposed to the alteration in the vowel scale at the time when it was being discussed. Like all old phonographers, he is a great admirer of Mr. Thomas Allen Reed, who was for many years the accomplished editor of the *Reporter*, and whose skill, speed, and style in writing Phonetic Shorthand, places him in the position of being the Grand Old Man of the Phonographic Reform.

A. S. C.

MARK YOU!

WHAT a boom there was in *Brown's Book-Stall* with last month's number. The demand for the *Strand* and *Pearson's* was in the cold shade compared to the feverish anxiety with which the wise rushed to secure a copy of our Sir George Reid number ere it was too late. It was a tribute to the popularity of Aberdeen's only artistic monthly and of the subject of our interview. If you have not seen it send for a copy, 1½d per post.

With this number we complete our fourth volume, and in a few days will have the title and index ready, price as usual one penny. We are prepared to bind our subscribers' volumes in tasteful binding at cheap prices. And the volumes of *Brown's Bookstall* are a good investment. Copies of the first three volumes have sold as high as 12/- at auction sales, so it pays to bind your sets.

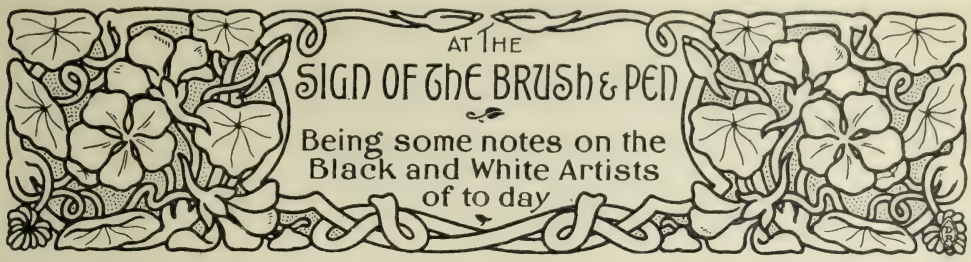
How the fashion of this world passeth away, to be sure. Time was, and not so long ago either, when we were selling Railway Novels, the time-honoured yellow-backs, by the ton, but they faded away and the six-shilling volume arose in their stead. There are signs that seem to indicate that it also has reached its high-water mark. At anyrate we seem to have swung for the present from the six-shilling to the sixpence volume. And now you can buy the works of the present day masters of fiction, in handy size for the railway, the country, or the seaside, at 6d each.

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This is a splendid story of adventure, though the author is not yet well known—not so well as he should be, in fact.



MR. FRANK CRAIG.



No. 12.—MR. FRANK CRAIG.

THE year 1874 is not yet sufficiently remote to require the aid of the Historian in recalling the fact that it was a time of no slight noise in the world. At home, as the writer of the customary resumé of events which graces the "dailies" on or about the 31st December annually, would put it, the year was a memorable one. Parliament had actually been summoned for 5th February, when suddenly, on 23rd January, Mr. Gladstone decided to appeal to the country. In a few days the Liberal majority was gone, and Disraeli came into power with a majority of about 50. He signalised the event by describing his then colleague and future successor, Lord Salisbury, as "a great master of jibes and flouts and jeers." The late Mr. Plimsoll, not to be behindhand, in wrath at the defeat of his measure for protecting the lives of our mariners, made his famous denunciation of the shipowner members of the House as villains who had sent brave men to death. In short, it was a period of recrimination, for Harcourt, who had been in the previous Liberal Ministry as Solicitor General, had "revolted" over His Grace of Canterbury's "Regulation of Public Worship" Bill, which he defended in his customary play-to-the-gallery manner by arguments never too subtle, and jokes that were unmistakable in their meaning—an outbreak which gave Mr. Gladstone a fine opportunity of turning and rending him. Abroad things were equally unsettled. "A spirited foreign policy" was to be inaugurated, a new era was to begin, and the proud days of Elizabeth were to be restored. And then, to add to the general clamour came the infantile voice of Mr. Frank Craig, the tall young man with whom we have lately been holding communication. Mr. Craig came into the world at this stirring period, and it is only fair to assume that he signalised the event in the customary fashion of babies since the days of Cain and Abel. At this early period, however, he was not an active supporter of either political party, nor had he given serious thought to Art, but assures me that his time was fully occupied between sleeping and partaking of the customary bottle.

It was near Abbeywood, in Kent, that he first made the acquaintance of mankind, and there those first years

> When sticks of peppermint possess'd
> A sceptre's power to sway the breast,
> And heaven was round us while we fed
> On rich ambrosial gingerbread

were spent. When eight years of age, however, his parents decided to remove, and the children were taken away from the country to live in London town. The relative merits of a rustic and an urban life have often been discussed, and the poet as usual has a word to say on the matter—

> Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
> And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene,
> No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
> No well bred hate, or servile grandeur there.

So says Young in his *Love of Fame*, and so also says Mr. Craig—Literature and Art being for once in happy agreement.

"How we hated the prospect!" he remarked, as he recalled those early days. "However, we eventually became resigned to our fate, and very soon settled down to enjoy our lives in our little way amidst our new surroundings."

Well, shortly after the arrival in town, the Household went into Committee on the Education Question, the subject of debate being the important point as

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to which school should be honoured by being privileged to impart the first rudiments of instruction to the young hopeful who might, it was felt, still be a credit to his family. The choice fell on an educational establishment in the neighbourhood, the name of which has not been handed down to posterity, but after attending there for a short time Craig was sent off with that best of all legacies, a mother's blessing, and the perhaps more appreciated tips of kindly uncles and elder brothers to a private boarding school on the east coast. And thus early did Knowledge and Fame come to him, though they were hardly of such a nature as to meet the approval of a cold and unsympathetic world. By way of the former he learnt how to avoid premature death on the Rugby football field, while he attained the latter by earning the distinction of being the only boy publicly caned during the time he was at school. In such like occupations and experiences did the happy days of youth pass away, yet not altogether without indication that the child was to be father to the man. The deplorable inclination to indulge in drawing and similar wicked tastes even now began to exhibit itself, and many a Sunday afternoon, he tells me, did he spend while the rest of the school were enduring agonies over their home letters, in secretly copying the illustrations in that faithful and well loved friend of our youth, the ever welcome *Boy's Own Paper*. Occasionally, being ever an impressionable young man, he varied the proceedings by endeavouring to portray the profile view of the adorable girl who sat in the pew nearest his end of the line of well washed and wide collared boys who sat each Sunday in church under the ever wakeful eye of the Head Master. Comment is needless; it is the story of Mr. Craig's First Love, and therefore sacred, but should these lines meet the eye of the aforesaid adorable girl, I trust she will learn the identity of her first admirer in a chastened and a contrite spirit!

Bathing in the summer mornings, brightened by the prospect of hot rolls at the pastry-cook's on the way back, with occasional hampers from home, relieved the monotony of existence, and then at the mature age of twelve, Master Craig said farewell to the school, and after, as he puts it, scrambling disgracefully through his *viva voce* exam. with Dr. Baker, was entered on the list of scholars at the Merchant Tailors' School in Charterhouse Square, and took as his watchword the famous motto of the institution—*Homo plantat, homo irrigat, sed Deus dat incrementum*. There life became more exciting, the horizon widened, and like the "three shilling villain who would" immortalized in "The Circus Girl" jingle, his dormant genius for doing the wrong thing at the wrong time in the wrong place brought him into the usual amount of trouble with the masters. The great fire in Clerkenwell occurred about this time—he emphatically assures me however, that he was in no way responsible for this!—and although the school was threatened, it was written that it should be spared, and his dreams of the heavenly holidays resulting from the destruction of the building were rudely shattered by the efforts of a prosaic and inconsiderate Fire Brigade.

On leaving school, mainly at the instigation of the famous Newlyn painter, Mr. Walter Langley, young Craig entered the establishment of Messrs. Maclure & Coy., lithographers to the Queen, thus following the example of many famous artists, including Sir George Reid, and our other townsman of whom we all expect so much, Mr. Robert Brough, by beginning his artistic career by learning this particular branch of his profession.

The point as to whether this was an advisable course to pursue seemed an interesting one, and I sought further enlightenment.

"Well," answered my host, "the idea in my case was that I should get a thorough grounding in the lithographic branch of Art, and thus have some solid basis upon which to start my career. But I would not recommend," he continued, "such a course to every beginner, though I think it was the right one for me, as I got many excellent tips there which have been of the greatest help to me since."

> From morn to afternoon—
> From afternoon to night—
> From seven o'clock to two—
> From two to eventide—

were the somewhat exacting hours which Wilfred Shadbolt, Head Jailor and Assistant Tormentor requested Colonel Fairfax to devote to the care of "little Phoebe," but they weren't a whit more rigorous than those which Frank Craig imposed upon himself about this time. At Maclure's he worked from nine o'clock in the morning until six at night, and then spent the evenings studying from the Antique at South Kensington. As time went on he left the Antique for the Life, and joined Mr. Cook's class in Fitzroy Street, working three nights a week, and spending the remainder upon work for the Lambeth



"ROTTEN ROW."

From an unpublished drawing by Mr. Frank Craig.

Sketch Club of which he was a member. Of those evenings in Fitzroy Street he has the happiest of recollections. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, who was then, of course, an outsider, visited the class two or three times a week and criticised the pupils' work. "And a capital master he was," added Mr. Craig, "and as popular amongst the students then as he is now at the Royal Academy Schools."

The Lambeth Sketching Club, however, offered more in the way of excitement. The members met once a month when subjects were set and marks awarded on the merits of the different sketches submitted. Artists of note used to come down and criticise and mark the work, and to the advantages in the way of instruction in technique and composition to be obtained from such a system, Mr. Craig pays no unhesitating tribute. There was a Junior Club of which he was a member before entering the senior, and there he enjoyed the distinction of breaking the record in point of marks during the time he was in it—scoring the full total for his figure sketches and only falling one short of the maximum for landscape. In the Senior Section he was no less successful, taking first prize during his first term.

It was during these years in the city that Mr. Craig took his first trip abroad—a journey that almost deprived us of one of our most promising artists, and nearly obviated the necessity of these notes being written. In company of a right good friend he started for Italy, and there under the clear Italian skies he first began to appreciate the beauty of colour. Venice, Milan, and the Lakes, were in turn visited, and it was while on the homeward journey that the disagreeable experience which, as he puts it, nearly put an end to his unfortunate existence, occurred. Let me tell the story in his own modest and unassuming words.

"It happened on the Lake of Lucerne," said my victim, when I insisted on knowing all about it, "and it was all the fault of these risky little canoes, you know. I was out with a friend about a quarter of a mile from shore when over went my canoe and all that therein was. My friend, who was a few yards ahead of me, heard and saw nothing of the tragedy that was taking place. Under I went—and as the water surged around and closed over me, my cries for help were smothered, and the violent performance I indulged in, by way of kicking, was unheard! The fact is, as you can see for yourself, I am over six feet in height, and most of it is in my legs; these were securely tucked away in the recesses of the canoe, and it was not until I thought my last moment had come, and I had taken a silent and loving farewell of all kind friends, that I managed to extricate them and sailed up to life and freedom. As soon as I had got rid of most of the water that was choking me," continued Mr. Craig, laughing at the recollection, "I called my friend's attention to what was going on, and when he turned and saw my plight he hastened to assist me. I was naturally annoyed at getting so damp, and indignant with the people at my hotel—all the old ladies, don't-you-know, were sitting outside for their afternoon airing, and there sternly regarded me with undisguised expressions of horror and outraged propriety, as I dragged my soaking limbs up the stairs of the building. A hot bath, however, and something equally warm inside, soon pulled me round, and a week later I was back in London hard at work."

A year after this little incident Mr. Craig's health broke down. The doctors talked of overstrain, and he was advised to give up his City work. This he had already decided to do, so after an absence from home during the following winter he returned in the early part of the year to try his fortune as a black and white artist. Armed with a few drawings which he had done during his absence, he proceeded to storm the various newspaper and magazine offices for admission within their shining portals as one of the number of the elect. Ever ready to appreciate a good thing when it came their way, be its originator famous or otherwise, Messrs. Cassell & Coy. were the first, to their credit be it said, to lend a hand to the struggling artist, giving him some work to do for their various publications, a connection which Mr. Craig has ever since continued to keep up, as the capital pen and ink illustration accompanying these notes, and for the right to reproduce which we are indebted to the firm, will bear witness. The drawing is illustrative of a highly exciting little story, "An Adventure by Express," which appeared in a recent volume of that finely illustrated monthly, *Cassell's Family Magazine*—a publication which ought to be in the possession of every well regulated household. Did space, permit I might enlarge for pages on the merits of *Cassell's*, but the publishers must take the will for the deed, while at the same time accepting the thanks of self and partner—to wit, the Editor—for so kindly placing the illustration at our disposal. Gradually Mr. Craig's black and white connection increased, commissions for the *English*



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Thackeray once said that the pleasure of the novelty of seeing one's work in print very quickly passed off, but however this may be with the hapless author, Mr. Craig thinks it does not apply to the brush and pen artist.

"At anyrate," he continued, "I know at least one artist who is always as anxious to see his work in print as ever he was, and can't get through his breakfast at all until he has thoroughly exhausted the contents of a certain weekly illustrated newspaper of a Friday morning!"

Whereupon I assured him in my most fascinating manner that any illustrations he might entrust to my care would certainly receive immortality in the pages of the *Book-Stall*. He rose nobly to the occasion, and like the kindly hearted soul that he is, placed in my hands the magnificent piece of wash work illustrative of one of those phases of London life

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which he can portray so well, and which is published for the first time in our pages.

While anxious to do as much black and white as possible, Mr. Craig still wished to keep up his colour work, and so the winter of '94 found him studying with his customary zeal for admission to the Royal Academy Schools. He was admitted on probation in the following January, and about the same period Fortune still further smiled upon him by placing in his hands a little commission for the proprietors of the *Graphic*. They wanted some drawings of the Skating at Niagara Hall, which had just then begun —and which I may incidentally relate was the origin of one of the late Sir Frank Lockwood's happiest witticisms—the genial lawyer on being met at Niagara and asked what he wanted there as he wasn't skating, promptly replying that he "came to see the Falls!" Mr. Craig was delegated to undertake the duty of providing them, and the connection thus begun with the *Graphic* has grown rapidly, for now scarcely a number appears without some picture from his clever pencil. Of Mr. W. L. Thomas, Mr. Craig speaks in terms of the greatest enthusiasm, as indeed does every artist who has ever had any association with the genial gentleman who has done so much for black and white art in this country.

Meanwhile Mr. Craig had got through his probation at the R.A. Schools, and in February, '95, entered the Schools as a student, and received his "bone." A couple of months later having sent up a little picture in water colour to the Academy, he was the happy recipient of the magic piece of pasteboard so well known to the exhibitor, inviting him to inspect his work on Varnishing Day. Thinking it might be of interest to know how it really felt to have one's work hung in the Academy for the first time, I asked Mr. Craig what his sensations really were. Whereupon he furnished me with the following interesting and graphic description of Varnishing Day as it appears to the novice—a description which I give verbatim :—

"What breathless excitement was mine," he began in mock heroic tones, and with a merry twinkle, "as I mounted the broad staircase! How calm and indifferent one endeavoured to appear! I made my way through groups of men in painting jackets—under ladders high up on which clung the devoted artist who was "skied," reverently varnishing his adored production, and finally came to my own work. And where do you think it was?"

At so ticklish a question I naturally hesitated, and so lost any opportunity of guessing correctly as I certainly ought to have done.

"Why," he resumed, smiling, "*on the line*, and occupying the centre position! This was too overwhelming. I felt embarassed and crept away. Yet how delightful it all was! Here was So-and-So whose picture created such a *furore* the previous year, and talking to him in brotherly discourse stood the man everyone regarded as his bitter rival. It was all new to me and full of delight—the veteran R.A., and Keeper of the Schools, who nodded to me and asked, with a kindly twinkle, if I had discovered my little contribution; the boon companion and inseparable friend who had worked side by side with me two or three years back in the Life Class, and whom I had lost sight of were there, and we clapped each other on the back and congratulated ourselves, and felt happy and pleased as Punch."

"The Private view came, and the doors opened on the following Monday to the public, and one's excitement at last cooled down, but not for long—before the exhibition was half over mysterious notices of my little work reached me from different papers, and following them came a bid from a private collector, my picture sold at Catalogue price, and I hastened to take a last and long farewell before it finally left the Exhibition to enter the collection of the purchaser."

That was three years ago, and since then Mr Craig has continued his progress up the Pictorial Ladder. And so, not inaptly, may be said to end, for the present, the story of one of our youngest, as he is one of our most original and clever black and white artists. Fortune has come to him with both hands full, but he has wooed her zealously by that surest of all methods—honest hard work. As Dryden puts it

"Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,"

so let us also hope that the end of the tag may prove equally true—

"And purpled greatness met my ripened years."

J. G. R.

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MORE ABERDEEN WORTHIES:

MOSTLY MUSICAL.

No. V.

NO. IV. of these "rambles" has aroused some interest in local musical circles, a fact which, I need not seek to deny, is gratifying to the editor of the *Book-Stall* as well as to myself. With the kind permission of my readers, and at the request of several friends, I purpose in this, and perhaps succeeding papers, to dip further into the annals of local musical history than it was my original intention to do. In order, therefore, the better to accomplish that purpose, I would bespeak the kind indulgence of those who peruse these "little sermonettes," while I endeavour to make brief record of the rise and progress of music in Aberdeen from about the middle of the last century onwards.

The first organised society formed in Bon-Accord, of which I can find traces, flourished under the unpretentious name of the Musical Society, from 1744 to 1825. This body was an entirely instrumental one, its members, among whom was the justly celebrated Bishop Skinner, being composed of gentlemen of the first rank in the city and county. Mr. Ross, the then accomplished organist of St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel, was conductor, and the society rehearsed and gave fortnightly concerts in a hall owned by the members in Concert Court, Broad Street, the concerts being attended regularly by "the beauty and fashion of the northern capital." The limited accommodation of the hall, together with the extra room taken up by the ladies of the period, who wore enormous hoops in those days, the better to show off their dresses to advantage, caused the audiences to be "small and select." But they were none the less enthusiastic on that account, and it is on record, I believe, that on one or more occasions the ladies actually left their hoops at home in order to make room for additional listeners! For the next five years little advance was made in the study or practice of high-class music, but from 1830 to 1850 a further impetus was given by the formation of the Haydn and Euterpean Societies, both of which were also instrumental combinations. The first named was quite an aristocratic body, Mr. R. H. Baker, a professional musician located in Bon-Accord, being the conductor or leader. The pity was that, in those days, there was no conductor wielding a *bâton*, as we now know such an indispensable human being, and the result was what may be termed, more or less, "scratchy" playing on the part of the members of the Haydn Society. After undergoing a period of probation under Mr. Wm. Spark, a professional teacher of the violin, the Euterpean Society gradually merged into the ranks of the "swell" combination. Subscription concerts were then, for the first time, introduced in Aberdeen, a yearly subscription of a guinea guaranteeing three tickets for each concert during the seasons of the Haydn Society. The concerts



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were given in the then County Rooms, now the Music Hall Buildings, generally in what is known to the present generation as the Square Room.

During the period just referred to, St. Peter's Roman Catholic Chapel led the way in church choir work. Dr. Reid, the able organist of the chapel, evidently an enthusiast and a very fine player, gathered round him a number of capable instrumentalists who, together with the singers, completed a choir "unique in its way at that time in Scotland." On the occasion of the Highland Society's Show of 1834, a grand Musical Festival of nearly a week's duration was held in Aberdeen, Mr. James Davie, of St. Andrew's Episcopal Chapel, and a teacher of vocal music of considerable repute, being choir-master, while Mr. Lewis Crombie of Phesdo acted as secretary. Day and evening entertainments, consisting of concerts held in the Theatre Royal, Marischal Street, and "oratorios" in St. Andrew's Chapel, King Street, alternated, and the series was concluded with a performance of Handel's "Messiah" on Friday, the last day of the Festival. This was, I understand, the first authenticated performance of this sublime oratorio heard in Aberdeen. The chorus and band numbered in all about 120 performers—70 choristers and 50 instrumentalists, 20 of the former and 12 of the latter being Aberdonians. These were "supplemented by singers and players of eminence from all parts of the kingdom." Such enterprise might be profitably emulated by our present-day local organisations! But this did not exhaust the enterprise of the citizens away back in the early thirties, for among the solo vocalists, specially engaged for the Festival, we find such names as:—Madame Stockhaüsen, soprano; Mr. K. Hawkins, tenor; and Mr. Henry Phillips, bass. Mr. E. Cooke, from London, was the leader of the orchestra; Mr. Baker, organist; and, as I have already stated, Mr. James Davie was choir-master. The Festival of '34 was an eye-opener to Bonaccordeans, and proved both a musical and financial success.

It is worthy of note, in passing, that the word "oratorio," as applied in those days, did not necessarily imply the performance of a complete work. On the contrary, the renditions of excerpts from the works of the great masters were regularly designated oratorios, but, let it be freely admitted, the selections then made were admirable from an educative point of view, and they certainly compare favourably with the "tit-bits" served up at modern concerts. It must have been somewhere about the beginning of the thirties that male glee and part-song clubs became local institutions. Mr. John H. Stephen, engraver, father of the present owner of the name, and Mr. Joseph Dundas, or "old Joe," as I used to know him by, have told me over and over again about one of these clubs, the members of which were wont to meet once a week in a small hostelry or public-house in the Guestrow, and there rehearse. The room was of the barest and most primitive character possible. The walls were yellow-ochred, the floor was sanded, and capacious wooden spitoons were provided. The furniture consisted of a long deal table placed in the centre of the room, the sitting accommodation being restricted to rough forms placed down either side and at the ends of the table. Each member had his own appointed place at the table and sat opposite a drawer containing a long "churchwarden" clay pipe, a supply of tobacco, and a box of the old-fashioned "brimstone" matches. The place was but dimly lighted by a couple of oil-lamps, and there the representatives of a bygone generation of singing celebrities were wont to practise their glees, rounds, and catches. Little wonder that many of them needed frequent lubrications for, what with the lowness of the roof, the fumes off coarse tobacco, and the oil used in the lamps, not to speak of the stifling odour of the "brimsteene," the surprise is that they were able to use or exercise their voices either in speech or song. That they did so, however, and to good purpose, too, was abundantly manifested by the successful appearances several of them made at public gatherings of a convivial kind. The members of the club I have written about were in the fullest and broadest sense of the word "Jolly good fellows," and of that fact they themselves were thoroughly con-

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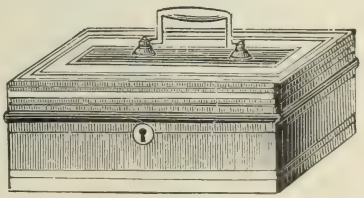
Aberdeen.

versant. But these were "the good old times" when men were men and not pygmies!

Joseph Dundas, to whom I have referred, was a most versatile individual, and a droll old chap. A weaver to trade, "Joe" early saw that it would be to his interest to discard the loom for employment of a less precarious character, and so, when quite a young man, early in the forties, we find him in the employ of the firm of Messrs. Taylor & Brown, who carried on a cross-bred kind of business, consisting of book publishing, lithographing, and musical instrument dealing. Here he was a sort of nondescript employee, sweeping out the shop, going messages, and doing a bit of lithographic printing, or writing. He was a keen, intelligent, little fellow, was intensely musical, had studied harmony, and, being endowed with a serviceable bass voice, could take his place in the latern on a Sunday. Poor "old Joe," left a veritable monument to his musical capabilities, as well as to his skill as a lithographer, in the shape of a church tune book, the whole of which he lithographed and printed at an ordinary hand-press. A copy of the work, which I bought from him after he had "fallen upon evil days," lies before me as I write. The book bears the title of "The Newhills Free Church Psalmody," the imprint being:—"Aberdeen, Printed and Published by Taylor & Brown, 1845." It contains 102 tunes, besides the inevitable "examples" and "exercises" at the beginning, without which no "psalmody" in those days was thought to be complete. The whole of these 102 tunes were carefully edited, revised, corrected, and brought up to date by Mr. Dundas, and yet, oh! the irony of fate, he died in a poorhouse, and narrowly escaped burial in a pauper's grave! Fortunately, he retained all his pawkiness of manner to the end, and many a merry tale has he regaled me with in his later days with reference to the old-time precentor. Salaries were matters of little import in Joe's time, and it was no uncommon thing for a "duly inducted" precentor to arrange with a substitute to sing for him on a Sunday in exchange for a "full fou'." The "payment" was not generally left over to a "more convenient season," but was promptly made at the end of the service. Forbes Mackenzie took no cognisance of drinking events in those days, and tracks could be readily made for the nearest "pub" as soon as the day's duties were over. Indeed, the precentor of the time, not infrequently left the latern immediately before the sermon, and, in company with the "minister's man," in place of "sleeping through" the discourse, made himself thoroughly "comfortable" during the hour of its delivery in the nearest ale-shop, where "refreshment" was supplied on all seven days of the week "for man or beast." Joe, on one occasion, contracted to sing for six months at Old Machar Cathedral for a suit of "blacks" (Sunday clothes), but his own trustfulness, and the rather mean cunning of the man whom he was obliging, beguiled him. The salaried knight of the precentor's desk, sent him a cheap suit of "white ducks," dyed black, which, of course, Dundas could not wear on Sunday. He, however, kept the suit on the off-chance of being asked to sing on another Sunday at the Cathedral, when he purposed to don the workman's jacket and thus shame the donor. In his resolve Fortune favoured him, and his appearance in the grotesque costume proved a nine day's wonder, and, it is to be hoped, prevented the "jokist" from further practical joking.

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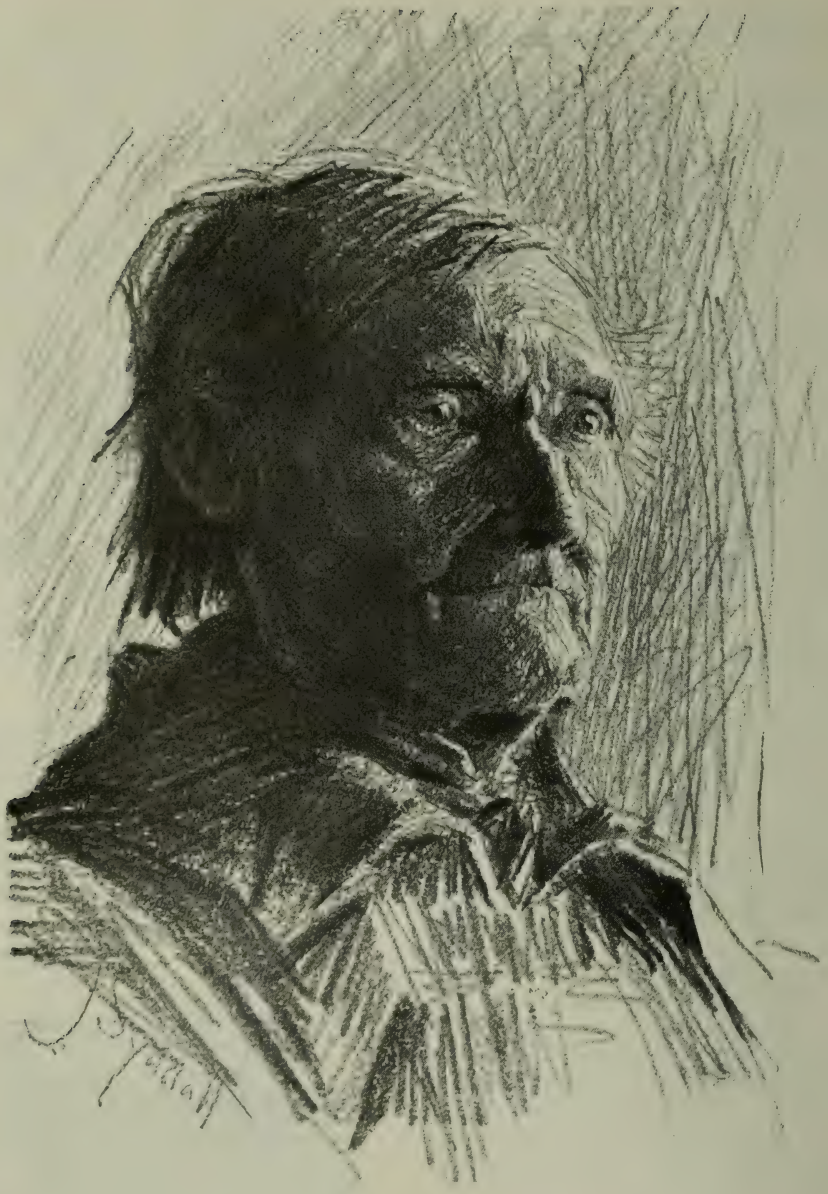
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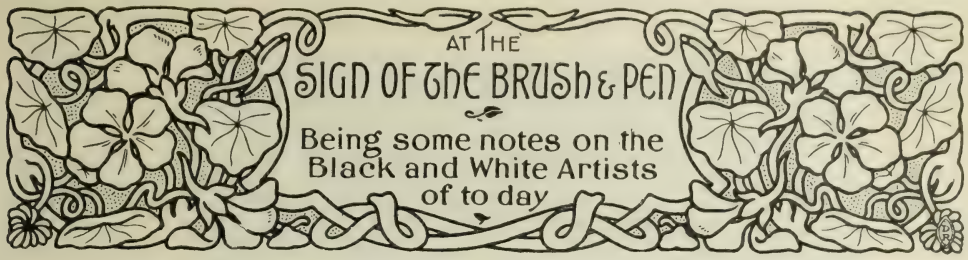
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Study in Lead Pencil by Mr. J. Syddall.

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No. 13.—MR. J. SYDDALL.

I THOUGHT about the Argonauts and their search for the Golden Fleece, and it comforted me. I recalled the ships of Tarshish and the bold sea-traders of Phoenicia who brought Solomon the gold and silver and apes and peacocks, and my resolve strengthened. Then there were those wild rovers, the Vikings, and, later, Marco Polo, who spent seventeen years in the service of the Khan of China, finding the duties almost as exacting as interviewing art-celebrities—and the thought nerved me to action. From these one travelled by easy steps to the unfortunate Robert Machin who drifted into the adventure business quite by accident, so to speak, and from him it was an easy transition to Prince Henry of Portugal, whose mother, by the way, was a daughter of our own "old John of Gaunt," and who—as those last at school may remember, in spite of the added perils of water sprites and monstrous genii, ocean serpents and fire-breathing demons, magnetic islands and whirlpools that sucked into their vortex straws and great ships with equal impartiality, not to mention the firm belief then prevalent that Satan like an octopus lay "round the corner" of every unknown land, ready to seize whatever came his way—did so much to make known the hidden places of the earth. At this stage I felt capable of most things, but even the recollection of Launcelot and the Holy Grail and Christian in his pilgrim's progress failed to give me the necessary assurance for the Perilous Quest which I meditated. Then I brought to mind Vasco de Gama and Magellan, the Cabots, father and son, Frobisher and Drake, and as I did so I grew momentarily bolder in the interest of *Book-Stall* readers. Perhaps I ought to mention that I have always been of a wildly adventurous disposition since the days when at a most immature period of my career I got lost in the Victoria Park, but, as Stanley came out of "Darkest Africa," so did I evade the hands of Mr. Wyness and his myrmidons, and return triumphant to the bosom of a distracted family. The recollection of this little bit of autobiography gave me courage, but it was not until I had brought the record right up to date, and had recalled the deeds of Lancaster, Barents, Hudson, Peary, Franklin, and many another, and finally in my mental summary reached the days of Jackson and Nansen, that I finally determined to go to Old Whittington.

The 5·40 p.m. dining car train from St. Pancras reaches Chesterfield at 8·47, and the Midland are, of course, nothing if not punctual. To reach Old Whittington, however, is another matter. Mr. J. Syddall is not to be interviewed with impunity, and as I have no grudge against my brother scribes who have not yet succeeded in running the famous pencil draughtsman to earth, I decline to divulge the subsequent procedure. With ordinary luck and a little courage and perseverance, however, the thing can be done, as the following will bear witness.

Mr. Syddall is not, as I have said, to be interviewed with impunity; neither is he to be discussed in the ordinary frivolous manner common to these notes. To obtain, therefore, that absolute accuracy which is indispensable in chronicling so critical a situation as one's first meeting with the gentleman of whom Herkomer—not without reason—spoke in terms so high that Mr. Syddall's excessive modesty will not permit of my repeating them, I have deemed it advisable to set forth verbatim the little dialogue in which we engaged.



PLOUGHING.

From an original sketch by Mr. J. Syddall.

Scene : *The historic village of Old Whittington.* [Here, so 'tis said, the last Revolution was hatched.]
A Studio.

Characters in the Play :

Mr. J. Syddall, *Artist, and Villain of the Piece.*
The Mere Interviewer.

[Author's Note : *The reader will please dispense with further preliminary explanation, and imagine that I have ascended the giddy flight of stairs leading to the Studio, and that the genial artist has, so to speak, taken me in.*]

The Mere Interviewer *(mildly)*—I believe I mentioned, Mr. Syddall, the object which has led to my having the privilege of meeting you here to-day.

Mr. J. Syddall *(somewhat ferociously)*—Yes ; but I have never been in Scotland, and can't understand why I should be "wanted" there. I believe you have been enquiring for Mr. Syddall the artist, and they doubtless asked you 'was it 'im wot draws?'

The M. I.—Precisely ; your deductions are refreshingly accurate. Following the point to its logical conclusion, I infer that you are the standing exception to the well-authenticated rule that a prophet has no honour in his own country.

Mr. J. S. *(parrying the question)*—I suppose you are going to "draw" me now.

[*Here, in lieu of the customary eulogiums of the Turkey Carpet, the Gerard Dows and Zoffanies, and the Louis XVI. furniture which grace all well regulated Studios (and interviews), I may briefly explain that I found myself in a room which seemed a sort of combination of a studio, workshop, and nursery, brightened by the presence of something under a dozen children—very much at home.*]

The M. I. *(pleasantly, and thinking he could see a family likeness all round)*—You have plenty of models ready at hand. Are they *all* yours?

Mr. J. S.—Oh yes, all mine.

The M. I. *(warming to his subject)*—Is your wife also artistic?

Mr. J. S.—Wife? I am not married.

[*I was just wondering whether I should continue the subject when*——]

Mr. J. S.—Oh, what did I say? I ought to have explained. These are my nephews and nieces.

The M. I. *(trying a new tack)*—You have some wonderfully designed furniture, Mr. Syddall.

Mr. J. S.—Glad you like it. It has at least the merit of being my own.

[*Here I mildly protested that I had never imagined it to be otherwise, whereupon Mr. Syddall was good enough to smile.*]

Mr. J. S.—I must really be more precise. Of course you know me only as a draughtsman, but I indulge in other vagaries. For instance, I am as proud of that seat as any drawing I ever made. As a piece of joinery, I mean—though I designed and made it entirely from the log. Those oak chairs and table, too, are my work. In fact I am a draughtsman, engraver, wood carver, and joiner by turns. I can't tell you what my trade is, but I am at present obtaining the necessary little bit of sugar for the bird, so to speak, chiefly by engraving. In addition, I sell a few landscapes, chiefly to artists—no one else will look at them.

The M. I.—The public taste outside Scotland is indeed degenerate. But don't you exhibit?

Mr. J. S.—No, except at small local shows where there isn't much chance of their peculiar beauties being appreciated.

The M. I.—We have a well-ventilated Fine Art Show Room in Aberdeen, patronised by the nobility, gentry, and clergy of all denominations. You, on the other hand, have enough here for a "one man" exhibition. The moral is obvious.

Mr. J. S.—Save me from my friends! I am making an "exhibition" of myself now I think. What more do you want? . . . *(reminiscently)* I once had a picture in the Royal Academy—rather a big one—but a fellow came along and put a figure in it, and then put his name to it. A fact, sir! And an R.A. too!

The M. I.—Rather cheeky.

Mr. J. S.—Cheeky? Cheek enough for an interview—er—I mean *very* cheeky. But here are one or two cuttings which appeared at the time—one in a London paper ; the other in a Leeds "daily."

[*I quote as accurately as I can remember. The London one said—*

"We don't think much of the *figure*, but the background shows the work of the artist."

Which in a sense was very true. Leeds was equally emphatic—

"We don't think the figure is up to his usual work, but the background reminds us of the early Spanish Masters.'

Then I condoled with him.]

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The M. I.—Clearly another case of 'Man's inhumanity to man,' Mr. Syddall—of course you know the lines from our National Bard, whose works you have doubtless read and admired?

[*I did not give him time to put in the counter stroke which I saw he meditated, but continued breathlessly* —]

The M. I.—Why, it is even difficult in these days for a Dargai hero—no doubt you have heard of Piper Findlater and the gallant Gordons who were kissed into existence by an equally gallant Duchess (as the piper seems likely to be kissed out of it by what Chevalier would probably call a dear old 'Dutch')—to obtain even the barest justice. I have heard some people say that the Derbyshires did quite as much and made no fuss about it, but of course that, as dear old Euclid says, is absurd.

[*Then I remembered that Old Whittington was near Chesterfield, and that Chesterfield was in Derbyshire, and I longed with a great yearning for home. Mr. Syddall said little, but* **looked** *a deal, while I hastened to change the topic.*]

The M. I. *(pleasantly)*—And now about yourself Mr. Syddall. What is your *Apologia pro sua vita?*

[*The tables were fairly turned now, and Mr. Syddall looked positively desperate.* Do you really insist? *he enquired. I replied that in the interests of Truth I had no alternative; but I felt for the poor gentleman all the same.*]

The M. I.—Is it then so bad? Have you done anything very wildly wicked that burdens your mind? Confession you know, they say, is ——

[*Mr. Syddall smiled.*]

Mr. J. S.—No, it is not that which troubles me; it is the thought of what I *may* be led into doing, and that very speedily, too, that worries me. After all *(pensively)* a considerate jury would look upon it as Manslaughter or Justifiable Homicide.

[*I moved uneasily, but begged him to proceed.*]

Mr. J. S.—Well, if you *will* have it, I suppose you must; so here goes:—I commenced life as a pavement artist and mural decorator—but perhaps I should first say I was born—in the usual way—of rich but honest parents—the 'passing rich on forty pounds a year' sort of richness. My father was a country joiner, but something more than an ordinary workman, as some of his productions which I can show you will prove.

The M. I.—And your ancestors, Mr. Syddall? All artists have ancestors, you know.

Mr. J. S.—Ancestors, did you say? Well, as rare Ben Jonson puts it—

> I have no urns, no dusty monuments;
> No broken images of ancestors,
> Wanting an ear or nose; no forged tables
> Of long descents, to boast false honours from—



From a sketch by himself.

but such as they were were mainly wood-cutters, farmers, cattle-dealers, and (in a less exacting age) cattle stealers. As I was saying, however, I commenced work on the floor, knowing full well that I was a born genius—for had my good mother not said so? Armed with a piece of chalk I decorated everything within reach. Like Nature, as scientists tell us, I abhorred a vacuum, and if ever I saw a tendency



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in the kitchen floor towards that state, I immediately made that "pitch" my own.

In time I rose to the dignity of an erect biped, was sent to school, and received the best University education the village could afford. Ground and polished in fact at "the college down the road," I received the honour of Knighthood from the Rector of the Parish. And here let me explain in parenthesis that I really don't care a fig for Art—something with a possible Dukedom in it is what I want——

The M. I. *(seizing the opportunity)*—Ah, Mr. Syddall, you forget when you say so, the words of the Immortal Robbie—[*And I repeated in my most impressive manner*]—

A prince can mak' a belted knight
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he manna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that.

[*When I had concluded, Mr. Syddall fell four points in my estimation—he simply asked what it all meant. Then after the ordinary thread of the conversation was resumed.*]

Mr. J. S.—Well, as I was saying, my artistic career commenced as soon as my fingers could hold a piece of chalk. When four years old I was at the zenith of my fame. It has gradually faded since. I have done nothing like the wonderful things I did then. As I grew up in years a volume of *Harpers'* or *Scribner's* was the greatest treat you could give me.

The M. I.—And you have been to Bushey?

Mr. J. S.—Yes, I have studied under Professor Herkomer, but it would be best not to mention the fact, as the 'Autocrat of all the Busheys' has a great dislike to advertisement.

The M. I.—I'll not mention it.

Mr. J. S.—The head you noticed in the *Studio*, and which you tell me you are reproducing in—what do you call it?—oh yes, thank you, *Brown's Book-Stall*, was done before I came under Professor Herkomer's notice, and is a fair example of what I could do then.

[*And here I may not inaptly refer to the high opinion which I know Professor Herkomer holds of Mr. Syddall's work—an opinion to which the artist personally is by far too modest to refer. When Mr. Syddall first showed his sketch book to the Professor, the latter told him he had as good a collection as Menzel (his favourite German draughtsman), and would soon have a better. Then came the famous declaration to which I have already referred, but which Mr. Syddall deleted from the proof sheet of this commentary with the characteristic explanation that as even his own family had never heard of it, though it might do well enough for private circulation, he couldn't go through the world with a statement like that hanging about his neck. When I delicately referred to the matter in the course of our conversation, Mr. Syddall was as usual equal to the occasion.*]

The M. I.—By the way, the Professor once spoke rather highly of your work, didn't he? Something about being of an exceptionally high degree of excellence, wasn't it?

[*This is a very much watered down form of what was said, but I had to consider the shyness of my victim.*]

Mr. J. S.—The Professor is a very knowing fellow—in fact he reminds me of yourself. [*Here I bowed.*] The only difference is that while he was content merely to say it, *you* would like to print it—and people might think I had threatened you if you didn't, you know.

The M. I.—Well, we will let that pass. And now, as to the future, Mr. Syddall?

Mr. J. S. *(with a far-away look)*—

O that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it came!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.

(recovering himself). Oh, you needn't mention that I said that unless you want to break the solidity of the page. Well, I am settled here, and have to work out my own salvation. I intend to take some pupils, but I don't believe you can teach Art, though you can teach this sort of thing, which is really the A B C of the Grammar of Drawing.

[*Here Mr. Syddall took a piece of charcoal and a board, and commencing at the bottom edge made an outline of a horse, beginning at the heel of the fourth foot, going all round and coming back to the same point without taking the charcoal off the board or making any corrections. Result—a splendid silhouette, full of life.*]

The M. I.—In the words of Dominie Sampson, 'Prodeegous!' And, as Whistler once remarked of Lord Leighton, 'You paint, too,' Mr. Syddall?

Mr. J. S.—No; I am not a painter.

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The M. I. *(mentally surveying the walls)*—But these things—paintings, I mean—some of them are yours ?

Mr. J. S.- Yes—some of them.

The M. I. *(anxious to please, and seeing a unique opportunity)*—[*Sotto voce*]– Ah, here is a good bit ; I'll let myself loose on this. (*Aloud*) Now, I call that fine painting.

Mr. J. S.—I think so, too.

The M. I.—It's your work, of course.

Mr. J. S.—No ; a fellow student's.

The M. I.— ——— ! ! . . . (*hopefully*) This isn't bad.

Mr. J. S.—Oh, I can paint worse than that, else I should never expect to get in the R.A. But what do you think of those drawings on the wall there ?

The M. I. *(very cautiously this time)*—Well not bad, but rather slight.

Mr. J. S.—You mean you can't see much in them ? Rather amateurish, eh ?

The M. I.—Precisely. The work of some of your little nephews or nieces, I suppose.

Mr. J. S. *(quite pleasantly)*—Oh dear no, they are mine.

Curtain.

* * * * * * * * *

The early morning mail brought into St. Pancras one passenger whose weird and haggard appearance attracted the notice of the police. In answer to enquiries, he explained that he had just come from the Soudan, where he had been at the front representing an enterprising Scotch publication ; and that he had assisted the Camerons at Athara, and had been thrown from his camel. He was allowed to proceed, but subsequent enquiry elicited the extraordinary fact that the train by which he had travelled was one which had come from Chesterfield.

J. G. R.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

HAS been, and still is, RUPERT OF HENTZAU. The demand for it has been better than for any single book since "The Christian" at the end of last year. It is a sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," and is one of the rare cases where the sequel is equal to the original book. Certainly Anthony Hope's reputation loses nothing by this latest effort. Cash price, as usual, 4/6 at Brown's Bookstall.

As you are doubtless aware "The Dolly Dialogues" formed a big factor in making Anthony Hope's fame, and you will note that we have a dialogue all of our own in *Brown's Book-Stall* this month on Mr. J. Syddall.

Amongst the illustrations to this article, we give a sketch of an old man's head. For the use of this block we are indebted to the kindness of the publishers of *The Studio*.

It is not always that merit commands success in this mad world, but the career of *The Studio* is an example. In the short time since its commencement it has attained to the largest circulation in the world of any magazine devoted to the arts, and the early volumes are at a premium.

THE FLOWING TIDE

Of sixpenny reprints shows no sign as yet of having reached high water mark. The quality still keeps up, and the numbers are increasing. We have no space this month for a list of them. But you can't do better than call and see the lot at 83 Union Street.

But the sixpenny reprints are not going to have it all their own way. We have begun to issue a series of SCOTS CLASSIC REPRINTS at one penny each ! The first of the series is a selection from the poems of Robert Fergusson, including "The Farmer's Ingle" (the model of "The Cottar's Saturday Night"), "Cauler Oysters," "Auld Reekie," and all the best of this great poet's Scots poems. Judging by the sale of this first number, the series seems to be meeting a felt want, and the value is certainly good—24 pages well printed on good paper, and only one penny.

One curious coincidence in connection with this reprint of Fergusson's poems is that so far as we are aware no edition had been published for about 25 years, and copies were getting scarce, when the idea of reprinting a selection occurred to the Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, who issued a 1/- pocket edition while our edition was in the press.

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IN THE FIFTIES.

PHONOGRAPHIC REMINISCENCES.

TWO of the earliest and most active Phonetic Reformers after its introduction to Aberdeen were Mr. George Reid, of the firm of Messrs. Benjamin Reid & Co., seedsmen, at that time in Union Street, and Mr. James Meston, accountant. Both were young men then, and took to phonography and phonotypy with great zeal and spirit. The former was for years the Secretary of the Aberdeen Phonetic Society, and busily employed in teaching and forming classes for the teaching of Phonography. Mr. Meston also taught, but he was more desirous of introducing phonetic printing as an aid to children in learning to read. Along with Mr. Reid he initiated classes in the Denburn district, a most favourable locality for making such an experiment, for at that time it was densely populated by a very poor population, where out of about 800 children, not more than 400 attended any school for acquiring the elements of education. A Mission Hall was occupied for the purpose, and a considerable number of children were gathered together who did not know a single letter of the alphabet, and although to keep order amidst such a motely group was no easy task, yet those gentlemen set to the work with such energy and determination, that in the course of a few months they were able to give a practical object lesson in the art of reading by their pupils, and that, too, with a certainty, precision, and correct pronunciation not possible in the time taught by the ordinary alphabet. The school was publicly examined, and favourably spoken of, by the late Sheriff Watson, Rev. J. C. Brown, LL.D., Councillor James Berry, Messrs. D. MacAllan, David Mitchell, and Thomas Skene, late Inspector of the Poor for Oldmachar, and the only one of the number now surviving. This was in 1853, and next year, when Mr. A. J. Ellis, the author of a "Plea for Phonetic Spelling," who spent a fortune in advancing the movement, came to Aberdeen, and was present at the next examination of the pupils, so impressed was he by the success of the experiment, that he wrote afterwards—"that he saw little mites scarcely able to come off their forms, walk up to the call of the teacher, and fight their way through unknown words by a mere knowledge of Phonetic letters, a feat which the wisest would find difficult to perform in the ordinary spelling." Mr. Reid procured a small font of phonetic types, and illustrated this system of printing in the *Aberdeen Herald*, space having been kindly placed at his disposal for this purpose by the proprietors of that paper. Since the death of Mr. Ellis and Sir Isaac Pitman, I do not think the Phonetic mode of printing is so enthusiastically promoted as it was when these gentlemen were alive. Both Mr. Reid and Mr. Meston were excellent writers of phonography, and thoroughly understood the system, practically and theoretically,



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giving much of their time and labour to gratuitous efforts for its advancement. Mr. Reid had a very wide circle of friends, who greatly appreciated his humour, culture, and intelligence.

Mr. David Symon was another of the early promoters who not only acquired a neat and rapid style of writing, but he was also highly gifted as a teacher. He had many classes who gave practical appreciation of his services by making him the recipient of several presentations. He was a law clerk in Aberdeen, but he left for Edinburgh, and, if I mistake not, he acted for some time as amanuensis to the late Rev. John Kirk, D.D., of that city, who was one of the founders of the Evangelical Union, a voluminous writer on religious questions, a keen controversialist, an ardent temperance reformer, and editor of the *Christian News*. Mr. Symon returned to Aberdeen in impaired health, and died in 1851. I knew him well and appreciated his friendship and personal worth.

About the middle of the Fifties the name of Andrew Doak, pupil teacher, Cumnock, appears in the *Phonetic Journal*. He was then a youth, working with a will to master the art. At that time, as phonographers will remember, Mr. Pitman published gummed paper wafers, diamond shaped, and with phonographic mottoes upon them. Mr. Doak took kindly to these, and every letter sent by him had one of these wafers affixed to it. At the Arts and Divinity Classes he found the value of phonography, and although from his caligraphy of to-day I fear he does not much use it, yet I am certain he will speak a good word in its favour. Although not an Aberdonian born, he is one by long residence, and as the respected minister of Free Trinity Church, we claim him, and with some pride, as being one of ourselves.

The *Phonetic Journal* publishes these articles as they appear in the *Book-Stall*, and through this I have had several communications from Aberdonians of the olden time, one of the most interesting and pleasant being from Mr. Alexander Paterson, F.J.I., editor of the *Barnsley Chronicle*. He was born near Cuminestown, and went to serve his apprenticeship to a merchant in Turriff. Here he began the study of Phonography, but abandoned it. Removing to Aberdeen, he bought in the New Market gallery a copy of "The Manual," making up his mind to master it. He had no teacher, but he applied himself in his spare time with diligence and perseverance, and he made his first attempt at reporting one Fast Day in the Parish Church of Nigg. Afterwards he took a sermon delivered by the late Rev. David Simpson in Free Trinity, Crown Street, on 1st January, 1854, the notes of which he keeps as a cherished possession. His attempt to follow Professor Blackie in the Mechanics' Hall proved rather unfortunate. He toiled on, however, at reporting, and practised as opportunity presented itself. After leaving the service of Messrs. George Lyall & Co., silk mercers, Union Street, in 1854, he went south, and, although in business, he ever kept before him the possibility of becoming a pressman. At Stirling he left the counter for the reporters' desk. He then went to Middlesborough; then to West Hartlepool, afterwards to Stockton, always improving his position, and at last he was appointed editor of the *Barnsley Chronicle* in 1866, and by his business ability and literary power he has made it one of the most influential papers in the South West Riding of Yorkshire. Mr. Paterson has all along interested himself greatly in Phonography. He has accumulated a very remarkable collection of about one hundred different systems of Shorthand, and during the past forty years he has contributed many valuable articles on its theory, history, and practice. His phonographic writing is very neat and the outline beautifully formed. He was a very valued correspondent of the late Sir Isaac Pitman, and gave him effective aid in contributing to his "History of Shorthand." He has a warm heart to Aberdeen and Aberdonians, and is delighted with the *Book-Stall*. "Johnnie Gibb" when it was published was read and re-read by him with great pleasure, and when any of his English friends brag of their ability to read broad Scotch, he hands them "Johnnie Gibb" as a Shibboleth, and asks them to read the first page.

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him which is very interesting, as it relates to an event in the early life of our late, highly respected, and much esteemed townsman, Dr. Wm. Alexander, and illustrates the unconscious influence he exercised upon Mr. Paterson—

"I HAVE a vivid recollection of the circumstances under which I first saw William Alexander. It was in Inverurie, during the summer of 1852, shortly before he entered the office of the *North of Scotland Gazette*. I was then a junior assistant in the shop of Mr. James Skinner, draper, grocer, and general dealer in the above named town. One of the regular customers, whom I got to know very well, was a Mrs. Alexander, a farmer's wife, who, I understood, resided somewhere in Chapel of Garioch direction. One day she arrived with her butter and eggs in a cart, which was driven by a young man, who I subsequently gathered, was her son, William. He was not in the shop more than a couple of minutes, being engaged the rest of the time in watching his horse outside. There were two things about him, however, which attracted my attention. I noticed, first, that he had lost a leg, and, second, I concluded that he must be studiously disposed, for I saw sticking out of his coat pocket a weekly number of Cassell's 'Popular Educator,' the first edition of which was then in course of issue. Mrs. Alexander had concluded her business, and was on the point of leaving, when she leant over the counter, and in a half whisper, informed Mr. Skinner that Willie had got a promise of a situation under Mr. McCombie on the *Gazette*, and would shortly enter upon his duties. I do not recollect whether she said he hoped ultimately to be elevated to the dignity of a reporter, but such, if I am not mistaken, was implied. She added something to the effect that the poor fellow, since he met with his misfortune (which must have been recent), had been unfit for farm work, and therefore they had had to look out for some other occupation. How I envied 'Willie' from that moment. I had before then discovered that Nature never intended me for a business career, and being by this time a tolerably expert phonographer, I was hoping to secure before long a journalistic appointment. If a young man who had been bred to the plough could pass direct into a newspaper office without undergoing any preliminary course of training, might not I, though I had enjoyed but indifferent educational advantages, do the same. I envied him, yet at the same time felt pleased, as his good fortune did not seem to leave me altogether without a door of hope.

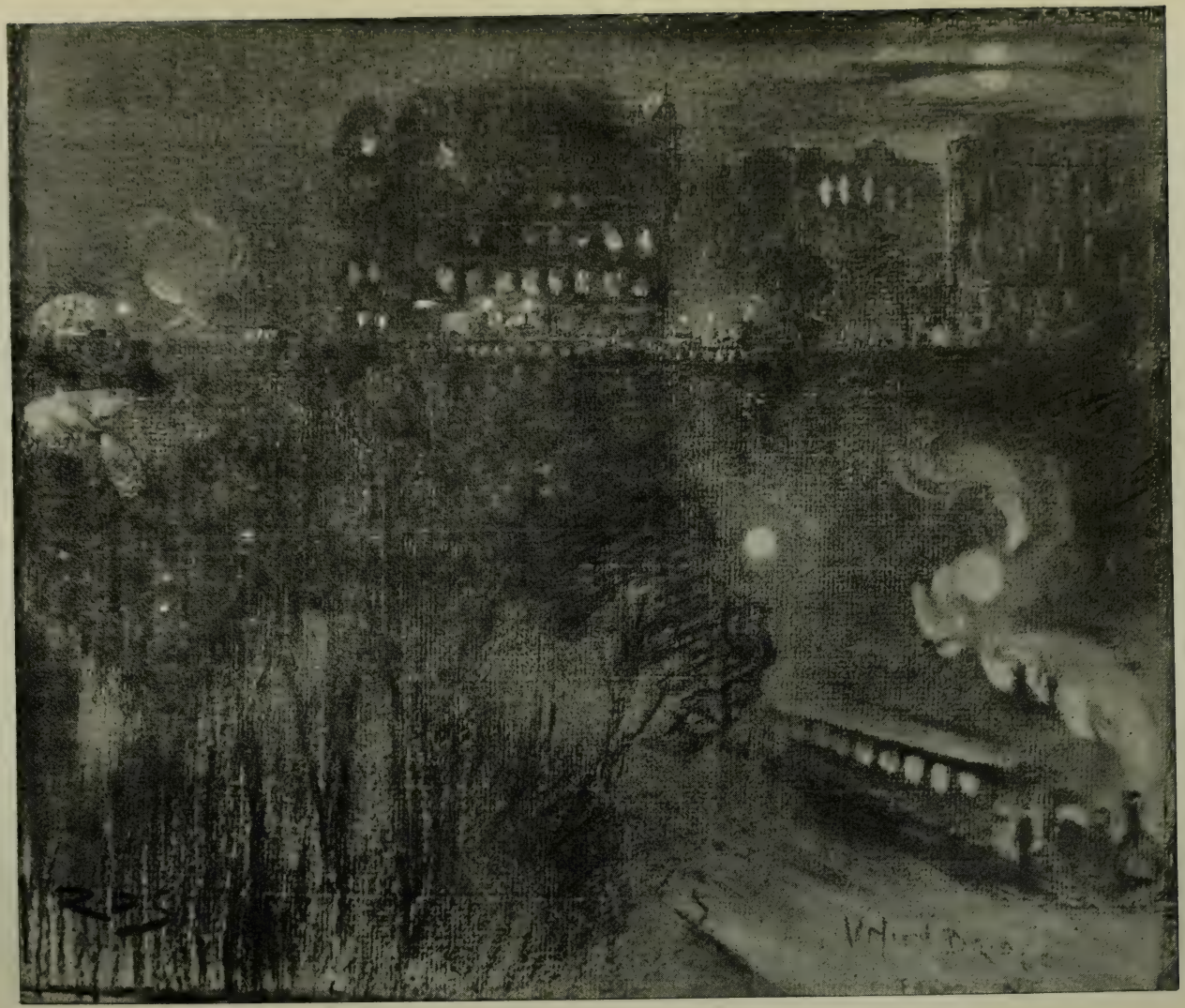
The next and only other time I saw him was some fifteen months later in Aberdeen, to which city I had meanwhile removed. One night, during October, 1853, after shop closing hours, I strolled along Belmont Street to the Free South Church, where the Free Synod of Aberdeen was in session. From my seat in the gallery I gazed for the first time, with feelings of awe and admiration, upon a veritable 'reporters' table,' which occupied the centre of a square pew to the Moderator's left, and seated at which were two reporters, one being Mr. Alexander. One thing struck me, and that was the easy indifference with which they seemed to take matters. The 'fathers and brethren' were engaged in a heated discussion over the case of a young country minister who had been guilty of a trifling irregularity in connection with the admission or dismissal of a member; but all their eloquence the reporters allowed to run to waste, contenting themselves with making an odd note now and again, and meanwhile writing out their 'copy.'

I left Aberdeen for the south early in the following year, and thus lost the opportunity I had often longed for, of securing a personal introduction to Mr. Alexander. He would seem during the Fifties to have taken, like myself, a considerable interest in matters phonographic. He was a member of Isaac Pitman's Phonetic Society down, at any rate, to 1858, and was one of those who, at the instance of the late Mr. J. P. Barkas, of Newcastle, voted against Mr. Pitman's change in the vowel scale."

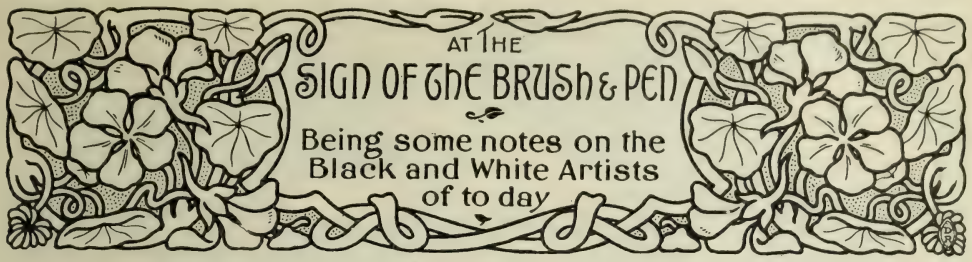
This was a fierce battle, as old phonographers will remember, and although it was adopted in Great Britain, the original vowel scale is largely if not wholly used by writers of the system in America, led by Mr. Benn Pitman, the brother of the inventor of Phonography, the late Sir Isaac Pitman.

A. S. C.

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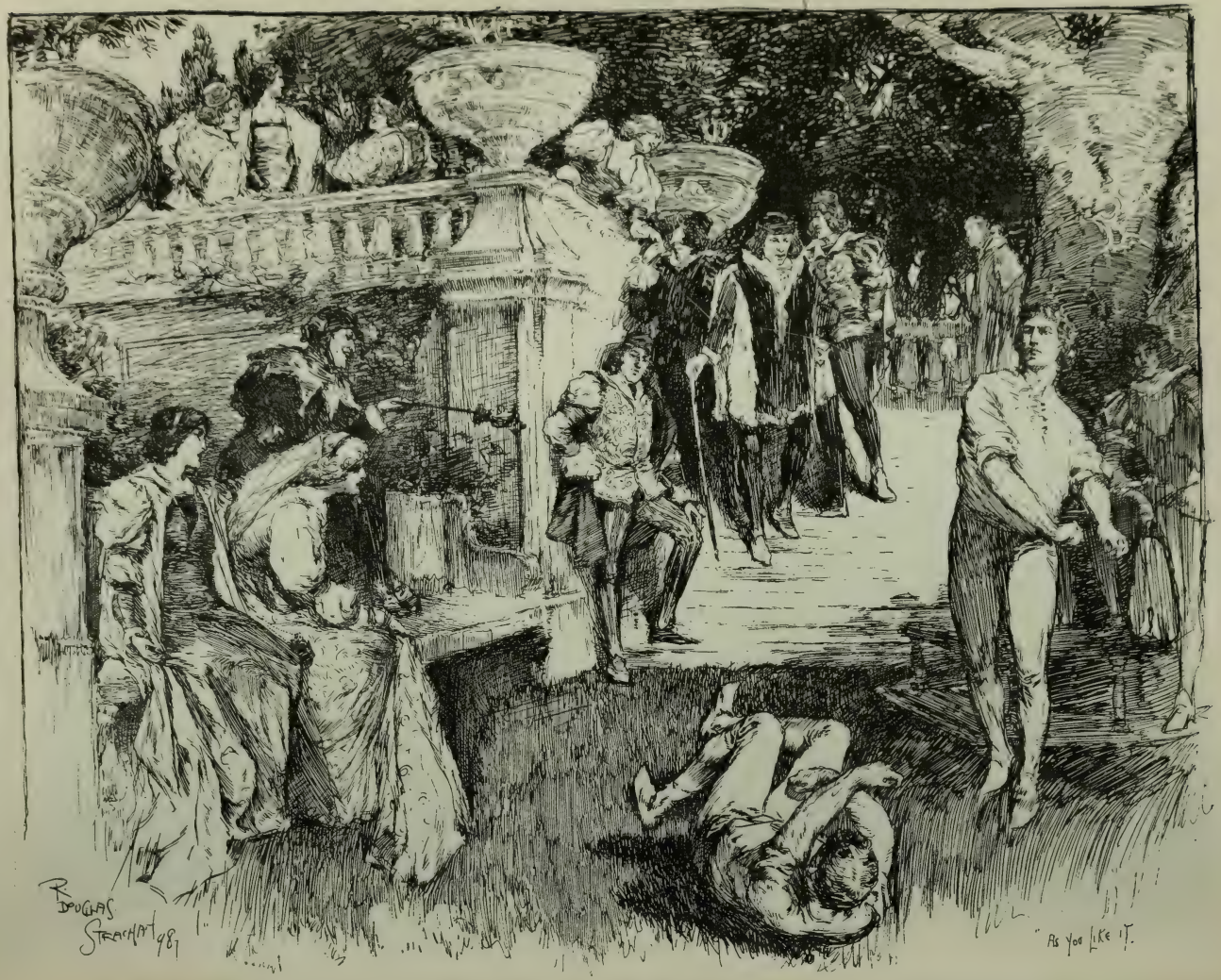
IN the present case the Mountain came to Mahomet. That is to say, by means of

Nods and becks and wreathéd smiles,

though not necessarily such as hang on Hebe's cheek, we succeeded, on the will-you-walk-into-my-parlour principle, in enticing Aberdeen's latest artist into the Editorial Sanctum the other day, and having put him on his oath in the customary manner, proceeded by the usual method to include him in our Black (and White) Calendar. Once within the Torture Chamber, the full magnitude of the task I had undertaken dawned on me in all its vivid reality, for Mr. Douglas Strachan is nothing if not modest and retiring. Prior to this, however, and at the urgent request of the Editor, who is of an unassuming disposition, I had visited our youngest *Book-Stall* burgess at the scene of his labours in the Trades Hall (Belmont Street edition), in order that the snare might not, to put it Biblically, be set in vain in the sight of the bird, and with a view to seeing personally something of the decorative work with which he has lately been embellishing that building. Mr. Strachan, arrayed in a coat which might once have been white, but was now akin to that of Joseph, received me cheerfully, but viewed the prospect of coming greatness with commendable calmness. Which once more proves that the artistic temperament is above sublunary considerations.

Aberdeen is notoriously a City of White Elephants —we have, to mention but a few, an Art Gallery, which, paradoxical though it may appear, is not an Art Gallery, and we are also the chastened owners of "those bells" which are bells but in name—and it is only right that the Unbeliever should be inclined to take with the traditional grain of salt some of the encomiums which an appreciative public have showered, with a liberality altogether foreign to Aberdeen, on Mr. Strachan's completed work. But that the praise is not undeserved a visit to the Trades Hall will testify to the fullest extent, for the unassuming young artist who both designed and executed the decorations has produced a result which is alike unequalled or approached by anything in the North of Scotland. Right worthily and well, therefore, has he won a right to such immortality as inclusion in these pages can confer.

Mr. Robert Douglas Strachan started life with one great advantage—he was a "toon's bairn," and *ipso facto*, bound to become famous. Apart from this, however, he had no claim on the consideration of the Fates, for so far as artistic tendencies went he could boast of no ancestry of any special distinction. He was born in 1875, and it is rather a noteworthy fact that the designing of the whole scheme of decoration on which he has lately been employed, as well as the painting of the two large canvasses representing Ancient and Modern Labour were executed while he was in his twenty-second year—surely a record so far as youth, combined with the result attained, are concerned. Interrogated as to his past career the prisoner—that is to say the victim of circumstance—remonstrated that his life until that particular moment had been a most uneventful one. His earliest recollections are of what might be called a depressing nature, he having attempted at an immature period to justify the Latin tag *facilis est descensus Averni* by jumping six steps at a time, with the inevitable result that his career for good or ill was nigh prematurely ended by a broken neck. However Fate had other views, and he survived. In the ordinary course of Nature he next went to school, firstly to a private establishment kept by a worthy dame who found her pupils just about as much as she required, as the festive canticle puts it. The only outstanding event



From an Unpublished Sketch by Mr. R. D. Strachan.

while there was the locking out of the said dame. This in itself might have led to no very serious results, but at a critical moment the key could not be found. The interesting situation thus created was not, however, destined to fulfil its early promise; there were no heroic descents by ropes or fire escapes, the key being eventually discovered, prosaically enough, in somebody's trousers' pocket, and the adventure ended tamely by all being duly chastised.

In due course he left the dame's school for the Normal. By this time he had begun to draw—his first effort, so he has been told, being a realistic impressionist sketch of the Tay Bridge Disaster, while one of his earliest recollections is of being taken by his parents to see the place where the new Art Gallery was to stand and being duly impressed thereby, in what particular manner however, History is, unfortunately, silent. At the Normal he remembers having a great admiration for a class-fellow who could draw men—not, added Mr. Strachan, with just the flicker of a smile, in the sense of interviewing them, but merely from an artistic point of view—and to such an extent did this go that young Strachan made a compact with the other, whereby the said R.D.S. of the first part, undertook to supply the said class-fellow, of the second, with the necessary stationery, while the latter bound and obliged himself to deliver next morning to the aforesaid party of the first part, a due supply of pictorial matter. In due course, however, he was able to produce men of his own, and we next find the future artist in Church, varying the monotony of the sermon by perpetuating in pencil the pastor and congregation, who, decent people, were in blissful ignorance of the liberties thus being taken with them.

When about nine years of age R. D. S. took a bursary at Gordon's College, and duly went there. He well remembers how he used to look with longing eyes from the classroom window at Gray's School of Art, and think how much better it would be to be there than "doing lessons." But in spite of the terror which the very name of the learned Doctor who then controlled, as happily he still continues to do, the destinies of the institution, used to strike into the hearts of the youngsters, he liked the old "Sillerton" School immensely, and spent many happy days there, varying the monotony of life by playing football with zeal, getting damaged, and finding his bruises an excellent method whereby he obtained an artificial rest from his studies.

After three pleasant years at Gordon's, he started work in a granite merchant's establishment, where he found vent for his artistic skill and a congenial task for his somewhat grave disposition in drawing tombstones. From this he went to the office of our learned contemporary, the *Free Press*, where he "served a span" as a lithographic artist. While there he of course came under the genial influence of the late Dr. Alexander.

"The first man who ever took a real interest in myself and my work," remarked Mr. Strachan, in speaking of the Doctor, for whom, in common with all who ever met the kindly-hearted gentleman, he has a most profound respect and admiration. Of the author of "Johnny Gibb" he has many interesting recollections, particularly interesting to the writer, who found in Dr. Alexander one of his staunchest friends and most kindly advisers. One day Mr. Strachan was summoned to appear in the Editorial room, and wondering muchly what could be wrong, and trembling not a little, he made his way thither. But he was not long kept in suspense—the Doctor remarking in his customary pleasant fashion that he had been noticing the young artist's work, that he was highly pleased with it, and that he would like Mr. Strachan to feel that he was his friend. An invitation to Belvidere Place followed, when the Doctor gave him much good advice and encouragement, which, at the time, was doubly welcome from the fact that its recipient was feeling depressed and dissatisfied with his work. The conversation was lightened by many interesting recollections on the part of Dr. Alexander of famous people such as Thackeray, Leighton, and others whom he had met, and the visit ended in Mr. Strachan receiving his first commission—to execute a pen and ink portrait of a friend of his patron, the latter explaining that he was afraid the photo from which the drawing was to be done was beginning to fade, and that he therefore wanted a more permanent record. Mr. Strachan's own opinion was that the photo was all right and likely to remain so—but it was just the Doctor's kindly way. In due course the sketch was finished, but the artist was dissatisfied with it, and begged permission to do another. The second effort was more to his mind, but it his benefactor was never destined to see. On the night he called with the drawing Doctor Alexander was ill, and within the next few days the noble, generous, and kindly Doctor had gone to his last long home.

Mr. Strachan's art training began simultaneously

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with his efforts to perpetuate the memory of the departed by means of suitable tombstones. About this time there was the usual difficulty as to what he was to be, and to his parents' credit be it said, they did not oppose his leanings towards Art. While the problem was still unsolved he entered one of the usual September competitions in connection with the Art School, and was successful in winning a bursary. Subsequently he attended the classes under Mr. Fraser and Mr. Ogg, one of his contemporaries being Mr. Robert Brough. It was about this period that he was "discovered" by Mr. W. Milne Gibson, the jovial Editor of *Figaro*, whose genius for unearthing and developing new musical talent is only equalled by the skill with which he "spots" a likely artist. To *Figaro* Mr. S. contributed some remarkably successful litho-work, notably a series of portraits of distinguished authors, one of which, a sketch of Mr. Le Gallienne, so impressed Mr. Coulson Kernahan that he wrote the present writer a very eulogistic letter in its praise.

By means of the funds thus earned, coupled with what he could save out of an apprentice's salary, he was, in time, able to indulge in what—to a person none too liberally endowed with those riches the lack of which Robbie mourned so pathetically when he wrote

> For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass,
> For lack o' thee I've lost my lass—

might be called the luxury of a Session at the Life School of the R.S.A. While in Edinburgh he made the acquaintance of Sir George Reid, but for words to describe adequately the kindness of the President and Lady Reid, both then and since, Mr. Strachan confessed he was at a complete loss. Sir George, doubtless recollecting a somewhat similar occasion in his own career when he, an equally unknown laddie from the North, paid a visit to the then President, Sir George Harvey, and the kindness with which he was received, did everything in his power to encourage and assist his youthful townsman.

From Edinburgh R. D. S. went to Manchester to do black and white work for several papers there, and though personally his heart was not in the class of work on which he was then engaged, he nevertheless produced some exceptionally clever cartoons, marked alike by skill in draughtsmanship and happiness in conception. It is rather a curious coincidence that on one occasion he produced a topical picture almost identical in subject and in treatment with one drawn by Mr. F. C. Gould for an issue of the *Westminster Gazette* appearing simultaneously with that of Mr. Strachan's paper, and on another anticipated Sir John Tenniel and *Punch* in a similarly striking fashion. But in black and white it is decoration that is Mr. Strachan's strong point, some of his work in this direction having won the unstinted approval of one of the greatest of all decorative artists, Mr. Walter Crane, whom he met while in Manchester. And here I might not inaptly call especial attention to the specimens of Mr. Strachan's drawing accompanying these notes, and which, with characteristic kindness, and notwithstanding the extreme pressure at which he was working when I invited him to be pilloried, he did specially for *B.B.*, and in particular to the charming local sketch—a moonlight view taken from one of the windows of the Trades Hall looking towards Union Bridge and "the Joint"—which, alike from its subject and its execution, will doubtless be highly prized by our readers.

In consequence of a very serious illness, Mr. Strachan returned to Aberdeen about a year ago. It was at one time his intention to proceed to Paris, but ill health prevented this. However, Fortune finally came with both hands full, if not of vulgar (but useful) coppers, at least of work after his own heart. Through his uncle, Mr. William Livingston, J.P., the well-known ex-President of the Trades Council and Labour Leader, he heard of the proposal to decorate the Belmont Street Hall, and thereupon volunteered to paint the two pictures representing Ancient and Modern Labour. But so enamoured of the work did he become, and so pleased (to their credit be it said, for Labour with the capital "L" does not as a rule get credit for having any special appreciation for Art with the capital "A") were the Council with the result, that he was entrusted with the entire scheme of decoration of the building. A fact in connection with this, and one which has not, perhaps, been fully realised is that not only is the actual painting of the allegorical designs and panel pictures the work of Mr. Strachan, but that he also did all the designing not only of these but of the decorative shields and ornaments, and of the very elaborate scheme on the ceiling. In short, he is practically responsible for the whole thing, and when it is borne in mind that the work has been planned out and done in something like three or four months, the result cannot be considered but marvellous.

And here, perhaps, a word as to the general scheme of Mr. Strachan's work at Belmont Street may not be

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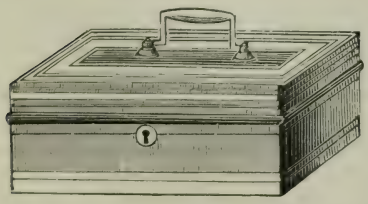
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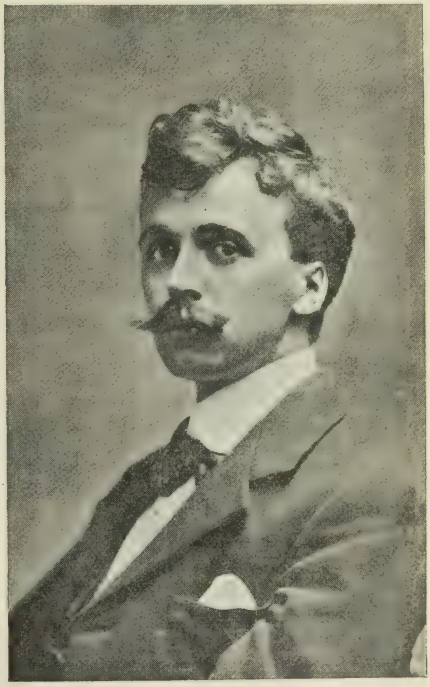
55a ST NICHOLAS STREET.

uninteresting. While the actual result will soon be familiar to all Aberdonians, and not a few visitors as well, it may serve to heighten local interest in what is a most successful and a truly remarkable effort on the part of so young an artist, if I give a few words of explanation as to the main idea of the design.

On either side of the platform are the two large panels, each 12 by 10 feet, representing Ancient and Modern Labour. In the former are illustrated the differest types of Roman life —galley slaves and their drivers, merchants, fruit sellers, water carriers, sculptors, warriors and others. With a view to suggesting the greater depth to the panel (which he felt it required), the artist has used the diagonal line in the composition, the straight line being brought in to rectify the diagonal at the wall. The companion picture is rather a daring conception of a subject which might, in less able hands, have easily become conventional. In the foreground is a group of workmen, chiefly engineering—as being the key note of Modern Labour. In middle distance is a car, standing in which is a bronze figure of Freedom, led and pulled by the chief industries. The classical architecture of the other panel is here replaced with great skill by modern mills, electric lamp, etc. Note, too, the clever use of handkerchiefs with a view to colour effect.

In the cove are fourteen wall paintings, seven on each of two sides of the hall. On the north and to the right as the visitor enters, the central panel is a figure in white, typical of Greatness, arched over by two low-toned figures, and surrounded by four others in a kneeling posture. To the left are the Sciences and to the right the Arts, while the panels at the extremes are made up of the different Nations all verging to the centre to pay their tribute to Greatness—the whole being a highly successful attempt to embody an elevated idea of Labour. On the south side the arrangement is similar, in the centre being the Altar of Fame, approached by vestal virgins on one side and sages on the other. Whereas the costumes on the other side were severe to express earnestness, on this they are rich, free, and voluptuous. The other panels represent Music, War, etc., and are treated in a similar style.

In the panels on the wall between the windows are represented the Chief Industries — Engineering, Decoration, Agriculture, Architecture, Navigation, Carpentry, Weaving, and Printing ; male and female figures alternating, and on the two panels broken by the gallery are two kneeling figures of Music and Oratory. Of these, perhaps, one of the most successful is that typical of Navigation, to my thinking a very happy and well worked out conception. At the back of the platform over arch of window are seated figures of Justice and Truth, beside the former being a knight, and before the latter a maiden, while the ceiling is composed of a skilfully wrought design, the Bon-Accord leopard and the Scottish lion being cleverly and appropriately worked into the corners.



MR. R. D. STRACHAN.

Example is, without doubt, better than precept, and as Mr. Strachan has cleverly utilised Architecture at each end of his panel pictures with a view to lending solidity to the design, so am I fortunate in being able to ballast the somewhat airy lightness of these notes by winding up with a thoughtful and critical commentary on the work of our young townsman from the pen of one well qualified to judge, and who has kindly written the following appreciation for the benefit of the more exacting of *Book-Stall* readers. The fact that the gentleman has always been a very

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candid critic of Mr. Strachan's work, lends additional value to the well deserved tribute which he now pays to its excellence.

R. D. S.

AN APPRECIATION.

Works of Decorative Art on anything save a meagre scale are all too rare in our city, and the one just completed by Mr. Robert Douglas Strachan is in many respects quite unique. To undertake the successful decoration of a large hall implies ability comparatively rare in these days. To carry it through in so extensive and opulent a scale, as in the present instance, indicates the presence of inherent Art qualities of a high order. One or two comments on Mr. Strachan's work will illustrate to what a remarkable extent it indicates the presence of those special qualities which are a necessity to the successful completion of such a work as he has produced. Of those the most evident is that of colour; the quality that is finest and most mature. Through every difficulty Mr. Strachan is always rescued by his colour. He has command of a palette of great richness and delicacy. His work abounds in beautiful harmonies of exquisite greens and greys, and lovely qualities of amber, russet, and saffron that possess an illusive mystery and romantic charm only found in the work of the great colourists. Apart from every other consideration, the beautiful colouring of his pictures would entitle him to a high place as an artist. In short, the ability to colour beautifully and harmoniously is a thing Mr. Strachan possesses instinctively.

Fertility of invention in presenting new phases, not rendered lifeless by convention, nor irritating by extravagance, is another quality present in a wonderful degree in Mr. Strachan's work. There is everywhere the utmost variety in grouping, type of figure and style of treatment always properly subordinate to and combined with the unity of the whole. This facile invention, together with the almost instinctive power of design, is one of the most outstanding virtues exhibited in the work.

In his work generally, his feeling and attitude is always towards aesthetic realisation. His earlier work frequently showed a tendency to be didactic. A pardonable liking for symbolism and allegory frequently hindered artistic expression. These objectionable elements have now happily disappeared, and this, his recent work, we find approached with an interest entirely for the aesthetic. The large decorative pictures abound with instances of this genuine artistic impulse for aestheticism. It shows itself in fine, frequently masterly grouping, combined with a sensitive feeling for beauty of line; expressive and vigorous, if slightly conventional, drawing, and well-nigh perfect instinct for colour.

The artist of this work, the qualities of which have thus appealed to me, is a young man of strong personality. Training in school or academy has had little to do with the formation of his Art. Like every true artist, it is the outcome of a strong individual method of seeing and thinking. For the laws and conventions of academies and schools he neither has nor ever had any sympathy. True to himself and his own instincts, gifted by nature with indomitable energy and perseverance, he has by his genuine sincerity and devotion built up an Art of singular power and beauty. Imbued with an instinctive repulsion for all that is commonplace and literal in Art, his Art has passed through many stages, but at every period it carried with remarkable clearness, evidence of a mind fitted with high aesthetic desire. No Art tells more truthfully what is passing in a man's heart and soul, so well as that of Painting. In the rising young artists of to-day, we can discern much that is good in craftsmanship. They are one and all richly endowed with the erudition of the school and academy; but the thinking mind and the feeling heart is seldom met. The Art tendencies and sympathies of to-day are to foster the literal and commonplace representation, into which no element of the artist's nature goes, a vapid senseless Art. The artist whose work is to be of enduring value, is he who presents in earnest and loving devotion his passionate impression of Art and Life.

X.

I have left myself little or no space in which to refer to the Future. Personally, Mr. Strachan would prefer to continue his decorative work, and his ambition is to do his "ain toon" first. That there is plenty of scope for his energy and ability here is obvious—one has only to look at our grimy Music Hall to be convinced of this. I give the hint to the powers that be for what it is worth, but whether it be here or in fresh fields and pastures new that his lot is cast there is little doubt that R.D.S. will prove alike a credit to himself and an honour to Bon-Accord.

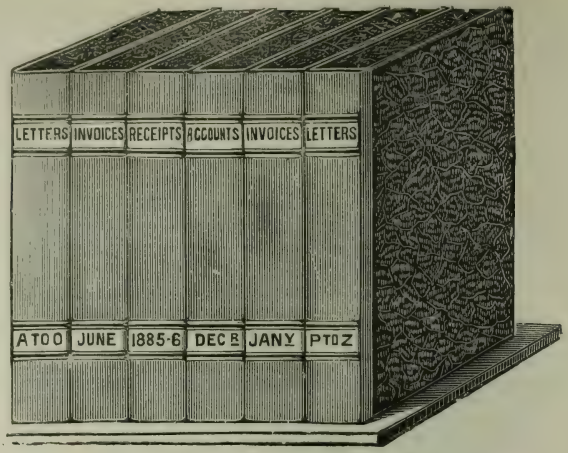
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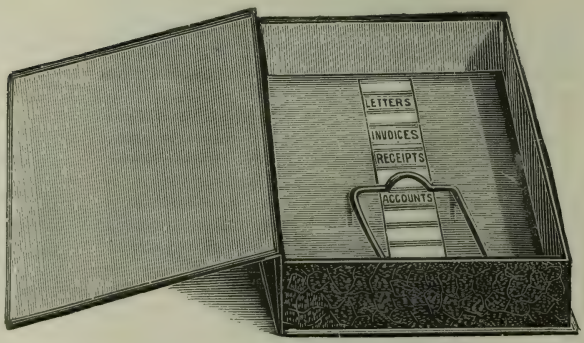
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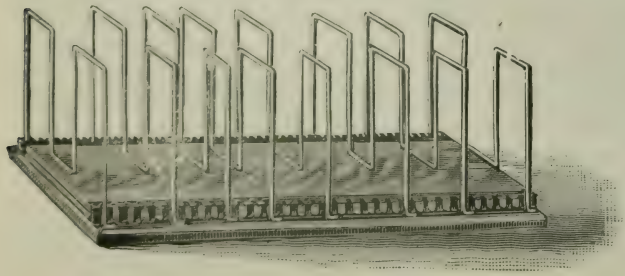
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FIRST organised body of vocalists was called into being in 1849, and ably conducted by Mr. William Carnie, flourished and gave forth sweet sounds, under the title of the Harmonic Choir. The "Harmonic" consisted of some 40 mixed voices, and continued to rehearse and give concerts of part-songs, glees, etc., till 1860. At the inception of this talented little body, Mr. Carnie, an engraver by profession, was in the employ of the late Mr. John Henderson, the leading lithographer of the town, whose place of business was in what was then known as Union Buildings. It may be of interest to note in passing that, on the death of Mr. Henderson the business was bought by Mr. Alexander Keith, a painter and glazier in Aberdeen, who, in conjunction with Mr. Andrew Gibb, founded the widely known firm of Keith & Gibb, draftsmen and lithographers. Mr. Henderson held the Royal Warrant as "printseller to the Queen," and I don't think I am giving any one away when I state that, during all the years that Messrs. Keith & Gibb continued in business together they enjoyed the same Royal Favour! *My object in introducing the name of this firm is to enable me to state further that when Messrs. Keith & Gibb took over Mr. Henderson's business they took along with it two employees who since have made their mark in local musical history and development. I refer to Mr. Wm. Carnie, and Mr. David Taylor (recently deceased). Mr. Carnie was the originator of the Harmonic Choir, and the original male members were all workers in Mr. Henderson's engraving and lithographing establishment. Mr. Carnie is now, since the lamented death of his life-long friend and

*It is of more than passing interest to note that Mr. Alex. Keith, one of the founders of the firm of Keith & Gibb, is still alive and hearty, and his short, well-knit figure is to be seen on our streets daily, moving along with a nimbleness that would put to shame much younger men. In Art as well as Music the old firm played an important part in its time. It was within the friendly doors of Messrs. Keith & Gibb's work-rooms that Sir George Reid, *P.*R.S.A., and Mr. John Mitchell received their early training, and to a certain extent, under the fostering care and example of the late Mr. Andrew Gibb, had their artistic acumen encouraged and developed. And it was from the same mould that one of the cleverest cartoonists and black and white caricaturists that ever Aberdeen has produced, was brought forth. The son of a celebrated local violin teacher, Mr. Wm. Spark, the lad early shewed an enthusiasm and aptness for caricature. Many who take an interest in Aberdeen publications will remember with relish the first of a series of local cartoons which appeared in the *Northern Figaro*, in the first year of its existence. The title, coined by a local clergyman, who did not favour dancing either in its abstract or concrete forms, is not likely soon to be forgotten, and so "Springs, Flings, and Close-bosomed Whirls," became historical. Young Spark ultimately went to London, but I have not heard of him for years.

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musical confrère, Mr. Taylor, the only surviving member in the original cast. What a wealthy and varied repertoire the Harmonic Choir had! At my elbow while I write lies a "sonsy" volume including most of the pieces tackled at one time or other by the members. Among the closing numbers I find a setting of "Awake, Thou That Sleepest," by Wm. Horsley, "The Grand Chant" (Pelham Humphreys), Morris's "Double Chant," and the psalm tune, "Evan," "Melody attributed to Rev. W. H. Havergal, arranged by Dr. Lowell Mason," lithographed in Mr. Carnie's well-known, distinct handwriting for "The Aberdeen General Psalmody Association, November, 1855." To give an idea of the style of vocal music which found favour in the eyes and on the ears of a discerning local public, I shall quote from the programme of a concert given by the Harmonic Choir in the Mechanics' Hall, Market Street, on Tuesday, 28th December, 1852, "in aid of the Fund for the relief of the widows and families of the seamen belonging to this Port, who perished during the late gale." The concert is designated a "Glee and Madrigal Concert, with a selection of sacred pieces," and was under the patronage of the Lord Provost and Magistrates. The programme is divided into three parts, and out of seventeen items there are no less than seven madrigals. These are "Hard by a Fountain" (Waelrent, 1550), "Since first I saw your face" (Thomas Ford, 1607), "The Silver Swan" (Orlando Gibbons, 1612), "Now is the Month of Maying" (Thomas Morley, 1594), "Awake! Sweet Love" (Thomas Dowland, 1588), "Down in a Flowery Vale" (Constantius Festa, 1541), "In going to my lonesome bed" (Richard Edwards, 1560). There are four glees:—"Swiftly from the mountain's brow" (Samuel Webbe), "When winds breathe soft" (Webbe), "Hail! smiling morn" (Reginald Spofforth), "See the chariot of love" (William Horsley). Besides these there are a round, "Yes! Brothers, Yes!" (G. H. Rodwell), quartet and chorus "Now pray we for our country" (Miss Flower), Mendelssohn's "Sleepers Wake" *(St. Paul)*, Kent's fine anthem "O that I had wings," and the "Hallelujah" chorus from Handel's *Messiah*. Mr. R. H. Baker acted as accompanist, and, of course, Mr. Carnie was conductor. The Harmonic Choir may be said to have been the nucleus of the Aberdeen General Psalmody Association. It at least proved the harbinger of that huge wave of psalmody which swept over the whole length and breadth of Scotland shortly after. In a future "ramble" I purpose to refer somewhat exhaustively to the movement begun in 1854, whereby a gradual and, let it be said in a true spirit of thankfulness, permanent improvement in the psalmody of our churches was effected.

In the Autumn of 1852, a company of some twenty gentlemen met in Aberdeen for the purpose of forming a society for the practice of concerted mixed-voice music. Under the name of the Aberdeen Musical Association this society was successfully floated, but at the outset only gentlemen were eligible for membership, it being considered prudent that "they should have some practice before inviting ladies to assist them." Among the founders of the Musical Association were Mr. James Walker—brother of the respected Dr. Alexander Walker, ex-Dean of Guild—who was for many years the president, and did incalculable service to the cause of music in our city; Mr. John Forbes White, LL.D., now of Dundee; Mr. George Walker, an ex-Baillie, of *Brown's Book-Stall* fame, and others. Mr. Richard Latter, of whom more anon, was the first conductor, and he was succeeded in turn by Professor Stone, Mr. Alexander Laing, Mr. Alex. Machray, and Herr August Reiter. The body became defunct in 1884, while Mr. Wm. Adlington (of Messrs. J. Marr, Wood, & Co.), was acting as interim conductor. Instituted for the purpose of rehearsing part-songs, glees, madrigals, and choruses, the Association gradually launched into more pretentious—although frequently less grateful—music. Among the works produced were:—Gade's *Erl King's Daughter*, Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, *Walpurgis Night*, and *Lobgesang*, etc. The membership was over 100 in its best days, and its concerts were all gratis, although the members not infrequently sang in the sweet

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cause of charity, and on these occasions "passed round the hat."

Then came the Aberdeen Choral Society, instituted in 1853, a very modest body of working lads and lasses, under the leadership of a working man, a moulder to trade, by name, James Melvin. In music Mr. Melvin was self-taught, but his grounding in the all-important matter of theory was none the less effective or complete on that account. His taste may not have been so refined as that of some of his compeers, but he succeeded in instilling musical principles into the minds of his "boys and girls," which proved of immense value to them in after years. During the time he conducted the Choral Society he successfully "brought out" several good solo voices. I have distinct recollections of two male singers who were members of the Choral Society—"Bob" and John Fleming. Their father and mother kept a small shop in Guestrow of a nondescript character. The place had a licence for the sale of spirituous liquors, over which department "old Robbie" presided, but in conjunction therewith Mrs. Fleming reserved a portion of the premises for the sale of milk in the mornings! Later on, if my memory does not play me tricks, "Tom" Gibb, the chief detective in Aberdeen for a number of years, followed the Flemings in the same shop, but his business was purely that of a spirit dealer. To refer back to the brothers Fleming, however, "Bob" was, I think, a moulder to trade, and John was certainly a saddler. I remember "Bob's" (the elder of the two) favourite song at the Choral Society's "open rehearsals," for their entertainments were never designated "concerts," was "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." He had a ponderous bass voice of somewhat limited range, and the manner in which he rolled out his notes was calculated to shake every seat in the Mechanic's Hall, where the "rehearsals" used to be given! John Fleming had a good, serviceable baritone voice which he could use with effect. If I remember aright, Mr. John Munro, another famous baritone of the day, was wont to regale the same audiences with the "British Lion," and "Maggie Lauder." The programmes of the Choral Society were chiefly made up of glees and part-songs. After Mr. Melvin's death the Society was variously conducted by Mr. James Wilson, Mr. John Watson, and Mr. John Murray.

In 1857, out of a singing class taught by Mr. James Valentine, sprang a new vocal body, known as the "Concordia" Musical Society. The "ringleaders" in this movement were the two brothers Wilson, John and James, sons of Mr. James Wilson, bookbinder, whose place of business in St. Nicholas Street was for many years a landmark. The "Concordia" was, like the Musical Association, at first confined to a male membership, the most of the original coterie being apprentices in the *Aberdeen Journal* office. Ultimately, however, it developed into a mixed choir. Among the male members of this organisation were Mr. James W. Robson; Mr. Alex. Machray; Mr. Francis Kelly; a brother of the late Mr. R. B. Horne, sharebroker; Mr. James Leslie, printer; Mr. Calder, printer, now of Fraserburgh; Mr. Trail, known by the tee name "Fooshtie"; and Mr. James Donald, a lithographer, then in the employment of Messrs. Keith & Gibb. After rehearsing for some time, the opening meeting was held in Dr. Bell's School, Frederick Street, at which Mr. Carnie was present and, in moving a vote of thanks at the close of the entertainment, stated that he had "never heard more hearty singing."

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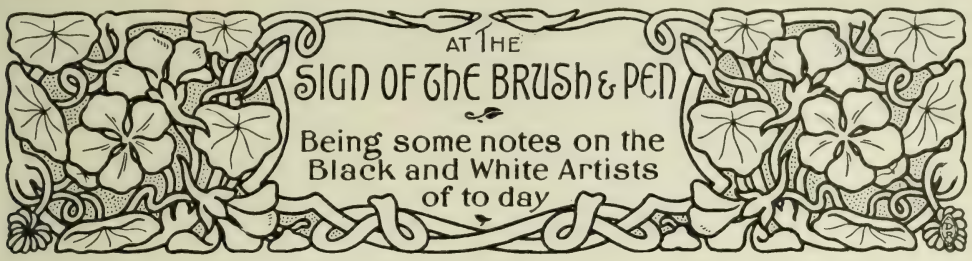
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Audrey—"I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I *am* foul."

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No. 15.—MISS CHRIS HAMMOND.

"O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?

Cymbeline v., 5.

SEQUENCE of Thought is a capital parlour game, and, when once it is mastered, you will be surprised at the results which can be obtained. For instance we will infer, for the sake of illustration, that this "Note" is to appear in the November issue of *Brown's Book-Stall*, and, having read over Robbie to some purpose, the mere mention of the eleventh month naturally reminds us that

"Chill November's surly blast
Leaves fields and forests bare."

Notwithstanding the idiosyncrasies of our climate, surly blasts are popularly associated with Winter, and from this we pass by an easy transition to Christmas. The Festive Season at once suggests mistletoe, and mistletoe can only be regarded as a means designed by an intelligent Providence to aid and abet the gentle, joyous and ancient custom of Kissing. That on the other hand, may give rise to many conflicting thoughts—Influenza, Microbes, and Breach of Promise Cases among others, but before these are reached we are pulled up short by a lively recollection of THE LADIES. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

It may have been by some such fantastic process of reasoning as this that the Editor arrived at the same end, or it may not, but at anyrate during a lull in the conversation after a most animated debate on the Multiplication of the Unfit, he said pensively, and with a far-away look—

"The Ladies—bless 'em!"

"By all means," I answered. "Like Lay Brother Pelican and his bath, they want it badly."

He ignored the obvious smartness of the remark, but resumed—

"Which reminds me———"

I begged to be excused, recalling the fact that the hour was late, and his Hill-top stories generally in the now obsolete three-volume form. Besides I felt sure it was a "chestnut." He gently suppressed me, however, and continued unmovedly—

"Which reminds me that you have hitherto confined your attentions in the pages of MY publication (this quite in the Chamberlain vein) to the claims of mere men, and absolutely neglected the immeasurably superior ones of the fairer sex. Now, sir," he added with some severity, "what have you to say for yourself?"

I answered mildly in the words of Cymbeline which open this article.

But, as Mr. Nicholas Rowe says, however—

"Beshrew my heart, but it is wondrous strange:
Sure there is something more than witchcraft in them,
That masters e'en the wisest of us all,"

and ere I fondly bade him farewell that evening he had extracted from me a promise that a new charm and grace should be added to these Notes—if not in the manner of their telling (which I was careful to point out would be impossible), at least in their subject—by the introduction of the feminine element.

Place aux dames! then, and time till't, as the historic old lady remarked when she beheld the Loch o' Skene and took it for the sea, though of a verity the delay must not be considered as altogether due to lack of gallantry on the part of the writer. Ladies are at best hard to woo, and still more difficult to win, and this is equally true of them from an interviewing point of view as it is in more important

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matters. Naturally I aspired high—in fact I began at the top of the tree, but found Miss Chris Hammond no exception to the general rule. Yet, as Mr. Gilbert has pointed out—

> "It's merely a matter of skill
> Which all may attain if they will,
> For every Jack must study the knack
> If he wants to make sure of his Jill!"

The correspondence opened on or about 26th November, 1897, when, in reply to the customary invitation to have her virtues (and her faults, if she had any, which of course, I added, that I very much doubted) made public, Miss Hammond wrote—

> "I have made a rule not to be interviewed in any paper, and and I don't think I can make any exception."

That would have damped some people, but I remembered the old proverb about Faint Heart and Fair Lady, and cheered up. The Second Act is dated 12th December of the same year. Miss Hammond still maintained her objection to "interviews," but pleaded that she "hadn't time." With characteristic kindness, however, she added that particulars of what I was pleased to call her "career" would be found in "Who's Who." Thusly encouraged, I returned to the attack, and as she still maintained her objection to the "personal interview"—having refused to go through a similar ordeal for the benefit of several London papers and magazines, she held, with some show of reason I admit, that she would not make an exception even at the request of the *Book-Stall*. I had, perforce, to have resource to the "interview by correspondence." It only remains to be added that this alternative had, in a measure, the desired result, and I was able to glean some further material for the compilation of these notes, though once again the privileged shyness of Miss Hammond's disposition came to her rescue, and made her far from willing to write about herself or her work, for, as his Grace of York remarked to Queen Margaret in *Henry VI.*—

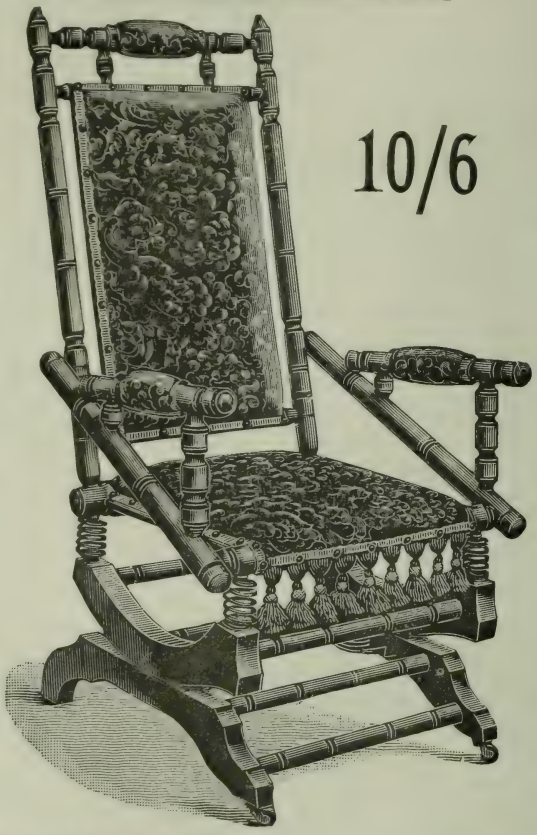
> "'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
> 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
> 'Tis modesty that makes them seem divine."

Miss Chris Hammond, painter and black and white artist, was born in classic Camberwell not so very far, by the way, from Denmark Hill where Mr. Ruskin spent his youth, as those who have read his "Praeterita" will recollect—but I'm not so ungallant as to mention dates, though the portrait of the fair artist, which we are specially privileged in being able to reproduce—Miss Hammond being almost Corellian in her objection to this form of publicity—will prove that it wasn't so very long ago. She is a daughter of Mr. H. Demain Hammond, and a sister of Miss Gertrude Demain Hammond, also a well known artist who draws in wash with a skill hardly inferior to that with which Miss Chris uses the pen, and who, by the way, recently assumed the thrice-golden fetters. Queried as to the most thrilling incidents of her life, Miss Hammond replied that unfortunately for the interest of this chronicle there were none, and even what there was to tell about herself was of so ordinary a nature that she thought I had better write the article—as, from a perusal of some previous ones she felt sure I could do—without any reference to herself whatever save that contained in the title. Even this did not dispirit me, however, so in imagination, bowing slightly, I simply wrote that I was glad she liked my "introductory remarks." After this pleasant passage-at-arms (in the more prosaic, if, proverbially, "mightier" medium of the pen), I begged of her to tell me her story, and trust me to do the rest.

At a very early period of her career Miss Hammond showed a predilection for the pencil, and at the mature age of ten she received at home, and under the tuition of a governess, her first lessons in Art in the good—or as she is rather inclined to put it in the light of later experience—the bad old-fashioned way of drawing from the flat. Her next stage was the Lambeth School of Art, a branch Science and Art Department School, but at that time the best of its kind. At Sweet Seventeen, and after about five years antique and life study at this school, where, it may be recollected, Mr. Frank Craig who, since his inclusion in this series has been going so strongly in the pages of the *Graphic*—the moral of which is, of course, obvious—also received his art training, she won a three years' scholarship, equivalent to free instruction for that period at the Royal Academy Schools. At the time Miss Hammond was at Lambeth, Mr. John Sparkes, late of South Kensington, was Principal, and under his auspices the Sketch Club (to which reference has already been made in our interview with Mr. Craig) was started, and to the excellent means thus afforded of learning the art of composition, as well as to Mr. Sparkes's trenchant and helpful criticism, Miss Hammond attributes much—as she modestly puts it—of whatever success she may have gained in her Art. Another method of self-education here carried out, and one which might be followed with

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advantage elsewhere, was the drawing by the pupils, after work, of hour and half-hour sketches for each other—a fancy that could not fail to be mutually beneficial, and was therefore much encouraged by the masters.

At the R.A. the students went through another course of antique and life drawing before being allowed to paint in the Preliminary School of Painting, more familiarly and briefly known as the "Prelim.," from which they are, in turn, passed into the "Upper Life" for painting the head and draped figure from life. Miss Hammond soon showed her mettle by passing through the various Schools, and the examinations intervening between each of the stages, almost as quickly as it could be done. At the end of the three years' course, another similar period of training is given if the student has passed the exams. and attended all the lectures—the latter being a *sine qua non*. The state of Miss Hammond's health, however, precluded her from fulfilling [the



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latter condition—the lectures being at night—and she was voted ineligible for the second term of studentship. This apparent misfortune proved a blessing in disguise, alike for Miss Hammond personally and for the many who have derived pleasure from her work, for it was the means of turning her attention to making some use professionally of what she had learned, and as a consequence gave us one of our finest and most dainty black and white artists.

While working at the R.A. she had begun illustrating stories in various papers, among the first to recognise her abilities being Mr. James Barr, the genial Editor of the *Detriot Free Press*, who secured her services for a Christmas number. To the earlier issues of *Pick-Me-Up*, then under the Art Editorship of Mr. Reichardt, she also contributed some capital work, though she is far from being a "humorous" artist in the generally accepted meaning of the word. The connection thus begun gradually extended, embracing, between the years 1888-1894, such well known periodicals as *Cassell's Magazine*, the *Quiver*, *English Illustrated*, *Queen*, and *St. Paul's*, till at the present time there are few if any magazines of note which have not at one time or another been enriched by examples of Miss Hammond's exquisite line work. In 1886 Miss Hammond exhibited at the Royal Academy, and also regularly from 1891 to 1894, while in 1886 and 1895 some of her colour work graced the walls of the Royal Institution. Latterly, however, she has almost entirely devoted her energies to book illustration, her record in this respect being little short of marvellous, when the uniformly high quality of the work coupled with the amount done, are considered. I append a list of the volumes illustrated by her (and names of publishers) which may be of some interest to those who take pleasure in the graceful work of our leading lady on the Black and White stage :—

1894 "Castle Rackrent and The Absentee." Edgeworth. (MacMillan & Coy).
1895 "Popular Tales." Edgeworth. (MacMillan).
"Moral Tales." Marmontel. (George Allen).
"Sir Charles Grandison." Richardson. (George Allen).
1896 "Helen." Edgeworth. (MacMillan).
"Comedies." Goldsmith. (George Allen).
"Esmond." Thackeray. (Service & Paton).
"Belinda." Edgeworth. (MacMillan).
1897 "Parents' Assistant." Edgeworth. (MacMillan).
"Pendennis." Thackeray. (Service & Paton).
"Vanity Fair." Thackeray. (Service & Paton).
"The Newcomes." Thackeray. (Service & Paton).
"The Caxtons." Lytton. (Service & Paton).
"Daniel." Blackmore. Blackwood).

The volumes published by Messrs. MacMillan & Coy., Ltd., are included in their "Illustrated Standard Library," as well as in the sumptuous "Peacock" edition issued by them, while those bearing the imprint of Messrs. Service & Paton, the well known firm that has done so much in the way of producing what might be called *editions de luxe* for the million, form part of their marvellously cheap and beautifully printed "English Illustrated Library." To Miss Hammond personally are due our best thanks for the illustration on page 266, as well as the portrait of herself—both specially done for the *Book-Stall*. All these speak for themselves and give a better idea than any words of mine could of the high qualities of Miss Hammond's art, and in particular of its dainty grace and charm, but before finally taking leave of her book illustration I ought perhaps to add a special word in praise of the drawings done by her for "Sir Charles Grandison," "Moral Tales," and Goldsmith's "Comedies," each of which has been published in a set of really elegant and handsomely got up volumes by Mr. George Allen.

Among lady black and white artists it is well known that Miss Hammond stands at the top of the tree, but without having anything of the so-called New Woman in her disposition, she is still independant enough to desire that her work should be judged, not in comparison with the circumscribed limitations of her own particular class, but rather with that of all artists, "without prejudice," as the lawyers and Mr. Zangwill put it, on account of sex or other considerations. But be the standard what it may her drawings will more than hold their own, being characterised by a vigour, grace, and charm that makes them out as the work of a true and brilliant artist.

Of Miss Hammond personally one can say little that would not be promptly deleted by her as all too flattering. She has neither fads nor fancies, takes her pleasure in reading, walking, and going to the play, and remains a quiet and unaffected, pleasant and handsome English lady. In short one can most easily sum up her virtues by referring to the poet, for the immortal Robbie might well have had her in his mind when he paid the ever memorable compliment to her sex :—

"Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes O,
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man
And then she made the lasses O!"

J. G. R.



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Illustration to "Vanity Fair" by Miss Chris Hammond, by permission of Messrs. Service & Paton.

CRUMBS FROM A COMMONPLACE BOOK.

"Out of the olde fields, as men saith,
Cometh the newe corne from yeare to yeare;
And out of olde bookes, in good faith,
Cometh this newe science that men lere."

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And no matter what is the object of a man's pursuit, whether it is commercial success, the building up of a fortune, or the attainment of intellectual knowledge, the rule given by the immortal Captain Cuttle—"When found, make a note of it"—will be found to contribute largely to success. It does not matter much what the *it* is, if only it is a new sensation, a new fact, or a new idea—make a note of it, and carry it to your debit account of loss, or to the credit side of gain.

When an idea gets into the mind, it offers itself first in a will-o'-the-wispish, tantalizing sort of way. It comes and goes in a hide-and-seek manner, revealing itself in glimpses which are neither clear enough nor prolonged enough to make that kind of impression on the memory which is necessary to fix it. But if you catch the tricksy thing, and once set it in form, pinning it to the paper, no matter how roughly, it is your own property for good and all—the definite impression is secured. So as you go through the world, or peruse a book, use your pen as a kodak, and take snap-shots as you read or walk—

"In reading authors if you find
Bright passages which strike the mind,
And which perhaps you may have reason
To think of at another season,
Don't be contented with the sight,
But put them down in black and white."

And so you will find that—

"When Time who steals your years away
Will steal your pleasures too,
The records of the past will stay
And half your joys renew."

"Men attach more or less importance to past and future events according as they are more or less engaged in action and the busy scenes of life. Those who have a fortuue to make, or are in pursuit of rank and power, think little of the past, for it does not contribute greatly to their views; those who have nothing to do but to think, take nearly the same interest in the future. The contemplation of the one is as delightful and real as that of the other; but the remembrance of it is left. The past still lives in the memory of those who have leisure to look back upon the way they have trod, and can from it 'catch glimpses which may make them less forlorn.' The turbulence of action must point to the future; it is only in the quiet innocence of shepherds, in the simplicity of pastoral ages that a tomb was found with the inscription—'I also was an Arcadian.'"

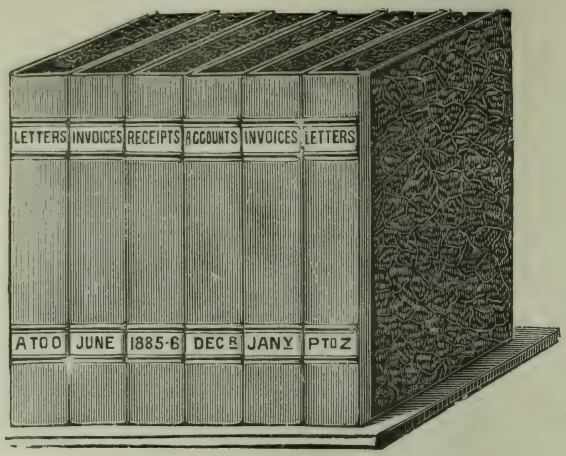
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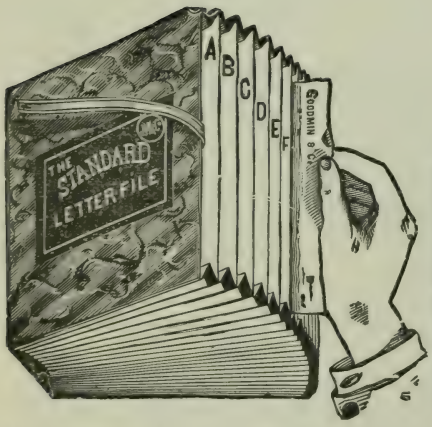
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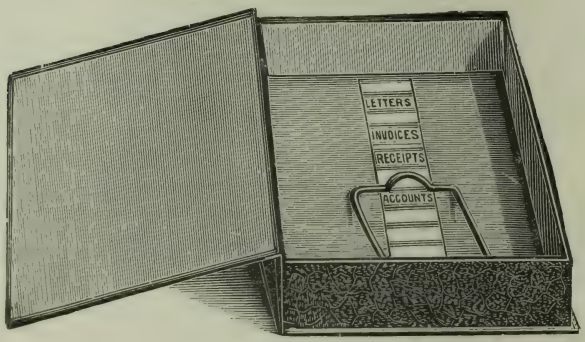
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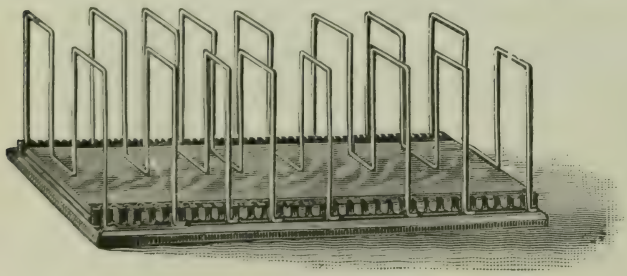
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SOME U.P.'s IN THE FIFTIES.

THE Old Meeting House has disappeared and in its place a Modern Church has been erected, and yet the old-fashioned barn-like building with its back to the main thoroughfare has memories connected with it which are worthy of remembrance. It was difficult to know how to gain access to it. At each gable there were huge clumsy wooden gates, and when these were opened there was a narrow pathway leading to the main entrance, entirely hid from public view. On entering, there were two passages, right and left, to stairs leading to the galleries, while the sittings in the area were protected from draughts by high wooden partitions along the back seats, and although the interior of the building was primitive and old-fashioned, there was an air of comfort about it which, from the exterior, would never have been expected. The pulpit was of the old type, and above it a pretty large sounding board, on the top of which was the figure of a dove with outstretched wings and an olive branch in its bill—a great attraction to children, and meant to illustrate a remarkable event in Bible story. In this old building a congregation, fit though few, worshipped, and many of them recalled to memory the inspiration and impulses for good which they had received there, and which was the birthplace of a new and spiritual life. For within these walls they had listened to the fervent and persuasive pleadings of James Templeton, the bluff yet sympathetic Robert Sedgwick, the quaint and original preaching of Peter Robertson of Craigdam, the powerful eloquence of Dr. Alex. Fletcher of London, the glowing periods of Dr. Robson of Glasgow, the finished and popular discourses of Dr. Joseph Brown, then of Dalkeith, the poetic fancy and intense earnestness of W. B. Robertson of Irvine, the apostolic fervour and zeal of Rev. James Robertson of Newington, the bright and brilliant utterances of George Gilfillan of Dundee, and many others, while numbers of the ablest and most successful Foreign Missionaries gave stirring accounts of their failures and their victories in those heathen lands in which they laboured and were to labour. At the time I knew it, an excellent and worthy man was the minister, and if he had no "blue blood in his veins" he had what was infinitely better, the inherited piety of the author of the Self-Interpreting Bible, Rev. John Brown of Haddington. In addition to his pastoral work, he was Lecturer on Botany in King's College, and thus supplemented the modest stipend which the congregation paid him of one hundred and twenty pounds a year. He was a thin, wiry man with a pleasant expression of face, alert and quick in his movements, yet his manner was at once gracious and gentlemanly. With a highly cultured mind, and a ready gift of speech, he had the art of communicating to others what he knew, with rare ability and success. This knowledge he willingly placed

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at the service of his fellow citizens, and delivered courses of popular lectures on scientific subjects, which were largely attended and highly appreciated. Wherever Rev. J. C. Brown was, and in whatever he was engaged, he was always the scholar, the gentleman, and the Christian.

Behind the Church, or more properly at the front, a few feet from the entrance door, along a wall was a building with a slanting roof. This curious structure was divided and had two entrances; it was also dignified by the imposing title of Session House. One of the apartments was about 12 feet long and 8 feet broad, the lower part of the roof being about 5½ feet high and the back about 8 feet. In this apartment classes met, the prayer meetings were held, and the elders and managers transacted the business of the church. The elders were not a large body, and the majority were old men or considerably past middle life. Some of them were outstanding in the high Christian character which they evinced, for the faith which they displayed, and the gifts and graces by which their lives were adorned. They might be at a loss to speak to their fellow men, but when speaking to God in prayer they had free utterance, deep reverence, and unobtrusive piety.

At the meetings of Session, there sometimes emerged incidents which had a touch of humour in them. On one occasion, a Deputation from the Synod waited on the Session to recommend the particular scheme which they represented to their interest and liberality. Various members expressed their warmest interest with the object, and at last, after a pause, one of the oldest members made a movement as if he would speak. The Moderator gently encouraged him, and with great trepidation, and no little hesitation, the old man stuttered out the following brief speech:—"Weel, gentlemen, I'm sure we're a verra pleased to see ye—and wid like to dee what we can—but we're a poor congregation—nearly a' composed o' servan' lasses—so we caana dee much." He could say no more, he was literally gasping for breath, pausing long between the words, and his face suffused with blushes. All the time he spoke, the large coloured pocket handkerchief which he held in his hands was twisted with tremendous energy, just as he used to twist the flax, for he had been a flax dresser. Yet this man so diffident, so gentle, so kindly, unable almost to express coherently what he intended before others, could repeat the whole of "Paradise Lost," and delighted in giving long quotations from Milton's great work.

It was customary at the meetings of Session for the minister to intimate who was to assist him at the next Communion. On one occasion he said that he was to be assisted by his brother Mr. McArthur. One member, in tones of disgust, hissing through his teeth, asked, Is that the man from Tough? laying special emphasis on Tough. Yes, was the reply quietly answered by the Moderator as if no feeling had been manifested by the abrupt and too frequent cantankerous querist. The man from Tough was a very distinguished student at the University; gave up preaching for teaching; assisted the late Professor Robertson Smith as sub-editor of the Encyclopædia Brittanica; on the completion of that work, went to America to edit the Century Dictionary, and is now, I believe, conductor of the American edition of *Review of Reviews*, and recently adapted "The Little Minister" for the American stage.

One Sunday afternoon the minister, having finished his sermon, gave out the hymn. He read it through, and then gave out the first two lines and sat down. There was no response. The precentor was sound asleep, with his arm leaning on the desk, his hand and fingers passing through his long locks of hair, and with a nodding head, he had to the congregation a rather ludicrous appearance. One of the older members of the choir stood up, punching him with the hymn-book, and finding it unavailing to awaken him, he led the singing, and so soundly did the precentor sleep that the first verse was almost finished when he awoke, looking around him completely bewildered and confused. The incident was the occasion of much talk, and the culprit was suitably and affectionately admonished by the minister.

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the elder or manager whose turn it might be to attend to the collection. The plate was fixed on the front of a glass door, which opened into a seat, where the person sat who had charge. After the service was begun, the plate was removed by lifting one seat and putting down another, and thus the guardian of the cash reversed his position, as he turned his back to the door and his face to the minister. Immediately above was a short gas bracket which was lighted during the winter time. On this occasion the occupant of the seat was tall and had a heathery head of hair. On standing during prayer his body had a stooping inclination, by-and-by he straightened himself up, and the long hair touched the gas and immediately flared up and smelt strongly. The poor man with eyes shut never observed till, standing in the pew beside him, I clapped my hands on his head and extinguished the flame, which arrested attention and caused some smiling on the part of those who witnessed it. Exactly a year afterwards, the same man had the same experience. I was wicked enough to watch and wait to see if the occurrence of the former year would be repeated, and it was. On coming out of church I recommended him to carry a large extinguisher when engaged in such duty, and my suggestion was anything but well received.

The Beadle was an interesting character, small of stature, with a happy countenance and always a radiant smile ; he went about his work very quietly and circumspectly. At all meetings of Session he was present occupying a seat near the door, and with his working jacket on, similar to Eton, but moleskin instead of cloth, he always in his appearance reminded me of Tom Pinch in "Martin Chuzzlewit.' On one occasion I passed the door in which for many years he had been employed as a trustworthy and valued assistant. He said he wanted to speak to me, and in his quiet earnest tone he confidentially informed me that he was sure Johnnie was growing "dottled." Johnnie was the familiar name he gave his employer. A few days after this I met his master, and among other things he told me, he was sure Magnus, his old assistant and the Church Beadle, was growing "dottled," and asked me very seriously whether I had ever observed it. I said I had not, but I was rather tickled at the estimate they had formed of each other as to their mental state, expressed in exactly the same words.

It was observed that the church door collections were being tampered with, between the afternoon service and the evening Sabbath School. Certain coins had been put into the plate, and when the collection was counted they were absent. This was only known to two or three, and having talked the matter over, it was agreed to set a watch after the dismissal of the congregation so as to secure the pilferer. One of the number volunteered that when the congregation was dismissed in the afternoon, he would act as a detective and go into one of the back seats and lie down on the floor so as to be perfectly concealed. He did so one afternoon, and after being in that uncomfortable position for some time, he heard a step coming quietly and stealthily along. Nearer and nearer it came to where he was hid, the door of the seat was opened, and as the female attendant, for it was she, was placing the cover on the bookboard, she trampled on the prostrate form of the watcher and gave such a shriek as made the empty church ring again, while the amateur detective gathered himself up and explained as he best could the pitiable plight he was in, and the reason of his appearance in such a questionable position. After a little the explanation was satisfactory, because it was made quite clear that no suspicion rested upon her or hers. I was waiting to hear the result, and when he appeared dusty and agitated I thought he must have had a considerable scuffle with the thief, but when he was able to tell me his experience, I could not restrain a hearty laugh at his expense. Instead of further watching, a new lock and key was procured for the Cash Box, and there was no more missing coins.

The most of those to whom I have referred have passed away and a new generation has taken their place. The building which now occupies the site of the Old Meeting House

has a large congregation, and the various agencies of Belmont Street United Presbyterian Church are worked with great zeal and success under the appreciated pastorate of one who has preached in both churches, Rev. D. Beatt, D.D., the able and esteemed successor of the worthy and well remembered Rev. J. C. Brown, LL.D.

A. S. C.

THE SONG OF THE WHEEL.

O IT'S rare to ride on the Pentland tide,
As it races through the skerries,
And the sheets tight haul, on the flying yawl,
Where the grim roost swirls and harries.

On a trotting horse, o'er a well-turfed course,
When its springy hoofs are beating,
Or joy in the jar of a jaunting car,
And the dirl of a dogcart fleeting.

To rip and score the surface hoar
Of the new ice 'neath the moon,
Or shoot on high in a bath of sky
On the drift in a big balloon.

When the whip's lash cracks from the hunters' backs,
And you bound with the baying dogs,
Or tear distract down a cataract
On a raft of drifted logs.

When you jolt and pant on an elephant,
It's a pleasure dubious, very,
Or rock in the land where the fields grow sand,
On a howderin' dromedary.

You may trek through a belt of scraggy veldt
In a lumbering bullock waggon,
Or breathless glide down a mile-long slide,
Canadian toboggan.

To urge the sledge o'er the frozen sedge,
Where the Norway nights are starry,
Or spank amain o'er an Indian plain,
In a rickshaw or a gharri.

Though swift the flood, the horse is good,
The elephant commodious ;
On the air-girt wheel of a bicycle,
Comparisons are odious.

With the rooks first caw at morning daw,
With the first blue curl of smoke,
When the night winds whine, from the shivering pine,
Has gone with the night-frog's croak.

You are first astir, with the muffled whirr
Of your wheels in the drowsy street,
And the daw and dove on the roofs above
Are the only folks you meet.

Down the beech-bound lane, where a trinkling rain
Has sponged the dusty leaves,
And the cottage sleeps where the sparrow peeps,
And chirrups in the eaves.

There a white tail blinks, as a rabbit jinks
From the clover to the fern,
And the willow wren, from the reedy fen,
Flutes to the bubbling burn.

By field and flood, by wold and wood,
Round many a bend and twine ;
But of all things best is your feet in rest
Down a three-mile-long incline.

With a path uncrackt, like a cinder track,
No rut in road or lane,
No click nor creak, no axle squeak,
And a silent driving-chain.

Then on and on, the morning's gone,
The sun is hot and high ;
O'er hill and howe, the cattle low,
And the sunburnt herdboys cry.

The great cartload jolts down the road,
The horse tugs at the harrow,
The lazy gulls divide the spoils
Where the ploughman lifts the furrow.

Then up a steep, dismount and creep,
Where the bog-myrtle and thyme
Their odours blow, and you see the snow,
On a distant peak sublime.

Then over the ridge, and across the bridge,
Where the speckled hill trout's splashing ;
Anon you steer, where the startled deer
Through the crackling brushwood's crashing.

Where the grey crags loom through the pinewood gloom,
And roar with the waterfall,
Where the squirrels leap, and the lizards creep,
You can hear and see them all.

Then on and on, the day is gone,
The red west glares and gleams,
It gilds the bough, and the lake below,
And burnishes the streams.

From the wind-stirred grass, as you swiftly pass,
To his love the corncrake calls,
And the plover's wail to the lonely dale,
From the furzy upland falls.

The cushats coo their vespers low
From the spruce's lofty spire,
And the yellow-yite its shrill good night
Chirrs from the humming wire.

The deepening shade is black where laid,
In the hollows of the hedge,
While stirs the gloom, with the bittern's boom,
As it drums in the marish sedge.

The woodcock's cry thrills eerily,
As it hawks on the gloaming moth,
And the black bat flits, as the brown owl sits
On the fir by the darkening path.

Through chink and pane, see wax and wane
The flash of the flickering fire,
Where the housewife sits and darns or knits,
And nods o'er her clicking wire.

The stars gleam out, and a joyous shout
Declares the welcome inn,
And you call for beer, cool, brisk and clear,
In a cosy room within.

DEUX.

BOOKS TO READ.

"THE MASTER OF CRAIGENS" is one of the books with which you might while away very pleasantly a winter evening. Beginning with a tragedy, continuing with a mystery, and ending with a marriage, it gives some pleasant pictures of scenery and life among the Campsie Hills. It is a good Scotch story, not, we are thankful to say, of the Kailyard type.

It is well illustrated, well got up, and published by Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier at 3/6. Cash price at Brown's Book-Stall, 2/8.

From the same publishing house comes the famous Scots series, the latest volume of which, on Robert Louis Stevenson, by Margaret Moyes Black, has been very successful.

Speaking of the Kailyard school of literature reminds us of a nicely got up volume of verse recently published (price 5/-) entitled "Burns from Heaven." Friend Robin comes on a return visit to the Earth, and on the subject of the Kailyarders expresses himself thus:—

ANOTHER OLD FIRM.

SINCE we began some years ago to publish the history of the foundation and growth of the firm of A. Brown & Co., several old firms in the city have given more or less complete accounts of their early days. The latest contribution to this class of local literature is a charming booklet issued by Messrs. W. & K. Jopp under the modest title of "Wine List,"—a title which may give some indication of the treasures in their cellars, but gives no indication of the internal attractions of the booklet, which, besides two coloured illustrations, contains some half-dozen beautiful reproductions of old engravings; together with a sketch, all too short, of the firm. This was founded in 1817 by Mr. William Allardyce, one of whose ancestors, "John Allardes, was chief magistrate of Aberdeen 1697 to 1701, while Provost James Jopp, of Cotton, wine and cloth merchant (a curious combination) held the same high office in 1768. It was this latter gentlemen who, in 1773, enjoyed the distinction of presenting the famous Dr. Johnson with the Freedom of the City while he was on his historical Northern Tour."

It was also interesting to us to learn that "Jopp's," which is the whisky we ourselves drink, is a blend of Northern whiskies concocted by one of the original partners long before northern whiskies had attained their present prosperity, which showed that he was "a judge, and a good judge too."

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PERTHSHIRE CONSTITUTIONAL says:—Mr. Reid and the Editor of the "Book-Stall" are to be jointly and severally congratulated on these bright and valuable Notes on Black and White Artists.

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BY J. G. REID.

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Is thoroughly deserving of perusal, and is extremely interesting because of its illustrations.

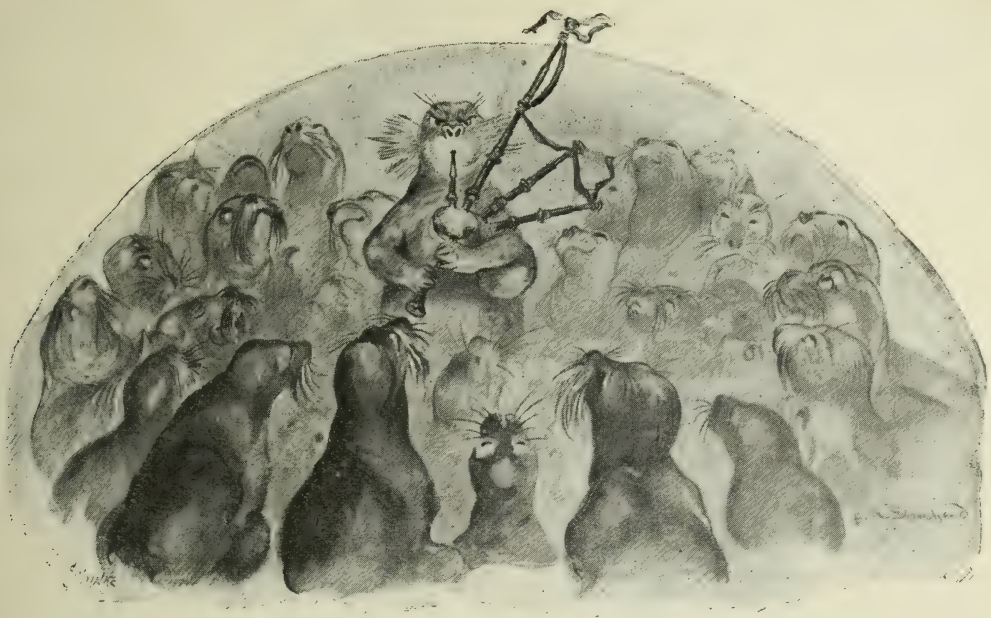
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AT THE SIGN OF THE BRUSH AND PEN.



THE SEAL ROW.

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No. 16.—MR. JAMES AFFLECK SHEPHERD.

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill.
But let it whistle as it will
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Marmion, Canto vi.

NOW is the Winter of our Discontent made worse than ever by the Coloured Supplement. So might the Great Immortal have written had he lived in these days when the printed monstrosity popularly known as the "Presentation Plate," in one hundred and nine distinct tints, adds a gloom to every bookseller's window.

God rest you Merry Gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay—

says the old carol, but how can we at a season which sees alike the heyday of the Christmas Number, the Christmas Card, the Coloured Supplement, the Mistletoe Bough, the Plum Pudding, and the Seidlitz Powder? That the Christmas Card ought to be (though unfortunately it isn't) as defunct as the Dodo, is financially obvious; that the Christmas Number, except in a rare instance which need not here be more particularly referred to—for our readers are a discerning race—is a delusion and a mockery, no one who has cumbered the house with these misnamed productions, replete with as much Christmas flavour as there are raisins in the Landlady's Christmas pudding, will deny; that the Mistletoe Bough is but a by-way to the Law Courts, and heavy damages awarded by a tender-hearted jury, is a conceit that would be happy had it an element of truth in it; and that the race of the Presentation Plate is run is an accepted fact which not even the limited intelligence of a Town Coun-



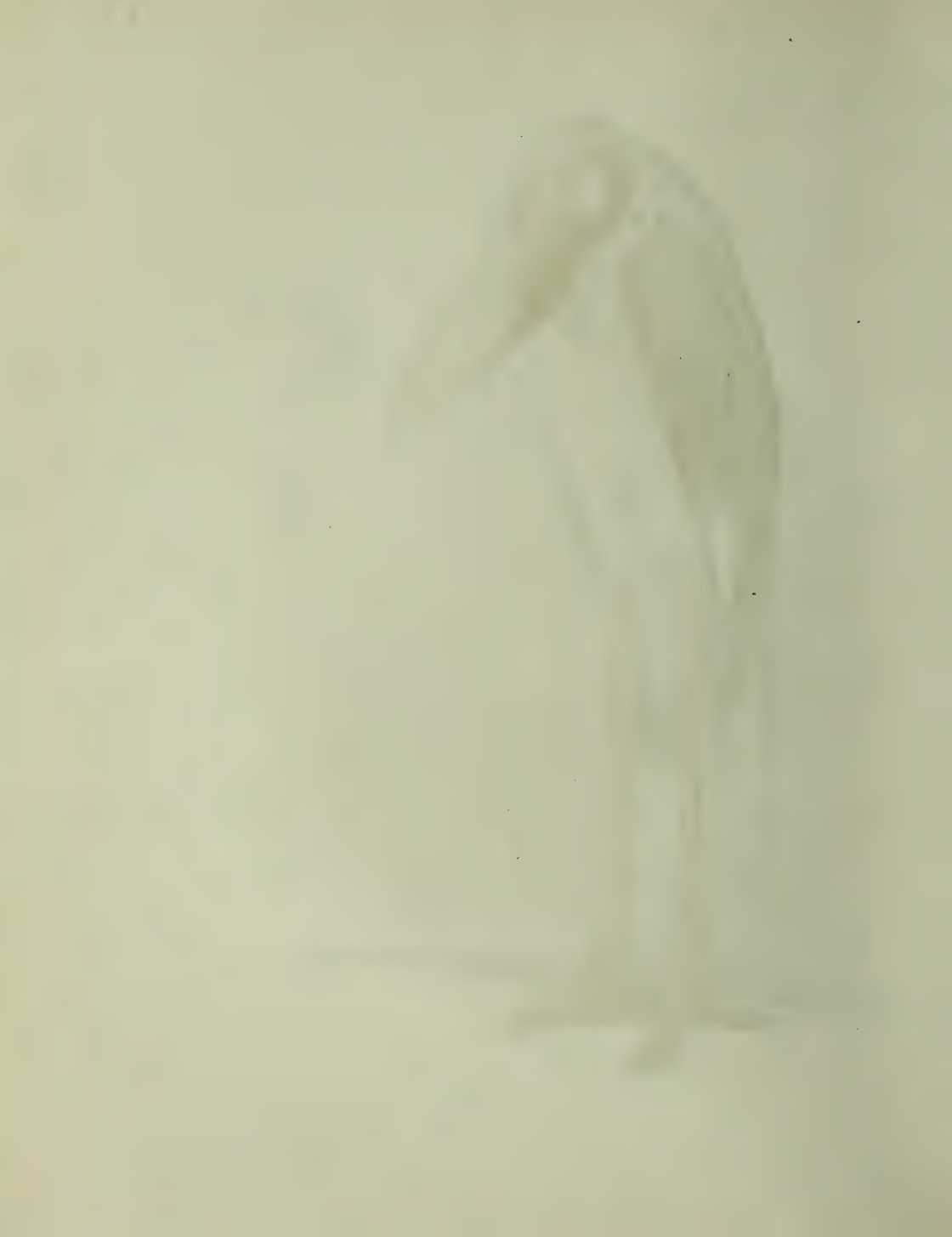
MR. J. A. SHEPHERD.

From an unpublished drawing by himself.



J A S

Stork v. Wasp
A Sketch at the Zoo



cillor could fail to appreciate. Reform, however, comes slowly, and, warned by the hapless fate of the young Emperor of China, we have decided to follow the advice of the great Erasmus—*festina lente*, for Public Opinion is an Empress-Dowager of the most bigoted type. Our motto then is, "One at a time," and therefore, having in a measure justified a further lease of life to the Christmas Number by the present issue, we have, for the moment, left the Christmas Card and the Mistletoe Bough for another occasion and briefed ourselves (at enormous expense) in the cause of the Coloured Supplement. That a time-honoured institution may not go altogether to the wall as if it were merely a Fisheries Exhibition, we have endeavoured to show how the thing *can* be done: *In witness whereof* we beg respectfully to call the attention of our readers and, incidentally also that of Messrs. Pears, the Proprietors of sundry illustrated papers, and such like minor firms who have attempted the Presentation Plate and only produced a rather poor substitute for a bathroom wall-paper, to the daintily coloured and really humorous bit of work, which, with characteristic kindness, Mr. J. A. Shepherd has specially executed for us, and which accompanies this number.

* * * * * * * * * *

Having got the foregoing lengthy preamble off my mind, it may not be amiss to write something about Mr. Shepherd himself, which, after all—if apology be needed—was the original and primary object of these notes. For the purpose I have, so to speak, bearded the Lion in his Den, or rather in his Menagerie, for Mr. Shepherd when at home is surrounded by about as "endless stocks" of animals of one sort or another as there were "beautiful frocks" in the mind's eye of the right-down reg'lar royal queen that was to be—the net result of which somewhat hazardous enterprise is hereafter truly set forth.

Bromley isn't at all a bad sort of place. Compared with Aberdeen it is, of course, poor, for as yet it has not seriously considered the advisability of erecting either a statue to Byron or a Public Slaughter-house, and it lacks the civilizing influences of Municipal Tramway Stations and City Lectures of the most enlightened type. Put in tabular form, its attractions may be summed up as follows:—

(*a*). 1 Bank.
(*b*). 3 Newspapers.
(*c*). A College for Clergymen's Widows.
(*d*). A Medicinal Spring "strongly impregnated with chalybeate."

It lies about eight miles S.E. of London by rail, its Market Day is Thursday, and, as the Crosby Hall legend puts it, "there you will find him"—the gentleman represented by the pronoun being, it is perhaps unnecessary to explain, Mr. James Affleck Shepherd and no other. My arrival passed off quietly. There were no Venetian Masts, and the population, numbering, according to the latest Returns, 15,154 souls all told, behaved with considerable self-restraint, and I was allowed to proceed to "Lomond," wherein Mr. Shepherd has his dwelling place and habitation, without being pressed to accept—"graciously" or otherwise—a bouquet of thistles or any other appropriate floral offering.

Mr. Shepherd was unfeignedly glad to see me for my own sake (which is not to be wondered at), but he shewed no enthusiasm when I suggested that he should, for the moment, imagine that he was M. Louis de Rougemont, *neé* Grin, and that I was the Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*. Thereafter ensued the following conversation transcribed, in the interests of Truth, from the original shorthand notes.

Scene: A DRAWING ROOM—of the Louis Quatorze period.

Dramatis Personæ:

MR. JAMES AFFLECK SHEPHERD: Artist, and Victim of Circumstances.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR: A Mere Journalist.

The Grand Inquisitor (*cheerily*)—I have come as a sort of Press Copy of our old friend Sandy McLaus, Mr. Shepherd, to wish you, in advance, a Merry Christmas, so that you, in turn, may—quite innocently—be the means of affording about the festive season a happy half-hour or so to the readers of *Brown's Book-Stall*.

Mr. J. A. Shepherd (*with an air of protest*)—But I have never heard of the rag I mean the publication you name, and—

The G. I.—The loss, I assure you, is yours. Allow me to hand you an advance copy containing our "interview." It may be helpful in showing you where you can, with advantage, make telling replies.

Mr. J. A. S.—Really, really! How enterprising! But (*referring to the "proof"*) what am I to say next?

The G. I.—There is rather a seasonable joke about my making mince-meat of you which I thought of working in hereabouts, but it would only be appreciated on this side of the Border, and would have to be expur-

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gated, as unintelligible, from the Scotch edition. But, merely as a matter of form, Mr. Shepherd, you might tell me something about yourself. You began life at quite an early age.

Mr. J. A. S.—Most people do, I believe. However, if you consult any reliable authority on the point, you will learn that I was born in London on or about the 29th November, 1867.

The G. I.—Just a few days before the Fenian Explosions at Clerkenwell prison.

[*Mr. Shepherd seemed surprised, but I did not mention that I had consulted my "Haydn" before starting.*]

Mr. J. A. S.—I remember them well. A few days afterwards, if my memory serves me, one hundred and thirteen thousand, six hundred and seventy-four special constables had been enrolled in the United Kingdom.

[*I only gave a pained look, but it caught Mr. Shepherd's eye.*]

Mr. J. A. S.—That is to say, of course, I have *heard* all about it.

The G. I. (*simply*)—Thank you *so* much. I was feeling uneasy about the accuracy of this interview. But, pray go on.

Mr. J. A. S.—I began my artistic training at the age of sixteen by being articled to Mr. Alfred Bryan, the very famous caricaturist, for a term of three years. Of Mr. Bryan I cannot speak too highly, for he is one of the best of men. I have always likened him to Charles Dickens, for he possesses the great master's humour and observation to a remarkable degree.

The G. I.—I may tell you in confidence, Mr. Shepherd, that he is a "marked man"—that is to say, he is the next victim on my list, and has promised something in the way of pictorial matter that ought to make our local Artists' Society and the National Gallery green with envy.

Mr. J. A. S.—Mr. Bryan is unequalled in his own line, and I find in him more genuine humour than in any other black and white man.

The G. I.—And at those tender years did you first make the acquaintance of the playful hippopotami?

Mr. J. A. S.—Yes; during this time we spent a day every week sketching hard at the Zoo.

The G. I.—And thus, by a process of evolution, from drawing men and animals alternately, you came to produce a sort of combination of both, as in that almost human Stork I see there, and which, by the way, would serve to illustrate in the pages of the *Book-Stall* in a very convincing manner your clever method of work.

[*Mr. Shepherd bowed pleasantly. That he rose nobly to the occasion, however, our full page illustration will testify. And here I might, in parenthesis, express my indebtedness, firstly to his charming wife for graciously lending the sketch of Mr. Shepherd by himself which*



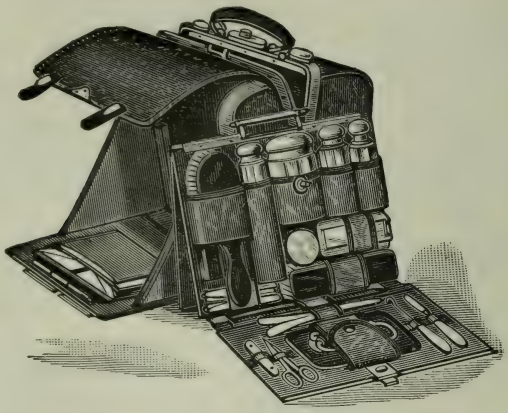
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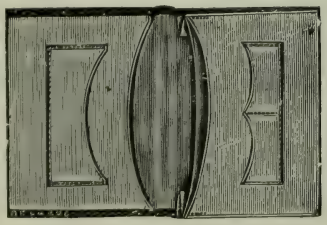
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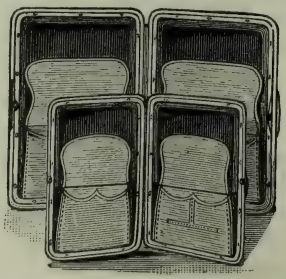
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we are fortunate in being able to reproduce; secondly, to Mr. Shepherd personally for the other original unpublished drawings which accompany these notes; and thirdly, to the kindly courtesy of Sir George Newnes and the Art Editor of the STRAND MAGAZINE *for permission to give some characteristic illustrations from one of Mr. Shepherd's most successful works, "Zig Zags at the Zoo," the drawings for which, with text "written up" to them by Mr. Arthur Morrison, subsequently famous as the author of "A Child of the Jago" and "Tales of Mean Streets," first appeared in the* STRAND, *and subsequently in book form.*]

The G. I. (*having duly returned thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd*)—And that was all the Art training you ever received?

Mr. J. A. S.—Yes, practically all. Having, as Mr. Gilbert puts it, "served a span," I started "on my own," working for a couple of years on the staff of *Moonshine*. I was also a frequent contributor to *Judy*, then belonging to Mr. Gilbert Dalziel, and a sort of nursery of "all the talents" in Black and White. Probably no paper has ever had at one time on its staff so brilliant an array of men, already famous or destined to become so. Just fancy!—there were Maurice Greiffenhagen, and that brilliant actor-artist, Bernard Partridge; William Parkinson, Alfred Bryan, Hal Ludlow, A. Chasemore, and the genial and kindly W. F. Thomas, all now on the staff of the *Half-Holiday*; poor Fred. Barnard; Charles Keene's only successor, Raven Hill; Fred. Pegram, most dainty of black and white men; H. R. Millar, so well known to the readers of the *Strand*; F. H. Townsend; and that inimitable artist, Leslie Willson. Some time afterwards, the *Strand Magazine* was launched, and I have been connected with it almost from the commencement. Beginning with some odd articles on animal life, I subsequently contributed the "Zig Zags at the Zoo" which ran through twenty-six numbers.

The G. I. (*partaking of refreshment*)—And helped not a little to win for the *Strand* a firm hold on the public favour during the days of its infancy.

[*Mr. Shepherd was too modest to permit of my saying this without protest; but I assured him it was not for publication, and he seemed satisfied.*]



From an unpublished drawing by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, specially done for "Brown's Book-Stall."

Mr. J. A. S.—The "Zig Zags," as you are doubtless aware, were subsequently published in book form, and were followed by "Zig Zag Fables," afterwards issued in colour by Messrs. Gardner, Darton & Co.

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Some Christmas Cards and a Moral.

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a Year" says the old rhyme, and, with an irony worthy of inclusion in Mr. Hardy's collection of Life's little ones, it add "And when it comes it brings Good Cheer." "Good Cheer" is one of those vague, uncertain sort of things—just like a Fisheries Exhibition Guarantee—which may mean anything ; had exigence of rhyme allowed of the substitution of "Christmas Cards," we would have understood it, for the festive season, if it does nothing else, generally brings through the prosaic medium of the Post Office a more or less extensive collection of the common or garden variety of pasteboard sentiments, while it invariably compels us, who are mere males, to devote a considerable portion of our time, and (unfortunately) our pen e, to the purchase of certain pictorial emblems which, for one brief moment in their inglorious career, will adorn the mantle-shelf of the Misses Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and thereafter form part of a parcel of such sent by them to some fatuous ward—the receipt of which will be duly chronicled in the local press.

* * * * * * *

Such in brief is the story of the ordinary Christmas Card, the fate of which trembled in the balance. Then a notable thing happened. Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, premier card-producers to the Queen, nobility, laity and clergy of all denominations, took the matter in hand, and, seeing that the bit of pasteboard with a hitherto unknown plant, a shivering Cupid, and a quatrain of verse calculated to land one in a Breach of Promise Case, as its sole adornment, was likely to share the untoward fate of St. Valentine, boldly stepped into the breach and produced a series of cards that are really worthy of preservation by the fortunate recipient. In short, thanks to the energy and enterprise of this firm, the Christmas Card is, like Richard, itself again, and, let the man who has not too much money and five and thirty expectant female cousins declare, an' he will, that the custom of sending cards at Christmas is now as obsolete as a Philippine Island postage stamp with the Infant King of Spain's head on it, the Post Office returns shew conclusively that the Christmas Card flourishes once more like the cedar in Lebanon. Nor need we marvel at this, for Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons have this year eclipsed themselves, and among Christmas Car i makers stand in the front rank—the moral of which, to those in want of a good thing, is, of course, obvious

MESSRS. MORGAN, photographers, 393 Union Street, have on view in their show-cases a number of examples of portraits taken by the electric light, which for roundness, combined with softness and abundance of detail, will compare favourably with anything in the photographic line taken under the most favourable conditions of daylight. A personal call at Messrs. Morgan's studio resulted in our being shown the installation in working order. The light comes from four sets of carbons working in series, and is so arranged that while the direct light is quite concealed, the reflections from the arcs cover a large space, and throw a soft, diffused light round the sitter of great actinic power, and bearing a strong resemblance to diffused daylight. We found on trial that the light caused no eye strain, and that there were no perceptible heat rays. We have no doubt that this convenience to the public will be largely taken advantage of during the winter season.

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The G. I. (*feeling that the season of goodwill towards men was approaching*]—A capital volume, containing, if I mistake not, some delightful pictures of cocks and hens which are worthy of Caldicott at his best.

Mr. J. A. S.—Waiving the point about Caldicott, your mention of cocks and hens reminds me of rather an amusing experience. As you can see (and hear) for yourself, I keep a small menagerie about the premises, including a fair supply of fowls. I am consumedly fond of hens, for I think they are extraordinary birds for expression. They seem to show the toils and tribulations connected with the production of eggs in a marvellous degree. Some, you will note, have their mouths curved upwards and appear to rise superior to the worries incidental to the incubating period, while others have the curve proceeding downwards and look most woe-be-gone and depressed.

The G. I.—Just as if they had spent their lives in interviewing black and white artists.

Mr. J. A. S.—Or being interviewed—which I should say was even a more painful and depressing experience. However, to go on with the story: I once bought several fowls of various breeds, one of which I was compelled to return.

The G. I.—Backward in the egg production business, I suppose.

Mr. J. A. S.—Oh dear no!—I don't keep fowls for profit—at least by means of their eggs. The truth is, I didn't like its expression.

[*I apologised at once, excusing myself by explaining that I had hitherto failed to realise that at Smithfield, as in the Matrimonial Market, History might repeat itself, and, as in the case of the "pretty maid" of the ballad, the face of a chicken might prove to be its only fortune.*]

Mr. J. A. S.—A similar difficulty seems to have presented itself to the worthy farmer who sold me the bird, for when I tried to explain my objections to him, he replied "*Expression?—I don't know anything about that, but she's the best of the lot, and lays a beautiful brown egg!*"

The G. I.—In 1893, I believe, you received your "call," Mr. Shepherd?

Mr. J. A. S.—Yes, Mr. Burnand invited me to draw for *Punch* in that year, and I made my *debût* in the "Almanack" for 1894. Some fifty drawings followed, including a series of "Animal Spirits," but a period of ill health intervening, all work was given up except that for the *Strand Magazine*. At present, as you will have seen, I am illustrating a series of "Animal Actualities" in its pages—these being perfectly authentic anecdotes of animal life (in many cases contributed by readers themselves), treated, however, with freedom and fancy, more with a view to an amusing commentary than to a mere representation of the occurrences.

The G. I. (*becoming, for once, poetical*)—

"He that courts Fortune boldly, makes her kind,'

says Dryden. Have you any plans for the future, Mr. Shepherd?

Mr. J. A. S.—I have received several requests to contribute to American publications, and have also been asked to cross the pond, but, so far as I am at present able to say, I mean, in the near future, to devote most of my time to painting.

The G. I.—As to your methods of work, Sir, I take it that in spite of the fact that you are, so to speak, "paid to be funny," you are a most serious student of animal life.

Mr. J. A. S.—My method, so far as I can define it, is most sincerely to draw the subject in every possible position before caricaturing it, and at times, I can assure you, it is hard to make the drawing grotesque and give up that which is true to Nature. As you can see from these Sketch Books (*numerous tomes were here tendered in evidence*), I have made studies in every possible corner of the Animal creation, from the fly to the rhinoceros, and endless notes zoological, ornithological, and anatomical, so that, simple though such a drawing as say, "Gillie Callum" may appear, a considerable amount of study of the animal kingdom is necessary before one can caricature and at the same time retain the natural appearance of the subject.

The G. I.—From a pictorial point of view you doubtless prefer certain animals to others.

Mr. J. A. S.—I have already confessed a predilection for the festive fowl. Ducks, on the other hand, are expressionless creatures—just a button for an eye, a curve of white for a head, and a dab of yellow for a bill. Ravens again are delightful—though most difficult to portray successfully. But what an eye—always brilliant, and capable of innumerable expressions. They are so deep, and like Joey Bagstock, "dev'lish sly." As a matter of fact, I have a theory that all black animals are mysterious. For instance, there is the black wolf at the Zoo, who never allows more than his hind quarters to be seen—slinking into his den at the approach of visitors. Then there is the

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black cat with its proverbial uncanniness, its sister, the black leopard, one of the most saturnine of beasts, and the jackdaw and raven, both birds of evil omen.

The G. I.—And do you find the animal in the human or the human in the animal more noticeable?

Mr. J. A. S.—It would be hard to say. The former is often very marked—as for instance, in a railway carriage ; man in the corner—hippopotamus ; man on left—stork ; on right—pelican; lady opposite—an old hen ; meek man squashed in corner—belongs to antelope sheds at the Zoo ; Parrot house also left and right, and so on.

The G. I.—Doubtless, during your long study of animals you have come across some remarkable instances of what might easily be regarded as something more than instinct?

Mr. J. A. S.—Let me tell you a story :—Once upon a time I possessed a remarkable terrier who had not a single redeeming virtue, being treacherous, sulky, and spiteful. He was a wonderful diver, however, and would perform graceful feats in the middle of a pond, or take "headers" from the bank and bring stones from the bottom. In short, he would have been a perfect treasure for a Showman. As I had no thoughts of entering that profession myself, I communicated with one of repute in the line, and while awaiting his reply, the dog was taken for a dive. Down he went, and—would you believe it ?—never came up ! Was it suicide or weeds ? At anyrate the favourable answer from the Showman came too late—the doggie's diving days were over.

The G. I.—Finally, Mr. Shepherd, you have of course been in Scotland, and were duly charmed with the land of the mountain and the flood ?

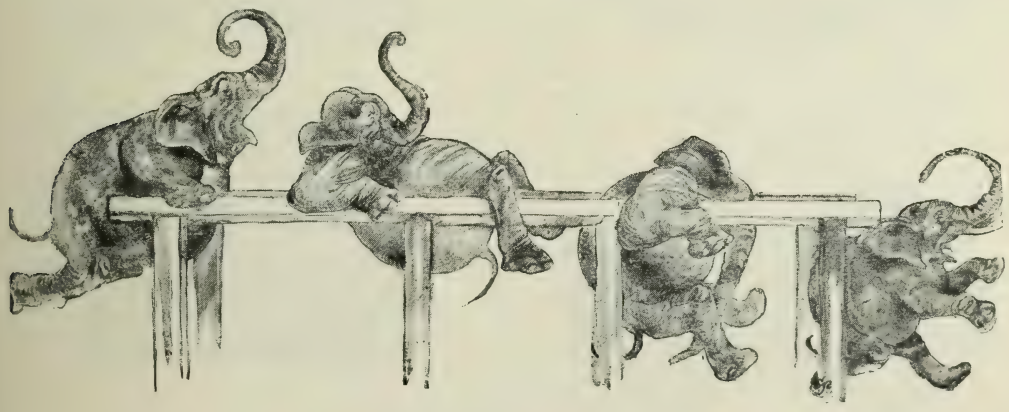
Mr. J. A. S.—Loch Lomond and its environs I found delighttul, but—(*in a stage whisper*) tell it not in Gath—breathe it not in the streets of Ascalon (you will be able to put this quotation right if I'm wrong) Glasgow—well, Glasgow *made me shudder !*

* * * * * * * * * *

In thus recording my little chat with Mr. Shepherd I have had little opportunity of saying anything in praise of the marvellous originality in theme and treatment which characterises his work. To him all forms of the Animal Creation are alike, and he is equally at home, from a pictorial point of view, with a flea or an ichthyosaurus. He will make you, with a few deft strokes, a soldier or a sailor, a tinker or a tailor, or even a Free Church Divine, of either with equal readiness and skill, and at the same time retain all the characteristics of the animal and person dealt with. Nor is he less successful when the process is reversed, and the features of some celebrity are to be combined with those of a camel or an ibis. Equally marvellous, too, is his economy of line—he might in fact be called the Phil May of animal artists, though his line-work is as different as possible from that of the latter artist. With the "Zig-Zags" he began a new style, principally pure outline, of varying thickness, assisted by a little "stipple," the result being highly effective and original, and a striking contrast to the broad strength of Phil May's line. In short, though to the man in the street Mr. Shepherd may appear as a draughtsman who looks only at the lighter side of things, those who are better qualified to judge, see in him as an artist alike of brilliant promise and no mean accomplishment, a man of keen observation and indefatigable industry, and a fellow of infinite jest and a pretty, pretty wit—in fact a second Jack Point who—

> . . Can teach you with a quip, if I've a mind ;
> I can trick you into learning with a laugh ;
> Oh winnow, winnow, winnow, all my folly and you'll find
> A grain or two of truth among the chaff.

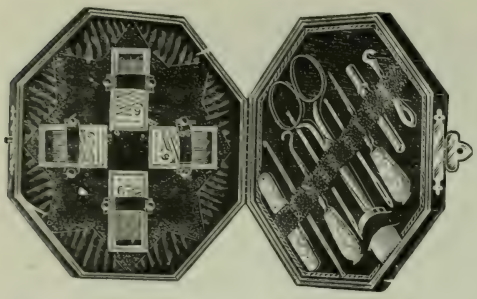
J. G. R.



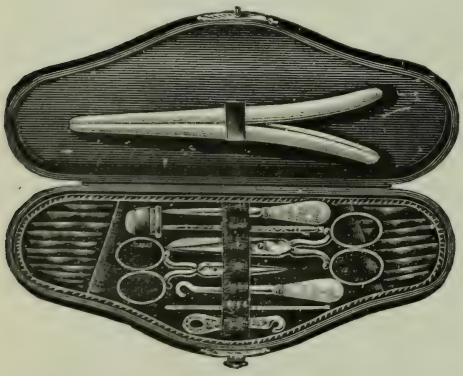
"KEEP THE POT A-BOILING."

From a drawing by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, by permission of Messrs. Newnes, Ltd.

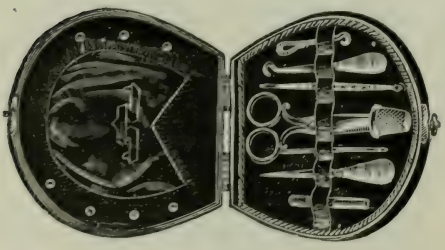
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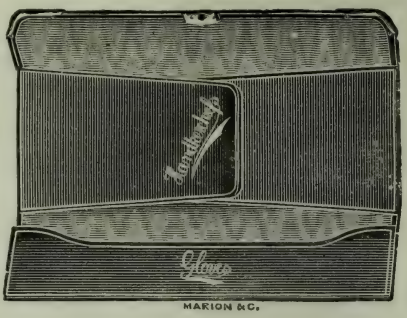


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BROWN'S BOOKSTALL

No. 53. JANUARY, 1899. PRICE ONE PENNY.

A PANTOMIME IN THE SIXTIES.

IT may be more appropriate, perhaps, if I turn aside this month out of the musical tracks of the last three papers, and devote myself to a "ramble" on Christmas fare as it was wont to be purveyed in the "old house" in Marischal Street—the Theatre Royal. I must have been about 13 years of age when I first made the acquaintance of the interior of the Theatre Royal, Aberdeen, and my *open sesame* was a bill order for the gallery. To the younger generation it may be necessary to explain that the Aberdeen Theatre then stood on the site on which Trinity Parish Church now stands. The gallery entrance was the door nearest the foot, and the pit entrance the one nearest the top of Marischal Street—the centre door being used for the "swells" who patronised the boxes. These were not the days of emergency exits; and what a stair led up to the gallery! It was just wide enough for two people to squeeze in abreast. There were no fire-proof curtains then, no fire-alarms, no fire-fighting appliances, and yet fires in theatres were not more prevalent than now! But I fear I am entering into controversial matter, and my editor does not allow that.

The picture of the interior of the old house stands vividly out before me while I'm writing. Its private boxes, extending nearly half-way round on either side, constructed like so many dove-cots, or pigeon-holes.

There were two rows of these pigeon-cots, an "upper" and a "lower," and a few known as the "centre" boxes. As each box was capable of seating from three to four people *un*comfortably, and as each was provided with a special gas bracket surmounted by a globe (in addition to the big roof-light with about a hundred jets besides wall brackets and the footlights), the effect on a close night when the gas was screwed up "in the full height of its dazzling splendour" can be better imagined than described. Yet, it was no misnomer on benefit nights to use the word *élite* with reference to the "box" people at the Theatre Royal. The pit folks were pretty much what they are yet, and *sometimes* they ruled the house, but on the rare occasions on which they were successful for the moment, the gallery rose to a man to the occasion, and promptly sat upon the pit, until perforce the pit caved in and the gallery was once more "cock of the walk." And the actors and their audiences were in those days on the best of terms with each other, favourities on the stage being signalled out by their admirers and encouraged to "hing in," so and so, "ye're daein' fine." Occasionally a funny passage-at-arms would have taken place. I remember a favourite comedian in Aberdeen was J. B. Watson, an actor who, by facial expression alone and without a single word, could keep an audience in fits of laughter for several

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minutes on end. And Mr. Watson did not deal in imbecile face contortion, everything he did was done most naturally, which had all the funnier an effect. "J. B." had what was known as a cock eye, and on one occasion there was a somewhat troublesome fellow—a well-known character in his way—in the gallery. Mr. Watson had been subjected to more than his share of interruption, and at last he stepped out of his part and turning to his tormentor said, very quietly but firmly, "You'd best be quiet," giving the offender his name, "I've got my eye on you." "Which eye?" promptly came from the gallery. "The one I had made for fixing unruly chaps in the gallery," was the reply delivered amid thundering plaudits from the rest of the house.

Ah! happy stage days. These were the "good old times" in matters theatrical when "stock" companies obtained, and when actors were actors! These were the days when there was a change of bill every night, usually a drama followed by a farce, and on Saturdays generally as many as three pieces were put on. It may be thought that with the advent of touring companies better acting followed as a matter of course. That is really matter of opinion, however, but there can be no doubt that a school that produced and educated such men in the "ennobling" art as Garrick, Kean, Macready, and many others that might be named, was a "power for good" on the stage. And it might well be contended that the change from "stock" to "tours" and "runs" has not been an improvement all round. To some, even the modern theatre, with all its fine equipments for the stage and the front of the house, does not *quite* make up for the bad acting one sees to-day. Our present theatre—Her Majesty's—is a most compact and comfortable house, but somehow it will never, to me, take the place of the little old Theatre Royal with its cramped passages and break-neck staircases.

Programs were an unknown quantity, in the gallery and "sweep's boxes" at least, but refreshments in the form of pigs' trotters, oranges, ginger-bread, pies, tarts, and lemonade were plentifully supplied all over the house. Loud cat-calls, whistling, and shouts of "Up wi' the hippin" were very much in evidence before the curtain was raised, and regularly did duty for the applause of an enthusiastic, and expectant audience. Groans and hisses aptly described the feelings of the excited multitudes when they were not satisfied. Lynch law was the order for the obstreperous one who made a row in the gallery. Three or four pairs of brawny arms and toil-stained hands lifted the objectionable individual clean out of his seat and shot him right into the middle of the pit! The two parts of the house, were, however, in such close proximity that it was rarely that any damage was done, either to the person so unceremoniously lynched from the gods or to the unlucky pitite on whose head he might fall!

The first pantomime I ever witnessed was *Jack the Giant Killer*, a story that rarely does duty now-a-days, but none the less exciting to theatre patrons of a bye-gone age. At this distance of time—and without a play-bill beside me to refresh my memory—I cannot recall the name of the writer of the "book." It was localised, of course, and I fancy my old friend Mr. William Carnie, if he cared, could tell us something about the written localisms. Then the actors and actresses for the time being were all local as well, because, as I have already explained, these were the old stock company days. The advantage of all this localising was made abundantly manifest during the run of the pantomime by the frequent "gagging" which took place night after night. "Pie Bob" and his various sayings and doings were a fruitful source from which to draw inspiration. The scenic artist, poor Harry Pont, was also local. And his "cloths," or as they were wont to be designated, "well-known views," of the "Bridge of Don," "Castle Street," "The Harbour," and other places of local interest did splendid duty at a pantomime time as "front scenes." Mr. Pont was for a long time connected with our theatre in Aberdeen, and, if my memory is not at fault, he went to Dundee latterly, where he was accidentally drowned. In his spare time he

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painted a little in oils, and my friend, Mr. John Cowe, late of the West Coast Railway, had, or has in his possession, a picture of the ill-fated Tom Ryder painted by Harry Pont. But there, I'm digressing again!

Jack the Giant Killer was "produced on a scale of magnificence never before attempted in Aberdeen"—the first performance being given on what is known as "Boxing Night." The curtain went up at 7 o'clock and was not lowered till midnight! "A grand old time" for those taking part "behind," and rare value for the sixpenny galleryite. Old day pantomime differed very considerably from what is dished up to us in this form to-day. In depicting the various incidents in the life of *Jack the Giant Killer*, for example, the original story was pretty closely followed so that the most youthful member of the audience could easily and intelligently follow what he had already read about the hero. Now-a-days consistency is not so pronounced an attribute. The huge grinning masks with their rolling eyes and lolling tongues protruding from their mouths were a source of wonder and positively inspired a feeling of awe in the minds of the little people who revelled in the unfolding of the pantomime story. The "giant," I distinctly remember, was a huge hulking fellow whose head was in danger of touching the overhead battens! And what a wonderful head it was. Why, you talk of folk with eyes in the backs of their heads! There was no need for that with my first giant, for all he had to do was to turn round his head, and hey, presto! he could see everything that was taking place behind him. He didn't seem to have the slightest trouble with his neck. It was the most flexible neck I ever saw! And then when he made the old house shake with his stentorian tones calling out

> "Phe, Pho, Phi, Phum,
> I feel the smell of an Englishman,
> Be he alive or be he dead,
> I'll grind his bones to make me bread,"

the audience positively trembled. At any-rate the little boys and girls with saucer-shaped eyes felt very much afraid for their personal safety, notwithstanding that "Jack" was present to slay the monster in double-quick time. What a jubilation followed the killing of the giant, and what an ovation "Jack" received when "he" wiped the blade of his sword and smilingly bowed to the audience. The redoubtable giant-killer had a novel method of despatching his giant. "He' began by cutting off his legs. You see the giant was so big and "Jack" was so small that there was no chance of getting at the dreadful man's heart. Even minus his legs the giant was still too big for "Jack," and it was only after he had mounted on the shoulders of two of his trusted knights that the "hero" was finally enabled to give the deadly thrust, and then the giant fell dead as a door nail. But I could not get over the mask head, for after the giant was as dead as he could possibly be on any stage, those eyes rolled about and one of the eyelids winked up and down and the tongue lolled out of his mouth just as they did while he was alive!

There were great rejoicings after that, and then we prepared for the "grand transformation scene," in "which a fountain of real water" with varied effects produced by means of coloured glasses played an important part. And thereby hangs a tale. The fountain was, of course, "worked" through one of the stage traps, and a huge tarpaulin was spread all round, in basin form, to catch the water. Just almost at the conclusion of the unfolding of the tinselled transformation scene, and after the fountain had been playing for about five minutes and the basin was almost full, something went wrong with the tarpaulin right in front of the orchestra. Ere any one was quite aware "how it all happened," a huge wave of water came rushing out over the stage completely enveloping the band. The curtain was suddenly lowered that night, and it was some time ere the audience would settle down to the dear, good old-fashioned harlequinade. When the band re-appeared, they were received with shouts of merriment, and one piping voice was heard above the din in the gallery enquiring if the bandsmen "liket their dook wi' their claes on." Later on the clown was giving the pantaloon some

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lessons in swimming, when he invited Mr. Allwood, the conductor of the orchestra, on to the stage to "have some," as, "if he didn't know how to swim, he might be drowned some night in the theatre." And so the fun went on fast and furious. I have not attempted to give anything like a pantomime rehearsal of the olden time. "King Neptune and his attendants" in "the depths of the ocean" discussed the pantomime in the first scene, of course, and the "gorgeous porcessions" in those days were mostly taken part in by children. This arrangement gave greater scope for contrast as between the citizens of Pekin and the animals, such as elephants, camels, and so on, who were "on" in the "Halls of Light and Splendour" scene. Of course there was dancing and plenty of it, too, but there were no "importations." In those days there were generally two ballet dancers engaged all the season through, whose duty it was to entertain the audience between the play and the "afterpiece." These ladies rehearsed about a dozen Aberdeen girls to go through a few simple marching and tripping exercises, and these, together with the efforts of the ladies mentioned, did duty for the elaborate ballets of to-day. The terpsichorean divinities also took part, amateur and professional alike, in the "transformation" as "nymphs of the sea," "the woods," or the hundred and one other classes of nymphs with which pantomime abounds.

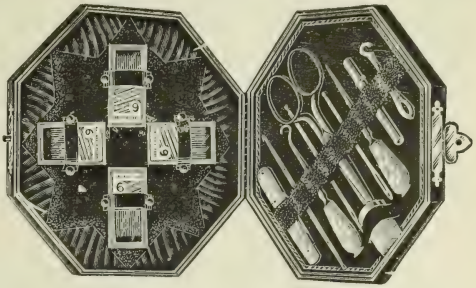
And these "palmy" days of the theatre are gone from us for ever! Hushed are the voices that were wont to make us laugh and weep. On many, if not nearly all of the then players on our mimic stage, the curtain has been rung down on the final act of each of their own life's dramas, and the lights turned out for the last time. Yet amid the silence and gloom that followed, what a wealth of pleasant memories are left behind!

FRANK CLEMENTS.

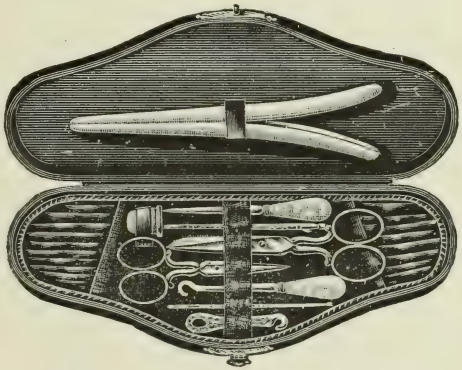
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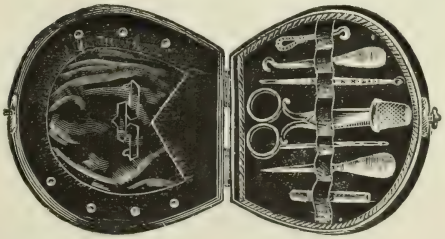
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(See Cartoon on page 306.)

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And make it or mar it old Roman-nosed Barret
Goes rumpity-thump on the drum.
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But when you are over it all,
You will come back and look for the c'rect card or book
In the boss show that's found at the Stall.
When a kid fresh and crisp is beginning to lisp,
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To toddle for books to the Stall.
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When age brings its measure of comfort and leisure,
Forgot are the pleasures that pall,
Then we find the true essence of rejuvenescence
In books that we bought at the Stall.
Our policy here is the wide open door
With a welcome kept constantly warm,
For a life without books, like a girl without looks,
May be good, but is lacking in charm.
Then turn ye without, and behold round about,
Subscribers, Contributors all,
And know ye that great is the learning and state
That is based on the books from the Stall.
Lo, Princes and Poets, the Highites, the Lowites,
The Publican, Painter, and Priest,
That captious exemplar, the broad-brimmed Good Templar,
Who'd water our Christmas-tide feast.
There's the Binder who looks tall in front of the Book-Stall,
Beside Cockie leek, Cocker rose,
And that social level, who damnèd the Devil,
With classical haircrop and nose.
See our head bummer shewin' the Prince, who winks knowin',
A line in the liveliest blue,
As our dainty wee Jester politely requests Her
Great Highness's autograph new.
That natty wee manny is Johnnie Cavanny,
Who's got him at last in the noose,
And our thanks he's deservin' that Henery Irvine
His blandishments could not refuse.
And behold in their niche the men who bewitch
With their pencils of colour and lead,
We will see them again at "The Brush and the Pen,"
Which though *written* "By Reid" should "be read."
And who wouldn't know it's our premier poets
That carry the laurel and lyre,
And little Jack Horner, that skips in his corner,
Less known as a dancer than pie-er.
And you see on his right, Academical Knight,
With his namesake the "World's Grand Old Man,"
And that face with the wrinkles saw cockles and winkles
As big as a furniture van.
There's clowns and musicians, and fat politicians,
Our Dannie, beside Dandy Dan,
And the Dervish bewitchener, marvellous Kitchener,
Who made a machine of a man.
Little Tich, Marie Lloyd stand old Sloper beside,
And I trust you will hardly complain
If I *finis* this job, and not tackle the mob
At the rear of the Queen's Chamberlain.
So let the lamps flare and the trumpets fanfare
Join the rumpity-thump of the drum;
Come one and come all to the olden Book-Stall,
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DEUX.

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AT THE
SIGN OF THE BRUSH & PEN
Being some notes on the Black and White Artists of to day

No. 17.—MR. ALFRED BRYAN.

Though I'm a buffoon, recollect
I command your respect!
I cannot for money
Be vulgarly funny,
My object's to make you reflect!

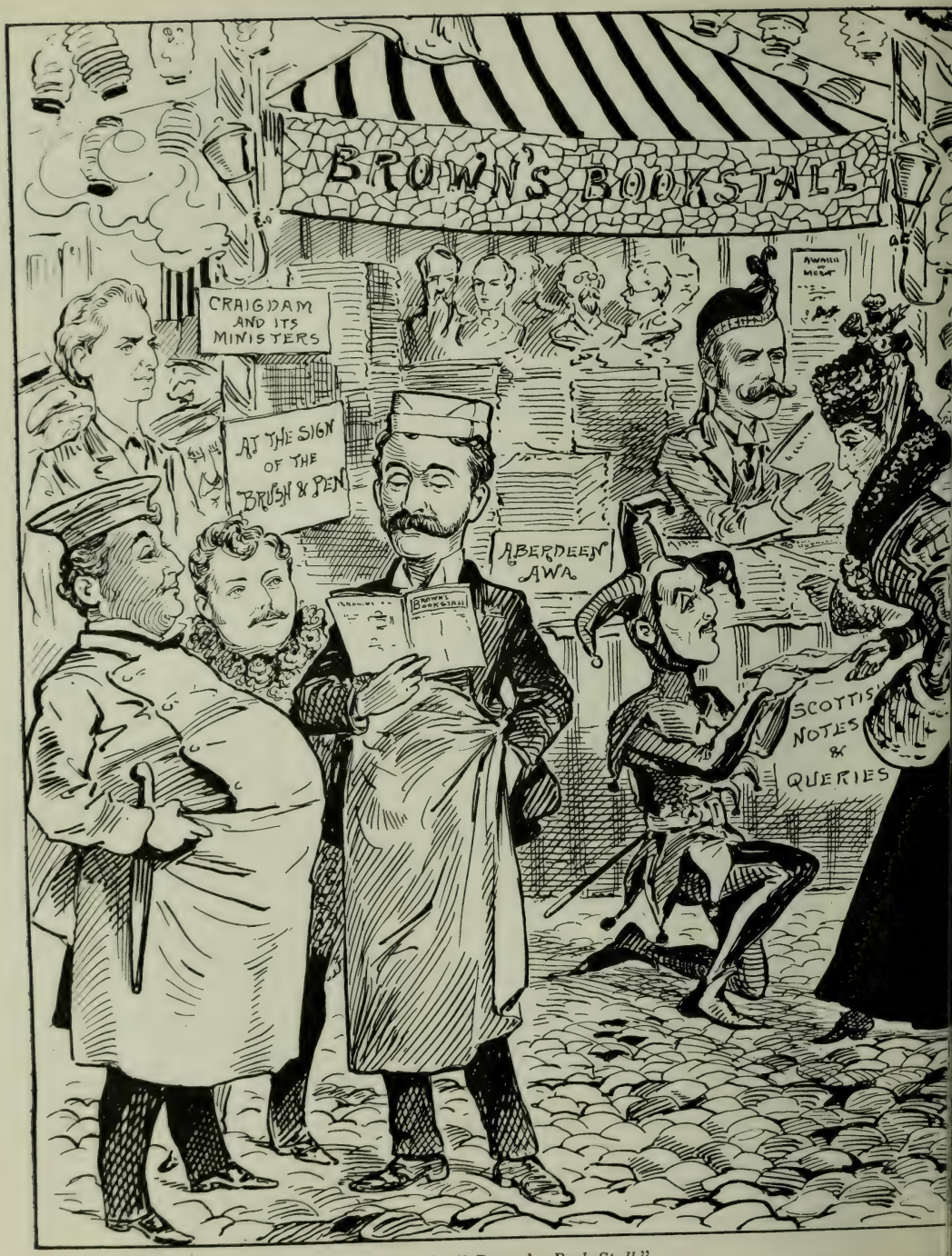
Other clowns make you laugh till you sink,
When they tip you a wink:
With attitude antic
They render you frantic—
I don't. I compel you TO THINK!

SO sings Bartolo in *The Mountebanks*, and had he been a distinguished caricaturist instead of merely "a *very* miserable mummer," he could not have described his duties more appropriately, for the business of the cartoonist, is above all things, to "make you reflect."

Ever since the days when Rebecca, acting on the excellent principle of killing two birds with one stone, "drew," impartially, Jacob and water at the well, there have been caricaturists and caricatures in the land. Though it was not until somewhere about 1680 A.D. that the word was first used in English—on that particular occasion by Sir Thomas Browne in his posthumous work "Christian Morals"—and some eighty years later incorporated by our old friend Dr. Johnson in his dictionary, the Art of Caricature was known, as most other things seem to have been, to the Ancients. The Egyptians had a pretty wit, though but few traces of the work of their Alfred Bryans now remain. On the unimpeachable authority of the *Encyclopædia Brittanica* such remnants are exactly three in number, though (and I mention the fact with sorrow), these belong to the class of—ahem!—ithyphallic drolleries rather than to that of the ironical grotesque.

With the Greeks things were different—they did not seek to disguise their taste for pictorial parody by any such unpronounceable method, and that they did indulge occasionally in the art of Mr. Carruthers Gould, sundry discoveries of pottery painted with burlesque subjects will bear witness, while Aristotle, who, it will of course be remembered, was something of a Swift McNeill in the matter, and didn't like this pictorial pleasantry, refers in strong, though quite printable language to the pictures of a certain Pauson. This gentleman, who, had not Lord Rosebery belonged to a somewhat later age, would certainly have been knighted, seems to have been possessed of no slight skill, for he is also referred to, as every schoolboy and Bailie will recollect, by Aristophanes, and is the subject of one of Lucien's anecdotes—again quite printable. He may, therefore, without giving rise to any undue jealousy, be regarded as the *doyen* of caricaturists.

Even the Romans loved their joke, and sundry curious frescoes unearthed at Pompeii and Herculaneum go to prove that they had their Tenniels as well as we, while Pliny mentions certain painters celebrated for their burlesque pictures. Then there was the famous comic statue of Caracalla—a gentleman with a pretty taste for assassination, who after an attempt on the life of his own father, went in for murder on wholesale lines, and ended his days in the maddest acts of destruction and the most atrocious crimes—and the even more famous *graffito* of the Crucifixion, though after all, as the *Encyclopædia* already referred to sagely remarks, the caricature of the old world must be sought for not among its painters and sculptors but among its poets and dramatists—the comedies of Aristophanes, and the



Specially drawn by Mr. Alfred Bryan for "Brown's Book-Stall."



See Poem on page 304.

TMAS FAIR.

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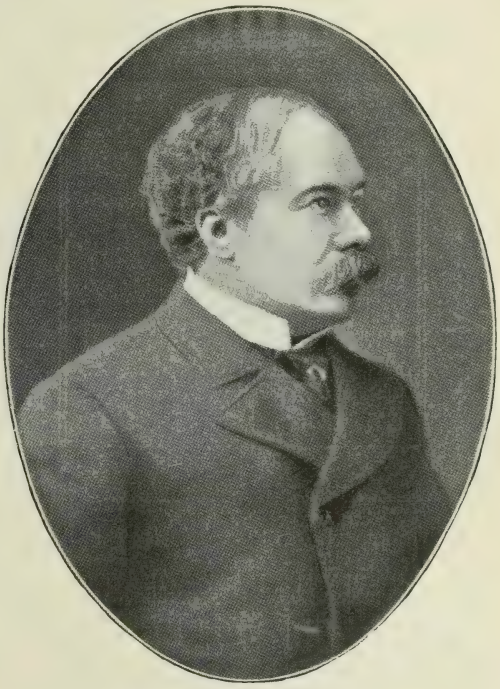
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epigrams of Martial being to the Athens of Pericles and the Rome of Domitian what the etchings of Gillray and the lithographs of Daumier were to the London of George III. and the Paris of the Citizen King.

Coming to the Middle Ages the Caricaturist found scope for his skill in the gurgoyles and entablatures of the Cathedrals which were springing up, the favourite devices being Reynard the Fox—hero of the famous mediæval Romance, the Devil, and Death, the last represented by the sarcastic skeleton. Following up the idea of the famous Dance of Death, so well known a feature in the decoration of many churches both in this country and on the continent, Holbein produced his fifty-three etchings of the *Danse Macabre*, the first and perhaps the greatest set of satirical moralities known to the modern world. Then with the invention of printing we reach the pictorial caricature proper, the first known example being a cartoon dated 1499 relating to Louis XII. and his Italian War. The Reformation, as all great movements invariably do—for good harvests and satire do not agree—produced a fine crop, an excellent start being made by one Louis Cranach, a friend of Luther. In England, however, the cartoon had not yet begun to flourish, one of the earliest specimens known being a sketch of Mary Stuart as a Mermaid, and it was not until the Eighteenth Century that the Golden Age of the Caricature may be said to have been reached. It was the age of Gillray and Rowlandson and Hogarth, while two amateurs, the Countess of Burlington and General Townshend, also helped not a little to perpetuate in picture the manners, customs, and popular political opinions of their day. Gillray, it may be of interest to note, produced between twelve and fifteen hundred cartoons, most of them reflecting on the King, "Farmer" George, and his wife, the Court, the Government, and indeed every phase of public life, and finally died an imbecile. Later caricaturists—John Doyle, the famous "H.B.," who instituted the style of cartoon in vogue at the present day; George Cruickshank, John Leech, Richard Doyle, Hablot K. Browne (father of that very well known black and white artist, Gordon Browne), Alfred Crowquill and Kenny Meadows to name but a few, are, like Jack Jones of immortal memory before he took to drinking "Scotch and soda on his own," more or less well known to everyone, and of them it is unnecessary here to speak.

And so, through the long ages, we come to the present day—the day of Sir John Tenniel, of Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, and of Mr. Alfred Bryan. The work of Tenniel commands the respect of all—its dignified and lofty tone, *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, and its unfailing appropriateness, marred only by a distinct inability of late on the part of the artist to draw a telling likeness, are well known. On the other hand, Mr. Gould's strong point is his portraiture—no one who has seen any of his exceedingly



MR. ALFRED BRYAN.

clever cartoons in the pages of the *Westminster Gazette* could fail to recognise again, in real life, the subject thereof. He has made the politician his special preserve, and a sketch by F. C. G. will do more to make the budding M.P. famous than any unaided effort of his own is ever likely to do. It is, however, Mr Alfred Bryan, who has been caricaturing now for nearly thirty years, and as Mr. Chevalier says of his Dear Old Dutch—

"It ain't a dye too much,"



H.R.H., TO "VARIETY" HIGH LIGHTS: "YOU HAVE BEEN DOING SUCH WONDERS LATELY AT THE MUSIC-HALLS, THAT I MUST TRY TO ARRANGE A PERFORMANCE AT WINDSOR."

From a drawing by Mr. Alfred Bryan in the "Entr'acte Annual."

that we propose, with his kind permission, to dissect on the present occasion. And so, to stand no longer on the order of our going, but to go on at once.

Personally Mr. Bryan is an excellent fellow, his cigars are beyond reproach, his Special of a blend but seldom met with, and his residence in North London, close to Finsbury Park, one of the most delightful in which to spend a happy evening. Nothing could have been more pleasant from a personal point of view than my mission to him, but it was when the cigar had vanished like smoke, the "Special" disappeared as promptly as did the "Vanishing Lady" of sacred memory, and one returned to matters mundane and faced the stern duty of discovering all about this latest addition to our Open-all-the-year-round Gallery, that I realized the full magnitude of the task I had undertaken. Mr. Bryan is Modesty personified—he simply won't speak about himself. He will talk for the hour, if you will, about his old engravings, of which he has an exceptionally fine collection—here a curious old drawing of Sam Cowell, there other rare prints of Tom Matthews, the clown, Jenny Lind, Taglioni, the famous dancer, and so on; he will discuss the gentle Art of Caricature since the time of Rameses I.; he will spin you yarns without stint about all the celebrities he has met—and their number is legion; but on his own deeds and misdeeds, his accomplishments and triumphs, he is as short of words as the respected parent of the White Prince was of smiles after the unfortunate tragedy which befell the latter, full particulars of which will be found by the curious in one of the Royal Readers.

This reticence on the part of a celebrity is very nice and becoming, but there is another side to the

question. What would the Medical Faculty say about the undue strain which this conduct places on the imagination of such a person as myself, who is expected to tell you all about the distinguished gentleman in question? However I have got to fill a certain allotted space about Mr. Bryan, and if the following *facts* (drawn from my "inner consciousness"), are not absolutely correct, the reader will please understand that I have done my best in the circumstances.

Mr. Alfred Bryan, it may not unreasonably be assumed, was born in due course, but as to when or where,or whether the planets were propitious, History is absurdly silent. I had hoped to recall memories of his happy boyhood and the days when (being but human), he longed to be a Pawnee chief and carry scalps and a tomahawk, by enquiring insinuatingly as to where he had acquired his marvellous skill in the delineation of features of all kinds, but this scheme was prematurely nipped in the bud by the surprising reply that he had never received an hour's instruction in his life.

"Of course," added Mr. Bryan, "I had an idea of sketching while at school, but I never seriously thought of adopting drawing as a profession until I was twenty-one."

Prior to this, however—and here the story of his career as an artist may be said to commence—he had contributed to a local paper with the alluring and alliterative title of the *Hornsey Hornet*, but of those first efforts he is not inordinately proud. About this time, too, being then seventeen years old, he reached what may be called the turning point of his history that was to lead him on to fame, and putting it not too highly, a fair share of fortune. He was attending the Polytechnic, and there he made the acquaintance of Professor Tobin, who, by the way, was connected with the immortal Pepper of "Pepper's Ghost" fame, and who at the time was drawing cartoons for a clever little publication called the *Entr'acte*. The Professor introduced Mr. Bryan to the proprietor of that paper, and shortly after the young artist contributed his first drawing to its pages. For a long time he never missed an issue, and though not now so regular in his contributions, he is still, on occasion, faithful to his first love, as two of the drawings from Mr. Bryan's pen, "H.R.H. and the 'Variety' High Lights," and "Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mr. William Shakespeare," which we reproduce from the last Christmas issue of the *Entr'acte Annual* by the readily and courteously given permission of the proprietor thereof, will bear witness. Then the *London Figaro* kept him busy for many years. In those days it used to illustrate its gossip columns with sketches, and these were entrusted to Mr. Bryan.

"Ah me," remarked that gentleman, as after considerable manipulation of the conversation, I drifted on to this subject—"Ah me, what a change has come over the weekly press since James Mortimer started the *London Figaro*. Why in those days a paper of that sort was quite a novelty, and twenty years ago portraits of celebrities were about as scarce as whales are reported to be in the Euxine Sea."

From earliest infancy Mr. Bryan has always had a great love for the stage and things theatrical, and naturally, therefore, a very considerable portion of his work has been devoted to perpetuating the memory of the actors and actresses of his day. Indeed, at one time, so often did he caricature Mr. J. L. Toole that he was very nearly appointed Artist Extraordinary and Caricaturist Plenipotentiary to that prince among good fellows. His long pictorial connection with the stage was begun in 1884, when he succeeded Wallis MacKay as illustrator of the "Captious Critic" articles in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, a post which he has filled for upwards of fourteen years with consummate skill, originality, and humour. As a matter of course he has met practically every dramatic celebrity of the time, and a collection of his sketches of these players of many parts would form a most interesting and valuable pictorial record of the Drama, and one which the proprietors of that paper might find it well worth their while to publish, for the pencil of the artist succeeds, as photography never can, in preserving the little idiosyncrasies and mannerisms of the person portrayed. The "Captious Critic" is Mr. A. C. Barker, an old friend of Mr. Bryan, and on Monday nights these two "Busy B's" may be seen by the curious seated together in the stalls of the selected theatre. Mr. Barker makes notes as the play proceeds, his companion on the other hand trusting entirely to his memory, considering that a drawing from a previous sketch causes to a certain extent a "woodenness" of the figures that is not nearly so noticeable in one that has been executed without preparation. Having elicited this rather remarkable confession, I next sounded (very adroitly), Mr. Bryan on the use he makes of photographs.

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MR. FORBES ROBERTSON, TO W SHAKESPEARE: "I'VE DONE SOMETHING FOR YOU, WILLIAM."

SHAKESPEARE: "YES, AND DON'T FORGET THAT I HAVE DONE SOMETHING FOR YOU!"

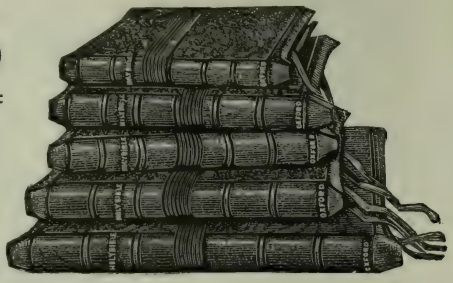
From a drawing by Mr. Alfred Bryan in the "Entr'acte Annual."

"I seldom use them at all," was the astounding reply, "but trust entirely to my memory. When I get home," he continued, evidently forgetting for one glorious moment his adamantine resolution not to talk of himself, "I jot down a few rough notes, and these I elaborate next morning. However, having once seen a face, I find usually no difficulty in recalling it, though of course, in some cases, as for instance were Menelik of Abyssinia or Burnett of Kemnay to be made an F.O.S., where it is impossible, without considerable trouble, to see the 'subject,' a photo is the only guide available."

And here I might say a word about the remarkable cartoon which Mr. Bryan, in spite of being in rather poor health and extremely pressed with other and more remunerative work, has done specially for this issue of the *Book-Stall*. It being found impossible for various very evident reasons to ask the distinguished local contingent represented in it to give special sittings to Mr. Bryan for the purpose, recourse had to be made to photographs, and no better evidence of the artist's skill could, I think, be given than the really marvellously successful manner in which he has "hit off" the features and characteristics of the gentlemen whom we have thus immortalised. These and most of the others included will be readily recognised, but the genial bard who has made the *Book-Stall* famous with "St. Fittack's" has been prevailed upon to put the matter into "metrical and tuney verse," the net result of which will be found on another page.

But Mr. Bryan's work has by no means been confined to matters dramatic, for he has done a considerable quantity of political work, mainly—and I reproved him gently when he mentioned it—on Conservative lines. Lord Beaconsfield was once

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asked whether a politician was injured by being caricatured, and replied, "In those days a man's object is to be made ridiculous." Be this as it may, among the many artists who helped to make "Dizzy" known to the multitude, Mr. Bryan occupies a foremost place, and he confesses that he never had so excellent a subject. With both Disraeli and Gladstone gone, the lot of the caricaturist is anything but a happy one, for though from a pictorial point of view there is still Harcourt left, even he seems likely soon to disappear from the political arena, "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." Men like Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Chamberlain do not readily lend themselves to pictorial treatment, and it seems as if Mr. Balfour and Mr. Timothy Healy will soon be the sole victims left for the caricaturist's pencil. Some of Mr Bryan's cleverest parliamentary cartoons have appeared in the pages of *Moonshine*, and I pleaded with a tear on my cheek for some particulars as to how they were done.

"Well," answered Mr. B., "I oughn't perhaps to give away Cabinet Secrets, though, after all, there isn't really very much to tell, but if you must know, the subject of the Cartoon is first discussed by the Editor and myself, and when it is finally settled I proceed to draw out a rough sketch of it, and fill in the details as I go on. Of course a considerable amount of alteration has to be made before it is finally passed for press, for I think the chief point of a cartoon should be the directness with which it tells its own story." Thus encouraged, I ventured on still another enquiry—How did the Victim take it, and had anyone ever offered to chastise him as Mr. Swift McNeill, on a famous occasion, had threatened to do to Mr. Harry Furniss?

"The Victim, as you are pleased to call him," answered Mr. Bryan, "generally takes things smilingly, consoling himself, doubtless, with the recollection that such is the penalty of greatness. Personally no violence has been offered me, nor have the Insurance Companies, so far as I am yet aware, found it necessary to increase the rates for Caricaturists, or the Factory Inspector to class that occupation under 'Dangerous Trades.' On one occasion, however," he continued, "one of my cartoons, in which John Bright was depicted– somewhat severely I admit—as being punished by John Bull, was held up by Mr. Gladstone at a great meeting for reprobation. '*This will shew you*,' said he, '*to what a state public feeling has come*.' But I always try to be fair, though I can assure you it is a most difficult thing on many occasions to avoid appearing unduly severe."

In addition to his theatrical and political work, Mr. Bryan also pictures Society with the capital S. As long ago as 1878 his first *World* cartoon appeared in the Christmas Number of that year. It was called "A First Night at the Lyceum," and contained portraits of as many of the regular "First Nighters" as possible. So pleased was the Proprietor, at that time the late Mr. Edmund Yates, with the result, that Mr. Bryan has done a cartoon for every successive Christmas Number from that date to this—surely a record in continuous cartooning. Nor must it be forgotten that for many years he has drawn the portraits for the F.O.S. Gallery in our old friend the *Half-Holiday*, perpetuating the memory of the many already famous men (including the Editor of this paper) whom "Ally" has still further immortalised.

As can readily be gathered from the difficulty with which I "drew" Mr. Bryan—an *art*-ful joke, by the way, upon which the gentle reader need not be unnecessarily severe, as it was originally intended for *Bon-Accord*—he is not carried away unduly by a sense of his own importance, while, on the contrary, he is full of admiration for the work of his brother cartoonists. Sir John Tenniel he considers to be the great master of the Art, closely followed by Mr. Linley Sambourne, Mr. Harry Furniss (whose Gladstone specialities he thinks are unequalled), and Mr. F. Carruthers Gould. And of course he has a kind word for his two old pupils Mr. J. A. Shepherd (with whom we dealt last month) and Mr. Thomas Downey. In short, though officially a sort of Pictorial Censor, who (to bring in the inevitable quotation from the writings of that Prince of Philosophers, Jack Point, without which no contribution in this series can be considered genuine) might sing—

> I can set the braggart quailing with a quip,
> The upstart I can wither with a whim;
> He may wear a merry laugh upon his lip,
> But his laughter has an echo which is grim—

Mr. Bryan personally is one of the mildest mannered men who ever scared the Sultan or killed a Government. At his "ain fireside" he will tickle you with quip and conundrum, give you of the lighter philosophies, and indeed so thoroughly help you to forget the Sorrows of an Interviewer (not to mention Satan) that when the curfew tolls the knell of your departure, you would fain, being impressionable and poetical, exclaim with Juliet—

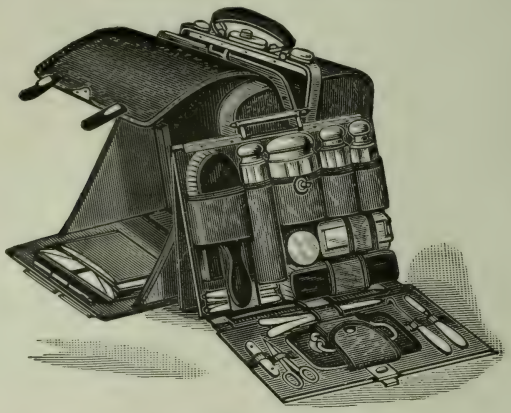
> Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow
> That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

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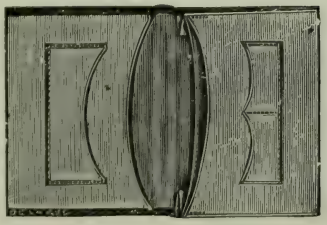
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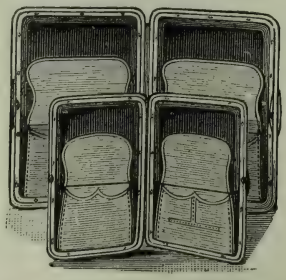
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PHONOGRAPHIC REMINISCENCES.



THE Aberdeen Early Closing Association was a very vigorous and active body, the membership of which was composed of young men in the shops of the city, and its object was shortening the hours and securing a weekly half-holiday. Previous to this they were long and irregular, Saturday being one of the longest for business purposes, and there was no uniform agreement as to the time of closing amongst the employers. Their efforts were successful, and the Association formed a Mutual Improvement Society, so that their spare time might be occupied in mental and moral culture. For some years it was carried on with great energy and spirit, having a large membership, and met in one of the rooms of the Central Academy, 56 Union Street. From that Association many men distinguished in after life for the prominence and ability which they evinced in the municipal affairs of the city, there received their first training for public work. Others are now occupying important positions as preachers of the Gospel, while several have adopted literature as a profession and been singularly successful in newspaper work; and not a few are still engaged in commerce here and elsewhere, owing much of their success to the benefits which they received as members of the Aberdeen Early Closing Mutual Improvement Association, which in its day was one of the largest and most popular societies of the kind in Aberdeen. As chairman, I read a paper at one of the meetings on the advantages of Phonography, and so favourably did the members look upon the aquisition of this art, as a useful and desirable accomplishment, that they proposed the formation of a class, and expressed a strong desire that I should be their teacher. To the request thus preferred I at once agreed, and in the month of October, 1854, a class was started of about forty members. The year after I had a similar request following a lecture on phonography, from a number of ladies and gentlemen who heard it, and a class of thirty or so began, meeting weekly in the vestry of the Belmont Street United Presbyterian Church. At that time public halls were few and expensive, and for such meetings schoolrooms and churches were much in demand; they met the requirements fairly well, although the accommodation was often rather confined, but there was one special recommendation, and that not to be despised, the cost was more nominal than real, which was to the young men of that time of some consequence. The class also added a goodly number to the Phonetic Society, which was the only terms I made as regards outlay on the part of the pupils.

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In 1858 Mr. G. H. Knox, who was then a compositor in the office of the *Aberdeen Herald*, having acquired a theoretical and practical knowledge of Phonography, and wishing to be helpful in its dissemination, got together a number of young men, chiefly printers, who formed a class, meeting in St. Paul Street School. It was most successful, and at its conclusion Mr. Knox had an examination of his pupils, to which several friends interested in Phonography were invited. They had also a social meeting, including ladies, in Grant's School, Back Wynd, which was most enjoyable. Addresses were delivered on that occasion by Mr. Wm. Alexander of the *Free Press*, Mr. W. Carnie of the *Aberdeen Herald*, Mr. James Valentine of the *Aberdeen Journal*, and the writer.

Mr. Knox was a very careful and painstaking teacher, quiet and unassuming in manner, but with a thorough knowledge of his subject, and a faculty for inspiring enthusiasm in his pupils. Several of the members of the class became well known in newspaper work; they left the compositors' room and occupied the reporters' desk or editorial sanctum. Mr. Louis Kidd, who succeeded Mr. Wm. Carnie in the *Aberdeen Herald* on the reporting staff, was one of the number. He went to Belfast and, if I mistake not, he is now on the London *Echo*. Mr. Andrew Nicol was also a pupil. He left the printers' case in the *Aberdeen Herald* for the *Inverness Courier's* reporting staff, ultimately becoming sub-editor of the *Banffshire Journal*, a position he occupied with much ability for many years, till illness necessitated his resignation. He died some time ago, respected and esteemed by his colleagues and many friends. William Anderson was also a pupil, and he, too, became a capable and excellent reporter on the *Peterhead Sentinel*, ultimately becoming its editor and proprietor, and what was likely to have been a brilliant career was terminated by his early death. Another member of the class was the genial proprietor of *Bon-Accord*, Mr. William Smith, who was then a compositor in the *Herald*, and a devoted enthusiast to Phonetic Shorthand. Mr. George Leslie, printer, was another of the same band. He, too, was distinguished for zeal and energy. He was then in the *Journal* office as a compositor, and regretfully communicated with Mr. Pitman, that the Rifle Movement, recently organized, was occupying the time and attention of the young men in Aberdeen, to the exclusion of the study of Phonography. Mr. James Elder, also of the *Aberdeen Herald*, and for many years past Inspector of Poor for Elgin and several adjacent parishes, was another member of the class. The work, however, went on, and if there was no great noise, classes were being taught in various districts of the city.

In 1860, Mr. John Neil of Glasgow, who came to reside in Aberdeen, was an enthusiastic phonographer, and being a complete stranger, he was ignorant of what was, and had been doing for the promotion of Phonography. In the *Phonetic Journal* he announced "his advent to the city, by declaring that Phonography was in a slumbering state, and that he proposed at once starting a class." This gave a little annoyance to those who had long been actively engaged in the organizing and teaching of classes, and had he only looked at the *Phonetic Journal* for the few years preceding, he would have seen that Aberdeen had produced a number of phonographers, contributing far more proportionally to its population than Glasgow. Mr. Neil, like another Elijah who thought he alone remained of the prophets, found that there were many active and energetic phonographers besides himself in Aberdeen, and that they were friendly and willing to co-operate with him in serving the cause. John was a young man of much energy and go, impulsive and somewhat unreflective. He not only taught some classes which were very successful, but he also conducted and contributed to several ever circulating magazines. He had some skill as an artist, and edited the *Student's Friend and School of Art*, which was well illustrated, and was referred to by the *Free Press* "as an excellent example of leisure hours being turned to good account in a refined and elevating recreation." And it well deserved this compliment, for the illustrations were carefully and skilfully drawn. He was also

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the editor of the *Phonographic Luminary*, an eight page monthly of which Mr. Neil wrote the transfer. It did not however "shine" very long, as it could scarcely be expected to compete with the phonographic magazines issued by Mr. Isaac Pitman of Bath, which were so correctly written, and as lithographic work, displayed great skill and beauty.

At the close of the year 1860, I gave a lecture on "Phonography, what is it?" to the Aberdeen Temperance Society—in an easy conversational style—with illustrations on the blackboard. The meeting was large, and composed chiefly of young men. At the close I intimated that I would give another the following week, as I had not got so far that night as I wished in the treatment of my subject—to which intimation there was a very hearty response. The *Aberdeen Herald* in a report of the lecture, among other commendatory remarks, said—"The lecture was delivered in the Central Academy to a large and interested audience. It is scarcely necessary to say that the lecturer treated this highly useful branch of knowledge, of which he has acquired the complete mastery, both as regards its theory and practice, with ability."

This paragraph was no doubt helpful in accounting for the crowded attendance at the following Lecture. The attention which the lecturer received, and the quickness with which the audience followed the illustrations was particularly pleasing—they were able to read the consonants singly and in combination as they were written on the blackboard. When a suggestion was made, that if a number came forward to learn, would I be willing to conduct the class, I replied that if twenty gave in their names at the close of the meeting, I would be agreeable to teach for 13 weeks once a week. The only condition I stipulated was that the class should pay the expense of the place of meeting, and that at its conclusion I would expect them to become members of the Phonetic Society. After the meeting about 80 names were taken down, a secretary was appointed, and an opportunity was given to those willing to learn who were not at that meeting, and in the course of a few days the number had increased to about 150 to 180.

A London correspondent wrote of this class—"I am glad to hear that that indefatigable phonographer, Mr. A. S. Cook, Aberdeen, was last week requested by a number of young men to begin a class, when upwards of 70 enrolled. Hoping soon to have a good account of them. Aberdeen has a sort of natural connection with shorthand writing, the celebrated John Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, the first who raised reporting to the dignity of a profession, having been the son of a butcher in that city, where he was born 20th October, 1756. The land of 'mountain and of flood' has never been without a representative in the Gallery of both Lords and Commons from the days of John Perry to that of Angus B. Reach, and I hope proper supporters to these worthies are being trained up."

I found that such a large class would encroach too much on my spare time, so I asked Mr. G. H. Knox to take the half, which he very willingly did; and securing as a meeting place the two rooms in the Music Hall below the orchestra, we commenced with considerable spirit the study of Phonography, Mr. Knox taking charge of one room and I the other.

The ladies and gentlemen composing the classes were apt pupils, and many of them became members of the Phonetic Society. In June, 1860, the classes closed, and a meeting was held in the Lecture Room of the Mechanics' Institute, Market Street, when Mr. Knox and the writer, in addition to receiving the thanks of the pupils, were presented with substantial tokens of their appreciation, the one receiving a handsome clock and the other a very pretty Bohemian vase.

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WITH the day goes the casual acquaintance,
With the years the companions and friends,
With the seasons their sins and repentance,
And the loves that time borrows and lends.

All silent the tongues that could charm us,
All rigid the faces that smiled,
All stifled the breaths that could harm us,
The lips that beguiled.

Time ruthlessly withers the blossom,
As, unfolding, its petals are stirred,
And bleeding loves tears from the bosom,
Like quills from the quivering bird.
Like ripples that rise on the river,
Like blooms that are blown from the spray,
A flutter, a gleam, then for ever
Effaced and away.

The comrades that struggled beside us
Through the prime of the vigorous years,
The loves that did charm us or chide us
In ranging through laughter and tears.
They are left with the flowers in the valleys,
The Edens called Yesterday,
Where the guard of the fiery sword rallies,
None re-enter that way.

And the starlight of memory lifteth
But dimly, the darkness that hides
Each face that dissolveth and shifteth
Like the tremulous ebbing of tides.
As they fall through a drear night of winter,
With the dimly seen foam at the brink,
And writhing and moaning re-enter
Their caverns, and sink.

O, loves that we leaned on and doted,
O, friends that we cherished and chose,
O, comrades upholding, devoted,
The fight to its uttermost close.
Though each soul to its utmost revealing,
To each soul its dim innermost shrine,
With the lapse of the years comes the feeling
I know naught of thine.

For ever a barrier looming,
For ever grey shadowings roll,
And the light is obscured by a glooming,
When the yearning soul seeketh a soul.

But thou the bright mime of a story,
A fiction, a dream of the brain,
Down the years treading clear in thy glory
Familiar to men.

No age brings of loneness the anguish,
Still young as still old as the years,
No friendships that lessen or languish,
No grave in the clay with its fears.
No kindred know I as I know thee,
The mists round the spirits that roll
Have lifted and shifted and shew me
Thy intimate soul.

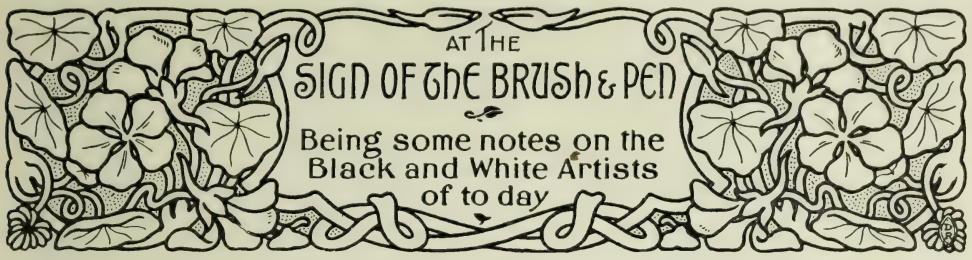
The comrade whose handgrip has thrilled me,
The friends that my bosom have pressed,
The throbbing blood surging that filled me
When red lips of love have caressed,
In a mystical moonlight beholden,
Whilst thou art revealed in the dawn,
Transparent, tinged roseleaf and golden,
Thy soul as mine own.

But ever eternity loometh,
Remote, unfamiliar, and dim,
And I furtively gaze where it gloometh,
With glimmer uncertain and grim.
One by one, lo, each wayfarer wendeth
Down the road that leads out from the crowd,
And passes from sight where it bendeth
In mists that enshroud.

In turn I reluctantly follow,
Faintly trusting the bend that obscures,
Being passed will reveal on the morrow
The comrades who passed it before.
For each in his turn has uptaken
Some joy, and has left me a pain;
The joy will return and rewaken
My spirit again.

But sorely I weep in my sorrow,
Oppressed with the thoughts that appal,
That ye cannot come where the morrow
In dawning unitest us all.
Ye are but the mimes of a story,
A dream of the life of to-day,
With the daybreak after-time glory
Ye vanish away.

DEUX.



No. 18.—MR. ARCHD. D. REID, A.R.S.A.

In framing Artists Art hath thus decreed—
To make some good, but others to exceed:
And you're her laboured scholar.

Pericles, ii., 3.

SO said Simonides in one of those complimentary speeches which either Shakespeare or George Wilkins—there is, I understand, some slight doubt about the matter—helped him to make, and, though the remark was addressed to Pericles, Prince of Tyre, (who, probably, never drew a line in his life), it is none the less particularly applicable to the distinguished member of a distinguished family who, doubtless realising that celebrities must endure trials which do not fall to the lot of more ordinary mortals, has been good enough to allow me to say (in my own way, and however inadequately), something about him in this series. Not that Mr. Archibald Reid will thank me for referring to him as a celebrity—he is far too unassuming a gentleman to care to be looked upon as a person of any special importance, but this is a point on which the mere outsider must be allowed a preference of opinion even prior to that of the individual mainly concerned. Without doubt, if we except his brother the President, Mr. A. D. Reid is, by a very considerable way, the finest artist Aberdeen has produced for many a year, and his careful and conscientious work has done much to maintain the Art prestige on which the City so justly prides itself. Mr. Reid is no notoriety hunter. No inspired paragraphs about what he has done or what he hasn't done, the location of his next winter quarters, or the distinguished visitor who called on him and promised to lend, let us say a New Master to the next Artists' Exhibition—paragraphs which may or may not be of colossal interest to the general public, but which, judging by the frequency of their appearance, must evidently be considered as vastly more important than the question of the Liberal Leadership or the progress of the Peace Crusade, by their instigators—ever go the round of the local press about him. He has done nothing alarmingly sensational; his pictures are not reckoned by the square yard, and their dimensions mentioned in the evening papers; he has not presented a picture to the Art Gallery; nor does he seek to set himself up as a graven image to which, in matters artistic, all others should render obeisance. Mr. Reid rightly regards his Art as something, if not a little lower than the angels, at least a little above Johnston's watches (excellent though they may be), and as such, fails to see the necessity for securing the Town Drummer to sing its praises.

That two members of the same family should gain distinction in one profession, has been, since the days of the Great Twin Brethren, a comparatively common occurrence, but it is seldom that three brothers all win name and fame in the same walk of life. Indeed the only parallel cases to that of Sir George, Mr. A. D., and Mr. Sam Reid (who, it is almost unnecessary to mention, are all artists of note), which occur to me at the moment—though the subject is an interesting one, and an article on brothers of famous men who are also famous would be well worth reading—are those of Cardinal Vaughan and his brothers, who have attained some of the highest positions the Church can confer on her servants; the three Healys, Timothy, Thomas, and Maurice, who have gained a slight reputation as politicians, and a brilliant one as Irish members, which is not quite the same thing; and, if one may also reckon the World of Sport, the instances of the three Graces—W.G., E.M., and (the



From an Original Drawing by Mr. Archd. D. Reid, A.R.S.A.

late) G.F., and the brothers Studd, all cricketers of almost world-wide reputation. But this is professedly a Note on the career of a black-and-white artist—though the reader might readily be forgiven if he had forgotten or even failed to realise the fact—and it might be just as well, before ventilating any other topic to say something on the main question—to wit, the story of the earlier days of that well-known painter and genial gentleman, Mr. A. D. Reid, A.R.S.A.

Mr. Reid is not a black-and-white man in the ordinary sense of the word. That is to say you will look in the pages of the *Sketch* (magnificently illustrated though they be), the *Graphic*, or the hundred and one other illustrated periodicals of to-day, yesterday, and to-morrow, (for these spring up like the gourd of Jonah in a night,) in vain for specimens of his work. But if you are a collector, with a little black-and-white gallery of your own, you will point with pride to at least one beautiful charcoal drawing which bears the signature of the President's younger brother. His "charcoals" are famous far beyond the City boundary, and are eagerly bought up whenever they appear on the market. One of these, thanks to the readily given permission of Mr. Reid, and the courtesy of Mr. Gifford, in whose Saloon the drawing is at present, we have been able to reproduce in this issue, and though the picture suffers considerably in reduction, it will, in a measure, afford some slight idea of the excellence of the artist's work. While on the subject of our illustrations, I would like also to express our indebtedness to Mr. Reid for his kindness in placing at my disposal for use in the *Book-Stall* the capital little pencil sketch, "Ferryden, Montrose," now published for the first time, as well as for the photograph, specially taken for these pages by Mr. Edmund Geering, the well-known city "sun artist."

"Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, sir!" remarked Mr. Reid in the words of the needy knife-grinder, when I ventured with characteristic shyness to suggest that out of the goodness of his heart he might allow the fierce light which is popularly supposed to beat upon thrones and (on occasion), on black-and-white artists, to be turned on by me for the benefit of *Book-Stall* readers.

"Or," he added, "none at least the telling of which—even with the aid of your literary skill" (at which, as Pope puts it, having "done good by stealth," I "blushed to find it fame,") "could by any possibility interest your readers."

"There, Mr. Reid," I replied, "I venture to think you are in error. Waiving for the moment your appreciative reference to my 'literary skill'" (a reference which it is unnecessary to point out at once stamped the gentleman in the witness box, if not as a critic of a very severe order, at least as the possessor of a very pretty wit), "a person who, though he has not been prominently identified with the public life of our City; who has no aspirations to the Provostship; who never stood for the Town Council; nor even ventured to ventilate his views on the Byron Statue or the Greyfriars Question in the public prints which do duty for newspapers; has yet been so fortunate as you in meeting, alike in a private capacity and during the ordeal of having their portraits painted, when a man naturally tries to put the best face possible on things, cannot fail to have many recollections of great interest."

[*Of course the reader will understand that I didn't manage to say it all off as nicely as in the foregoing, but I have here written what I might have said but for the natural shyness of my disposition, and other reasons.*]

"You Interviewers ——" began Mr. Reid, but as I whisked out my note book and pencil preparatory to perpetuating his opinion of present day journalism, he must have remembered his Tennyson too literally—

> Let the peoples spin for ever
> Down the ringing grooves of change,

for he adroitly turned the conversation into other channels, and this unique opportunity of "seeing oorsel's as ithers see us" was gone and lost for ever like the hapless Clementine.

It was in '44, just when the then Russian Emperor visited this country, and in good time to take part in the Tractarian Movement had he been so minded, that Mr. Reid made his *debût* on Life's Stage. He was born and brought up in the "braif toun"—pet phrase of the local historian—and took his first draught of the Pierian Spring at "The Trades School," of which the worthy Thomas Rodger, irreverently termed by the boys, "Snuffy Rodger," was at the time Head Master. At the mature age of ten he entered Gordon's College, or rather Gordon's Hospital as it then was, and thus forms one of the long list of now famous "Sillerton" boys. Here he remained for four years, during which his instructors

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failed not to follow the advice of the old Grammarian—

> Oh ye, who teach the ingenuous youth of nations—
> Holland, France, England, Germany or Spain,
> I pray ye flog them upon all occasions:
> It mends their morals: never mind the pain.

Thereafter, his mind and morals being presumably in a thoroughly satisfactory state, he entered the counting house of that well-known patron of Art, Mr. John Forbes White, as clerk and office boy. From there, after four years' service, he migrated to Broadford works, where he spent a period of like duration under the Messrs. Richards.

"I never had any head for figures," remarked Mr. Reid, as he recalled those days at the desk, "and cordially detested business life. During these many years of uncongenial work I longed to be an artist, and I'm sadly afraid I wasted much of my employer's time—not to mention his stationery—in making sketches on blotting pads and fly-leaves of invoice books, when I should have been running-up summations as long as the letters on the mat which the Irishman stole.

"Tell you the story?" he continued, as I begged for further particulars. "Well, there isn't very much of it—just the sort of anecdote which the 'professed humourist' of the *People's Journal* 'Good Stories' column would revel in—if perhaps not quite so hoary. Pat, who figures as the hero of the adventure, had stolen a mat, but had the misfortune to be caught *in flagrante delicto.* Asked by the Bailie what he had to say for himself he answered with the ready wit of his nation—*Shure, yer Honour, had it not WELCOME on it in letters as long as yer arrm?*"

During his period of office life Mr. Reid attended the drawing classes in the old Mechanics' Institute in Market Street, going to them, with the enthusiasm of a true artist, after he left Mr. White's office at eight in the evening. No ten to four, with an hour for lunch in those days! The class was held from eight until ten, and after it was over Mr. Reid took his drawing-board home, and worked cheerfully until the early hours of the following morning. "Hell itself must yield to industry," says rare Ben, and it is little wonder that Mr. Reid's progress in his beloved Art was at once rapid and satisfactory. At this period, however, his ideas in Art were more directed towards Sculpture than to Painting, and he remembers on one occasion how, with great fear and trembling, he summoned up courage to call on the late Alexander Brodie and ask permission to be allowed to watch him at work.

At this period of the proceedings I ventured to point out to Mr. Reid that any recollections of the famous sculptor and friend of Philip would be highly appreciated, and his reply I give *verbatim*:—

"At the time of my visit, Brodie had a studio in a tumble-down house in a Court somewhere near the top of Justice Street. I suppose that house and Court, too, have disappeared, but I daresay that many who were boys in 'the fifties,' such as your



Photo by E. Geering, Union Street.

genial chronicler Mr. 'Clements,' who may, perhaps, be able to say something about it in the course of his reminiscences, will remember it from its proximity to John Black's Museum. That institution was famed for possessing, among other wonderful objects, a genuine bit of all that remained of Lot's wife. If there were any sceptics who questioned the authenticity of the relic, their doubts could be confounded and themselves put to shame by the application of the tip of the tongue to the somewhat dirty morsel.



FERRYDEN, MONTROSE.

From an Original Drawing by Mr. Archd. D. Reid, A.R.S.A.

The fact that it really tasted salt was conclusive evidence to the mind of the management, if not to the Unbeliever, that it could be nothing else save what it was represented to be !

"Mr. Brodie was very kind and pleasant, and not only gave me an insight into the way of manipulating clay, but also lent me plaster casts to copy.

"In my sculptor days," Mr. Reid continued, "I made a good many models of various things, but as they were only in pipe-clay they gradually got broken. The last one I did—the model of a lion over which I had burned much midnight oil—was knocked about the house for some time, and at length was, I imagine, broken up by an iconoclastic housemaid and used for some ignoble domestic purpose."

"Almost another case of

> 'Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away,'"

I suggested.

"And thus," concluded Mr. Reid dramatically, "ended my career as a sculptor."

It had been a long and an uphill fight, but as Herrick says—

> Perseverance is a Roman virtue
> That wins each god-like act, and plucks success
> E'en from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger,

and at last, in 1867, ætat 23, Archibald Reid was enabled to say good-bye to desk and office stool, and with a light heart, and a still lighter purse, to plunge into the Unknown. In November of that, to him, eventful year, he went to Edinburgh, and there attended the drawing classes at the Royal Institute and the R.S.A. Life Class. For three happy winters he pursued this course of study, varying the life by painting in the country in summer time or visiting Aberdeen—helping to make ends meet by doing small water-colour drawings, touching up photographic portrait enlargements and so on; in fact doing the usual sort of work at the usual pay generally given and received by the young traveller on the long road to Art. However, encouragement was not altogether wanting, and Mr. Reid mentions with considerable pride that his first water-colour was bought by the good ex-Dean of Guild Walker, to whom many a struggling artist has owed so much in the way of help of the most practical and appreciated kind.

In 1874, in company with his friend, the Rev. James Peter of Old Deer, he paid his first visit to Belgium and Holland. The latter country with its old towns and villages, its low horizons and grey, luminous skies has ever, he confesses, had a great fascination for him, and he has frequently returned to it—always to find the old charm renewed.

"Speaking of my first visit to Holland, and my companion Mr. Peter," remarked Mr. Reid, "reminds me of some very pleasant meetings that about this time—during the seventies—used to take place in the hospitable Manse of Deer, under the presidency of "The Abbot," as we used to call our host. Mr. Peter was a man full of artistic sympathies, fond of artists' society, and had himself a very considerable amount of artistic ability. The late George Paul Chalmers was at this period frequently in Aberdeen, living with Mr. J. F. White; I had my studio in King Street, the use of which I gave to Chalmers, and there he painted some of his finest pictures, including his well-known "End of the Harvest"; my brother George had still his headquarters in the City, and in the month of January, when our Exhibition pictures were finished and sent off to Edinburgh in time for "sending-in" day, we felt that we were entitled to a little relaxation. And then to Old Deer, that oasis in the desert of Buchan, we would hie, there finding rest and refreshment.

"Chalmers, J. F. White, my brother, and myself usually composed the contingent from Aberdeen, but once or twice we had Professor Robertson Smith, and once David Gill, now Astronomer-Royal at the Cape. Then we had stately, courteous Dr. Gavin from Strichen, good George Peter from Kemnay, and Dr. Kerr, then Inspector of Schools in the North of Scotland, or 'The Go-o-vernment' as he was called by the school children, and others—all good fellows and all in sympathy with painting, painters, and Art in every form.

"There was much good talk and fun, and a good dinner, the principal feature of which was a mighty cod from Peterhead, the like of which doesn't swim the sea now-a-days, and which has been much celebrated in song by more than one member of the company. And of course there was plenty of tobacco smoke, and a due allowance of whisky toddy, and Chalmers in his enthusiastic way would talk about Art, and speeches were made, and 'The Abbot' would sing 'The Fine Old English Gentleman,' and George Peter would give us one of his own clever poems, or Dr. Gavin would troll out 'A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea'—fresh and breezy as himself. Alas ! that all those voices should be hushed in death."

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In 1878 Mr. Reid spent some months in Paris, working from "the life" in the *atelier* of M. Julien. It was an evil-smelling place, he says, crammed to suffocation with students of many different nationalities—Frenchmen, Spaniards, Yankees, Englishmen, and Scotchmen. There much work was carried on amidst a great deal of tobacco smoke and horse-play, and, occasionally, when a dispute arose as to the merits of certain artists, the place became a perfect Pandemonium, stilled only by the persistent cries of *Assez! Assez!* from the older students.

I begged for some reminiscences of those student days, suggestive as they were of Trilby, Little Billee, and the Quartier Latin, whereupon Mr. Reid, ever ready to oblige, resumed—

"In the after part of the day I used to work in the studio of my friends, T. Millie Dow and Robert W. Allan (whose picture, 'The North Ford,' has just been purchased by the Corporation), who were living together in Bohemian fashion near the Boulevard d'Enfer. I look back upon this period of my life," he continued, "with great pleasure. Some six or seven of us—Scotchmen all, with the exception of two, who were from the wrong side of the Border, used to meet in the Studio, where we had a model whom we paid amongst us. Here one could work in peace and quietness, and have plenty of fun too. Then after work, in the evening there was the adjournment to a cheap restaurant for dinner, with its doubtful dishes and its very blue wine; or, if we were in funds, there would be a little dinner on a more expensive scale, and a bottle or two of *Vin Superieure*, over which we would grow eloquent about Art and the great masterpieces we were all going to paint by and bye. Then there would be a pleasant day at Meudon, or in the woods of Vincennes, and we knew Taffy and the Laird and Trilby and Madame Vinard, although they went by other names in our time."

In 1881 Mr. Reid visited Spain, where he spent a couple of months travelling and sketching in different parts of the country with his friend Robert Allan. Since then he has usually spent the greater part of the summer sketching in different places—sometimes at home and sometimes abroad, the result being many pictures both in oil and water colour. Of these, however, with the exception of a few in local collections, and one which was purchased for a public Gallery in New Zealand, he admits he has lost all trace, though several of them have been bought at different times by the Royal Association for the Promotion of Fine Arts in Scotland. To bring his record up to date: he was elected in 1892 an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy, and in 1897 a Member of the Institute of Painters in Oil (London), while he is also a Member of the Royal Scottish Water Colour Society.

He has, as I have indicated, done little in the way of book illustration, only one drawing, he tells me, so far as he can remember, having been engraved. That appeared some six or seven years ago in *Life and Work*, and was an illustration to somebody's verses about a Dutch milkmaid. With reference to the charcoal drawings already referred to, it may be mentioned that they are done upon a French drawing paper, and afterwards fixed to prevent injury by rubbing.

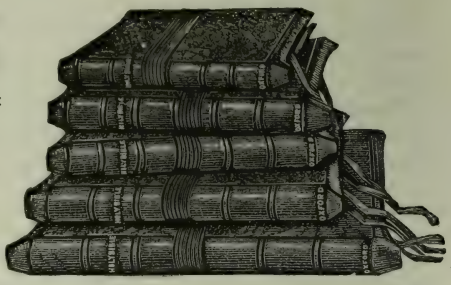
As a portrait painter, Mr. Reid takes a deservedly high position—not only as a local, but as a British artist. Though his work has been principally confined to portraits of private individuals, he has also done several of a public or semi-public nature, including those of Mr. Smith, City Chamberlain of Banff; Mr. and Mrs. Sleigh of Strichen; Provost Hutcheon, Turriff; John Colvin, the old Sacrist; the replica of Sir George's portrait of Sir William Henderson; and Mr. James Davidson, the genial and able Manager of the Scottish Employers' Liability and Accident Insurance Company, the last—a particularly fine piece of work and an admirable likeness of the Scottish "Chief"—being presented to their Manager by the members of the staff as a token of their esteem and regard on the occasion of the tenth anniversity of the birth of that very successful company.

Personally Mr. Reid is, like his brothers, a kindly-hearted, generous, unassuming individual, ever ready to help a brother of the brush and pen. His modesty is but a candle to his merit, and in local art circles, as well as in those in the "arenas of the south" there is no one whose company is more welcome or whose opinion is more readily received than Mr. Archibald D. Reid, A.R.S.A.

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MORE ABERDEEN WORTHIES.

MR. GEORGE DEMPSAY.



THESE fragmentary articles almost unconsciously afford the writer convenient opportunity to exercise the liberty, so to speak, of a roving commission. And while trying, as far as possible, to confine oneself to purely local celebrities, *i.e.*, men who have lived all their lives in Aberdeen, there must of necessity, time and again, be a turning aside to discuss "subjects" who have not entirely made "a local habitation and a name" among us. In my last ramble I endeavoured to describe "a pantomime in the sixties," and the glare of the footlights has proved too much for me. I am only beginning to realise that these reminiscences are likely to prove but a sorry, tangled skein. So many varied experiences and remembrances crop up in one's mind that it becomes well-nigh impossible to classify them—hence this apologetic paragraph.

It has become a well-worn axiom that "Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction," and this, too, notwithstanding Louis de Rougemont's assertion that truth must be flavoured and spiced with fiction in order to make it it palatable to the average reader! The history of the life of Mr. George Dempsay, the subject of the present paper, belies any such assertion. It reads more like a romance than a statement of fact.

George Dempsay was born towards the end of the twenties, and is thus over seventy years of age. A keen, alert, but quiet and unassuming man, Mr. Dempsay lives an almost secluded life in Bon-Accord, his native city. His parents were of humble origin, domesticated and taking a lively interest in the welfare of their family, of whom the two eldest were boys—George and Tom. As mere children the two youngsters took a lively interest in matters theatrical, and George began his public career in Aberdeen as call-boy to Mr. Barry Sullivan, the eminent tragedian, in 1840. It says much for the *camaraderie* of the stage that the acquaintance thus early begun, and the friendship that followed, continued uninterrupted to the time of Mr. Sullivan's death. Many and frequent were the communications that passed between these two comrades, and Sullivan never visited Aberdeen without looking up his old call-boy, and together the veterans "fought their battles o'er again." "Never a better man breathed, never a stauncher friend; never a finer actor trod the boards, than Barry Sullivan," is Mr. Dempsay's tribute to his late chief. I have before me three photographs, the property of Mr. Dempsay, of Mr. Sullivan, taken in London by the famous Messrs, W. & D. Downey in 1875, and presented by the great actor "to Mr. George Dempsay with kind remembrances of Barry Sullivan, 5th Feby., '75." One of

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these depicts the favourite provincial tragedian in his famous impersonation of Hamlet. The pose is life-like and graphic. The actor is seated, holding the skull of Yorick, and the picture would form an apt illustration to the famous speech in the play beginning :—

> "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times! and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it."

The other two photographs represent Mr. Sullivan in walking costume; the light-coloured trousers, the frock-coat buttoned, and the white "tall" hat, with its black band, laid on a table before which the actor stands. But, I digress.

The two little Dempsays laid their heads together very early in life, and the project they evolved through this joint action was a grand one! Neither of them seem to have recognised any special histrionic ability inherent in them, but both were enamoured of public applause. Like an endless song of joy and triumph, it rang in their young ears. The melody welled out strong and clear, and it was sweet to listen to, even though they then took no part in it. But if purely histrionic ability was denied them, they would still become professionals, they would make for themselves names on the stage! And so it came about that the little fellows, in their spare time, turned their attention to gymnastics. There were no physical training colleges to assist and egg on youthful aspirants, but, nothing daunted, the Dempsays set about the founding of a "college" which was all "their very own." Embryo actors, on the other hand, were much better off, for had they not old Peter Crone, who then lived in Shoe Lane, I think, to "coach" them on Sundays when the kirks were in! Willie Lowe, who was here with Mr. Osmond Tearle only the other week, "could a tale unfold" with regard to those Sunday lessons. Crone's was, I fear, a rough aud ready school, and as he was latterly a great martyr to gout, his invariable "speech," while "teaching the young idea how to shoot," may have had a double meaning. He usually sat in a chair, and every now and again he delivered himself in tragic tones thus:—"O, my God, what have I done that I should be thus afflicted?" As his gaze was directed ceiling-wards, it is to be presumed that his agonised query was genuine, and that he really expected to be enlightened upon what may have seemed to him a moot point! But, I must cry your mercy, dear reader, for again digressing.

The Dempsay's practising gymnasium was a disused stable, where, with the aid of a couple of stout cart ropes and a rough bar of wood, they erected for themselves a "flying" trapeze, fastening the ends of the ropes over the couples of the building. Here they rehearsed their various feats, sometimes together, at other times singly. By dint of perseverance and a dogged determination to excel in their project, together with the few object lessons then available through attending performances at circuses, the Dempsay's at length overcame all obstacles and qualified themselves as full-fledged gymnasts. Of fearless, not to say daring disposition, the youths at last set out to try and win fame. Together they toured full of hope, energy, and enthusiasm. Come what might, they would command success. They would put "a stout heart to a stey brae," and some day, perhaps, they would come back to the Granite City crowned with laurels! Thus did those youthful day-dreamers build their rosy castles in the air. Slowly, but resolutely, did the brothers Dempsay work their way south, picking up an engagement here and there *en route*. Sometimes they were successful in "striking a good thing," but quite as often having to "rough it," in the booth or under small canvas, as so many more had to do in their time. "Agents" were not then the ban of the stage, music-hall, or circus professions, and booking "full up" for two or three years in advance was not dreamed of. Those were the days when hard persevering work and real merit came up top in these professions.

At length, after many vicissitudes and privations our gymnast friends reached Manchester, where, luckily for them, their fame

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had preceded them. Here they entered into a lengthy engagement with the management at the Colosseum. The trapeze act of the Dempsays was unique in its day, and soon set the ears of all Manchester. They did well by this engagement, and "made a bit" over it. The partnership of the two brothers was, however, dissolved, and George, having always a warm corner in his heart for Aberdeen, shortly after "made tracks" for his native city. Here, on 13th December, 1852, he made his first appearance in the Theatre Royal, Marischal Street. The day-bill thus announced Mr Dempsay :—

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Very considerable interest was manifested by the inhabitants of the Granite City in the two appearances of their youthful townsman at the Theatre Royal. His "show" was quite new, and as I have already said, clever, daring and unique. The butcher boys, who in those days were much given to whistling the melodies of all the most popular songs, and who for accuracy in difficult operatic airs would have made a prima donna of the time "sit up," so to speak, sat perched in the gallery and sweeps' boxes and watched the performance with bated breath, and rewarded young Dempsay with cheer after cheer. This was the beginning of an eventful career, during which Mr. Dempsay fulfilled many engagements, here, there, and everywhere. But the work became hard and exhausting, and, after some years, our hero dropped it for what proved lighter and easier work.

Towards the beginning of the sixties, Mr. William Gray, who was at the time lessee of a fine bar in Exchequer Row, much frequented and patronised by *the* profession, and who latterly occupied the spirit vaults at the corner of Guild Street and Market Street, in which place he was followed by Mr. John



MR. GEORGE DEMPSAY.

Stephen, opened the Mechanic's Hall, Market Street, as a music hall. There for several seasons Mr. Dempsay (who had assumed Mr. Edward McGuinness as a partner in what is known as knock-about Irish business), managed the hall in conjunction with McGuinness, the firm's name being Dempsay and McGuinness. These were the days of Fumerollo, Tom Maclaghan, George Leybourne and A. G. Vance, the famous exponents of "Champagne Charlie is my name," The Leggats—old Leggat is still alive

and hearty, and can sing and dance yet with the best of them!—and many others that could be named. Sam Cowell was in the zenith of his fame and continuing to delight crowded houses with his remarkable songs, "The Cure,' and "An 'orrible tale." The Mechanic's Hall is now virtually the large and spacious dining hall of the Bon-Accord Hotel. In the old days it had a gallery at the south end of the room—the stage being at the north end. It was not a large hall by any means for the special purposes for which it was leased, but many, many a first-rate entertainment was given within its four walls. It was in the Mechanic's Hall that I first saw that great exponent of mesmerism, "Dr." Olliver; and it was there that old "Professor" Morgan was wont to demonstrate his ability to put to sleep all and sundry whom he invited to come on the little stage. Both are now dead. Olliver went on tour in America, and as far as I remember, he got mixed up in an *amour* in New York, where on the stage of the hall where he was performing, he met with a tragic death. He was shot dead by the brother of the girl whom it was alleged he had wronged. But I'm again off at a tangent.

"Old Bob Ridley" was a famous negro song of the days I am now writing about. The music hall songs of the time were not any worse if they were not better than those we are accustomed to hear now—if we are to judge from the one I have just named. Here is a stanza that comes into my mind:—

"Old Bob Ridley, the engine driver,
Hit him in the belly, and I burst his b'iler,
I'm old Bob Ridley, oh!
I'm old Bob Ridley, oh!
I'm old Bob Ridley, oh, I, oh!
I'm old Bob Ridley, oh!"

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(To be Continued.)

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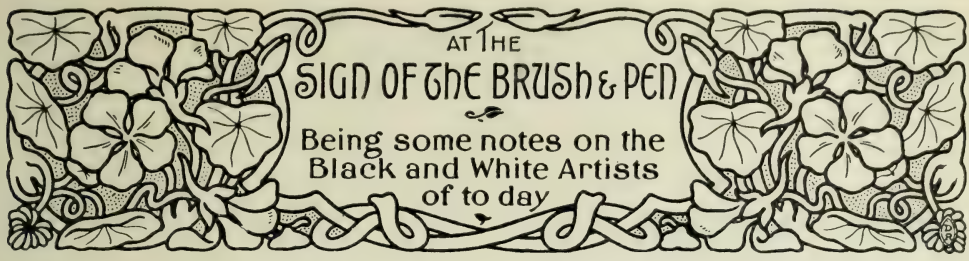
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No. 19.—MR. ALLAN STEWART.

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THESE were a few of the headlines that caught my eye in the *Review of Reviews* the other day, and I knew that Stead was at it again. It was all so like our old friend Mr. Baxter of the *Christian Herald*, with his Beast with seven heads and ten horns, and the Abominations, and the Changing of the Kingdoms, and the arrival of the Millenium within a strictly limited number of years, and all that sort of thing. I had been caught by the *Gazette* with big headlines and little news before, however, and I turned with a sigh of relief to *Great Thoughts*, feeling sure that there, at all events, if I did not find some of my own, I would at least be comforted by the thoughts of other great minds. And this is what I read:—

"After spending nearly three months upon the Continent in constant discussion and investigation, after having everywhere ascertained the views of those responsible for public affairs on the subject of the Peace Conference, Mr. Stead has returned home full of high hope, and confident that we are on the eve of a forward step in the progress of human society, from the savagery of lawless war to the reign of peace."

It was Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, a sober-minded and cool-headed individual, who wrote, and I felt the matter required looking into. If the coming century was to be a Peace-at-any-price Age; if, having gracefully conceded about all we had left, we were also to disband our Highlanders and make pipe-playing a capital offence, the matter became one of grave public concern, and affected a not inconsiderable class of the community. What, for instance, had the artists to say to it?

So I hie me to Mr. Allan Stewart, one of our most distinguished painters of military pictures (and whose "Charge of the Gordon Highlanders at Dargai" created no slight sensation in Art circles on its being exhibited by the Fine Art Society at their Gallery in Bond Street in March and April of last year), with a view to interrogating him on this and on other matters. Mr. Stewart, though a Scotchman by birth and inclination, lives in sunny Maida Vale in North-West London, and it was there that the memorable conversation hereinafter set forth took place.

I had been saying it over to myself all morning, and no sooner had I sighted Mr. Stewart in his Studio than I fired it off—

"Yes," I said, in reply to his genial greeting, "it is a bit foggy, and there was a ten-minutes' block in the Euston Road as I came along, but Mr Stewart," I added impressively—

> "Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
> And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
> Numb'ring our *Ave Marias* with our beads?
> Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,
> Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

as his Grace of Gloster puts it."

"I presume you refer to the collaboration of the Tsar and Stead—or perhaps I should rather say Stead and the Tsar?—in the interests of Peace and the *Review of Reviews*," he answered with remarkable intuition.

A SCOTS' NICHT.

An esteemed contributor in Australia sends us the following.

IF you chance to strike a gathering of half-a-dozen friends
Where the drink is Highland whisky or some chosen "border blends,"
And the room is full of "speirin" and the "gruppin" of brown "han's"
And the talk is all of "tartans," and of "plaidies" and of "clans,"
You can take things "douce" and easy, you can judge your going richt,
For you've had the luck to stumble on a "wee Scots' nicht."

When you're pitchforked in among them in a sweeping sort of way
As "anither mon an' brither" from the Tweed or from the Tay,
When you're taken by the "oxter" and you're "couped" into a chair,
While someone slips a "whusky" in your tumbler unaware,
Then the present seems less dismal and the future fair and "bricht,"
For you've struck earth's grandest treasure in a "guid Scots' nicht."

When you hear a short name shouted and the same name shouted back
Till you think in the confusion that they've all been christened "Mac,"
When you see a red beard flashing in the corner by the fire,
And a giant on the sofa who is six-foot three or higher,
Before you've guessed the colour and before you've gauged the height,
You'll have jumped at the conclusion it's a "braw Scots' nicht."

When the red man in the corner puts his strong voice to the proof,
As he gives the "Hundred Pipers," and the chorus lifts the roof,
When a "chiel" sings "Annie Laurie" with its tender, sweet refrain,
Till the tears are on their eyelids and—the drinks come round again,
When they chant the stirring war-songs that would make the coward fight,
Then you're fairly in the middle of a "wee Scots' nicht."

When the plot begins to thicken and the band begins to play,
When every tin-pot chieftain has a word or two to say,
When they'd sell a Queensland station for a sprig of native heath,
When there's one "Mac" on the table and a couple underneath,
When half of them are sleeping and the whole of them are tight,
You will know that you're assisting at a (hic) "Scots' nicht."

When the last big bottle's empty and the dawn creeps gray and cold,
And the last clan-tartan's folded and the last d——d lie is told,
When they totter down the footpath in a brave unbroken line,
To the peril of the passers and the tune of "Auld Lang Syne,"
You can tell the folk at breakfast as they watch the fearsome "sicht,"
"They have only been assisting at a 'braw Scots' nicht.'"

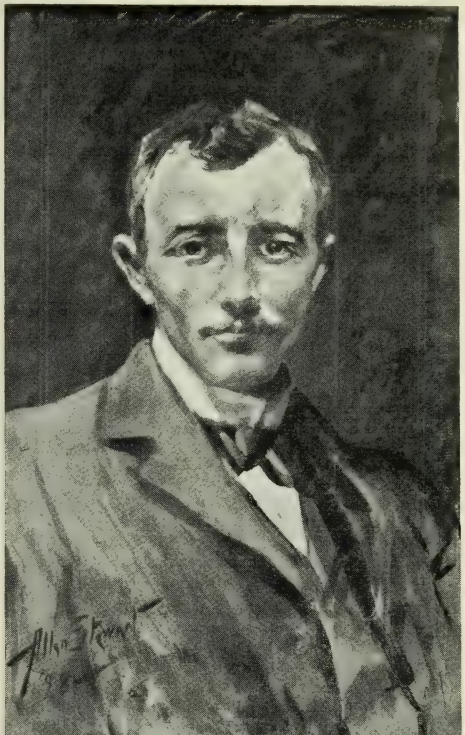
"I do," I continued. "And further, I want to know all about it—whether you artists who make (as everybody knows) fortunes of De Rougemont proportions by depicting the deeds of derring-do of the battlefield, and make the biggest Little Englander of us all long (weather permitting) to wear a kilt and translate Kipling, are going to go in for Church decoration or organ-grinding with a possible peerage? In short, how you look upon this general disarmament theory, and whether you are all buying annuities in view of possible contingencies?"

"I'm afraid," the well known artist replied, "I am rather too prejudiced a person to give expression to any opinion (suitable for publication) on the subject. But, to be candid, though it all sounds very beautiful and conjures up visions of a busy time and, I should think, a rather trying occupation for the blacksmith in turning swords into ploughshares and all that sort of thing, I'm afraid that it has hardly, as yet, at all events, come within the range of practical politics. At anyrate I can still sleep well o' nights, for even if this picturesque (and Utopian) proposition should be realised, I can live for a time on the Past, for there still is one or two battles which I have not yet pictured, and which, if the painting of such be not prohibited by Act of Parliament, may come in handy. And," he added, "I'm very much inclined to think there will be one or two more before we reach that ideal state of which Longfellow—quotations are permissible, I presume?—wrote—

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the world bestow'd on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need for arsenals and forts!"

Allan Stewart—the very name smacks of Bonnie Prince Charlie and Allan Breck, and conjures up visions of claymores and dirks and wild deeds among the hills and heather—is, as I have said, a genuine son of Scotland, having been born in Edinburgh, and educated at the Institution there. He has a soft side for Aberdeen, for his father was an Aberdeenshire man, and he has many friends in, or who hail from this Deputational Town. As in the case of many another who has subsequently found his true vocation in Art—though he had always a fondness for pictures, and even in the earliest stages of his career was never so happy as when possessed of a pencil and a piece of paper—Mr. Stewart did not begin life with a view to becoming a painter. In consequence, he had no regular Art training, and has had to pay the usual penalty of many years of hard work and study. On leaving school he tried his 'prentice hand at business, but the Artistic Temperament and the Sales Ledger are an ill-assorted pair, and he never could be said to have followed out Shakespeare's assertion—

"To business that we love, we rise betimes
And go to it with delight.'



MR. ALLAN STEWART.
(Specially drawn by him for "Brown's Book-Stall.")

He never took kindly to the gentle Art of Long Addition, and finally he decided, as the historical man who couldn't read the legendary riddle is asserted to have done, to give it up, and, in 1886, commenced his career as an artist. Being at the time in Edinburgh, and knowing some of the members of the R.S.A., he naturally did as most of them had done before him—began studying drawing at the Statue Gallery, and then going through the Life School of the Academy. He soon shewed that he was an artist



MAJOR ALLAN WILSON.

(Original Study by Mr. Allan Stewart for "The Last Stand of Major Allan Wilson.")

of no mean ability, for during the four Sessions he attended at the latter he took most of the prizes which the Academy gave. Then came, perhaps, the most trying period of the artist's career—the years he spent in seeking recognition on the sacred walls of the annual Exhibition. For a year or two he was numbered among the Rejected, being either turned adrift altogether or hopelessly skied, a fate which, with his characteristic modesty, he confesses he thinks his pictures richly deserved. But Allan Stewart was too good an artist to remain long unrecognised. Fate finally smiled upon him, and after one or two efforts, he found his way to "the line," to which he has consistently clung from that day to this.

Though Mr. Stewart is popularly identified as a painter of military subjects, he is too versatile an artist not to have tried his brush on other things. True, he began with battle pieces, such as "The Last Call" and "The Outposts," but ere long he turned his attention to landscapes with figures. Next he spent a season or two on the Moray Firth, painting fishing and sea-scenes, notably "The Crab-Catchers" and "North Sea Skippers." Then he went in for historical subjects on a pretty large scale, among these being his well known "Prince Charlie's last look at Scotland," and "An Incident of the Armada: Mull, 1588," depicting a meeting of Spaniards and Highlanders. To make studies for this picture, Mr. Stewart took a tour through Spain, where in the intervals of making character sketches of the people, he studied and made several copies of the work of Velasquez in Madrid. Then came "Queen Mary surrendering at Carberry Hill," and that thrilling bit of work "The Rally of the Scots Greys at Balaclava." This latter, in the painting of which he had the help of many old heroes, officers and men alike, who had come through the historical charge, brought him back once more to his first love, to whom he has remained more or less constant ever since.

Following on, and doubtless on account of the success of these paintings came a special commission from the Fine Art Society already referred to, to paint what has now become an historical picture, "The Last Stand of Major Allan Wilson"—one of the studies for which (that of Major Wilson), we are particularly fortunate (thanks to the kindness of Mr. Stewart), in being able to reproduce in these pages. Of the latter it need here only be said that it conveys a very fair idea of the strength and vigour which characterises all Mr. Stewart's work, for one of the Articles of his Artistic Creed is Realism, by which, of course, I do not mean the realism of the photograph, and he has a sincere admiration for, and is a faithful follower of, strong, healthy, and sane methods in Art.

"To me," remarked Mr. Stewart, in referring to two of Wilson's party who were sent back to hurry up the main body about ten minutes before the Major was surrounded, and who had given much valuable assistance in supplying local colour for the picture, "there is, as you may suppose, a great deal of interest and of information to be derived from meeting the men who have actually done the deeds which make the world ring, for, apart from the help which they give from a pictorial point of view, they have many stories to tell—little side-lights on history to relate, which are far from being generally known, and you get many a hint quite accidentally. For instance, I heard of a curious coincidence, and, to me, a very pathetic incident, while painting this picture;—the first man to go up country after the fight, and who found the bones of Wilson's party, was Dawson. He and Wilson had been boys together at school in far-away Banffshire—Scotchmen, as ever, always in the van."

It was while busy with some African military subjects that Mr. Stewart received a commission, also from the Fine Art Society, to paint what, up to the present, must be regarded as his *magnum opus*, "The Charge of the Gordon Highlanders at Dargai," though his "Lancers at Omdurman," on which he is now engaged, is full of the highest promise. In painting the Dargai picture, the original of which is, by the way, ten feet long, Mr. Stewart had the assistance of Colonel Dick Cunyngham and officers of the 2nd Battalion, as well as of letters from officers at at the front.

"And here," remarked Mr Stewart, ever ready to render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, "I may say in passing that I never find anyone so ready to help as military officers, and no better models than soldiers." *Black and White*, which, by the way, had previously offered Mr. Stewart the post of war artist and correspondent, an honour which, owing to pressure of other work, he was, very reluctantly, compelled to decline, and genial, courteous, kindly Mr. W. L. Thomas, R.I., of the *Graphic*, also gave him all the help they could in the way of photographs and sketches from their own artists at the front.

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Of the picture itself little need be said. It is a great work, worthy of its great subject. The events leading up to the now historical charge are of too recent occurrence to require anything but the briefest recapitulation here—how a second taking of the Dargai heights during the '97 campaign on the Indian frontier became necessary; how an upward slope, one hundred and fifty yards or so in length, leading from various converging *nullahs* to the base of the heights, was exposed to the direct fire of the enemy from three different points—the ranges having also been marked down; how the Goorkhas, Dorsets, and Derbys had in vain attempted to cross this fire-swept zone and gain the heights above; and how, finally, the Gordons (assisted by Piper Findlater) piped their way to glory and renown.

The moment selected by Mr. Stewart for his picture is when the first company of the Gordons is reaching the farther side. Colonel Mathias is already there, and the Goorkhas, in shelter, are seen cheering the men on. The other companies are following, the rear being a mixed crowd of Gordons, Derbys, Dorsets, and Sikhs—a bugler of one of the regiments being seen on the left flank, on the front of which is Captain Miller Wallnut. In the centre of the picture is Major Macbean, wounded, and trying to raise himself, and nearer the front is Piper Findlater, still raising the inspiring strains of the "Cock o' the North." The ground is strewn with the dead from the Goorkhas, Derbys, and Dorsets, principal amongst them being the gallant Captain Smith, of the Derbys. The uniforms of the last-named regiments being similar, there is some difficulty in distinguishing them.

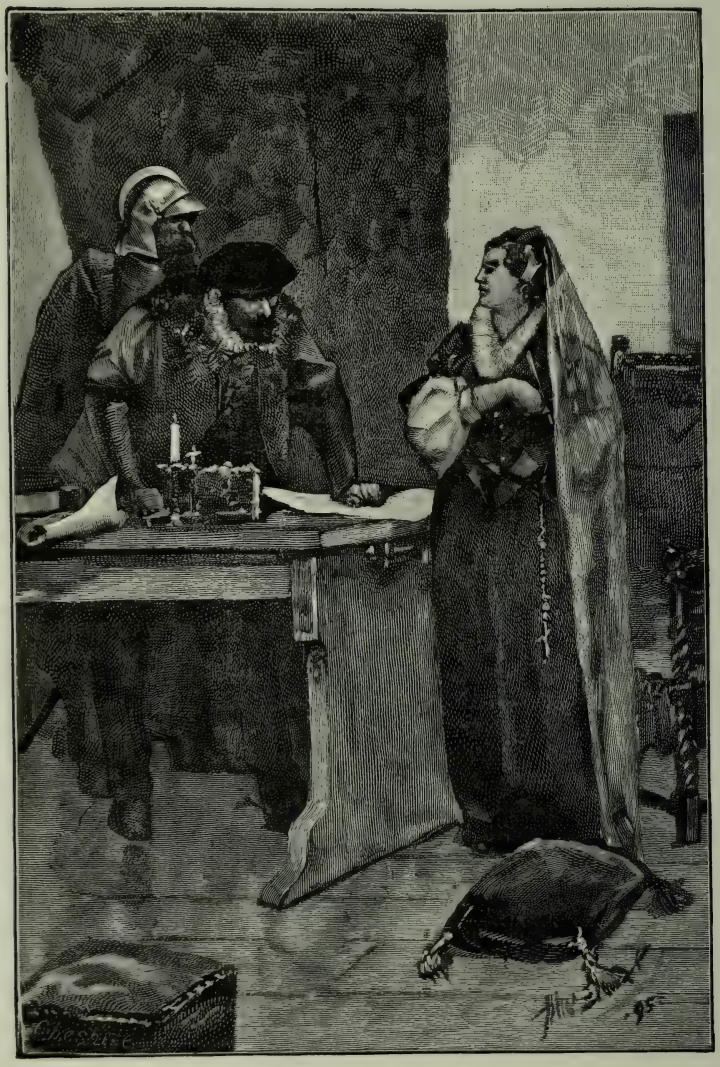
The picture, I may mention, has been very highly commended by Lieutenant-Colonel Forbes MacBean, who was the first man to jump into the open, and who is depicted lying in the foreground. He considered it very accurate and true in its local colour. A photo-gravure has just been issued, and may be seen at Brown's Book-Stall, 83 Union Street. Impressions are to be had at the following rates—Signed Artist's proofs, £5 5s.; India prints, £2 2s.; and Ordinary prints, £1 1s.

At the time of my visit Mr. Stewart was just completing a striking picture of an incident of the Matabele Rebellion of two years ago, when several mining engineers and their wives were hemmed up in a mine twenty-five miles from Salisbury—the natives being busy killing all the outlying settlers. A party of troopers fought their way out to them, dismounted six of their men and, putting the horses into a wagon with the women inside, fought their way out again, losing several of their party and fighting all the way in a blazing sun.

So far as general art training goes, Mr. Stewart might almost be called a self-taught man. He has never studied abroad in *ateliers*, but has made at his ain fireside a careful study of the work of all the best artists, both English and foreign, and this he considers as perhaps the best teaching one can get. Another method of self-education followed by Mr. Stewart has been to go through several Paris studios to study their methods of work. To his last visit to the French capital a melancholy interest is attached, for on that occasion he called on and spent several hours with Muncaksy, then on work at his last picture which we have just had an opportunity of seeing in Aberdeen. Of this meeting Mr. Stewart was good enough to furnish me with some most interesting reminiscences.

"I called on him at his immense house in the *Avenue de Villiers*," began Mr. Stewart, "and was received by him most cordially. Having viewed the various rooms in the building, we adjourned to his studio, where I particularly noticed two remarkably fine portraits of ladies—one, a half-length of his wife, the other a full-length of an American lady, in the latter of which he had introduced with marvellous effect some roses in the background. In his large studio at the top of the house was the famous *Ecce Homo*, on which he was then at work. It struck me, however, as a tremendous falling away from his previous work. Close by were two finished studies for it—one almost six feet and the other larger, while round the walls were hung some very striking and powerful studies for several of the figures in 'Christ at Calvary' and 'Christ before Pilate.'

"Well, we sat in a sort of 'cosy corner' with a canopy over us. Madame Muncaksy afterwards told me that he would sit there for hours, day after day, looking at his picture and thinking it out. She acted as interpreter, and the three of us sat talking for a long time, he telling me what he proposed doing to the picture, and asking about Scotch painters. He mentioned that he admired the work he had seen which came from Scotland very much, and wanted to know as to how he could arrange for his picture being exhibited in the English and Scottish Academies, as he thought of sending it to both. Indeed, his interest in Scotland and its painters was very great, and he gave me a most pressing invitation to return to Paris



"QUEEN MARY FORCED TO ABDICATE."

(From a drawing by Mr Allan Stewart by permission of Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons.)

and spend some time with him the following year. I did not manage to go, however, at the time arranged, and before the year was out he was hopelessly insane.

"I remember," continued Mr. Stewart, "he followed me to the top of the staircase as I left, and as he went back I heard him give a great sigh. Madame explained that her husband was very tired, for he could neither rest nor sleep. Ere I went, she shewed me, in the smaller studio, some open air studies of woodlands in sunshine which he had just made at his country *chateau*, where he had been to try and win back his health. They were strong, but black and forced in colour. His whole work, however, had a brown tone, tending to black, with the exception of these portraits, which were full of delicate greys and luminous colour."

As a black and white artist, Mr. Stewart confesses that his work has been rather desultory, his time being mainly taken up with painting. Such drawings as he has done have mostly appeared in *Black and White*, while he has also contributed a number of illustrations, mainly of an historical nature, to several of the excellent "Crown Readers" and "St. George" History Series published by Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons. To the courtesy of this firm I am indebted for permission to reproduce the illustration, "Queen Mary forced to abdicate," which accompanies this issue.

So much for Mr. Stewart's work and recollections. Personally he is a quiet, unaffected, manly gentleman, without fads or fancies, and belonging to no "School" or "Brotherhood" in Art, but content to go on his way trusting to genuine hard work and study (aided, it may be added, by no small amount of genius), to pull him through somehow, without such adventitious aid as may be derived from being known as an "Impressionist," a "Pre-Raphaelite," a "Glasgow School" man, or anything else, save as a painter who loves to perpetuate the gallant deeds of Tommy Atkins during those stirring times,

"When pipes blow shrill along the hill,
And war drums beat again."

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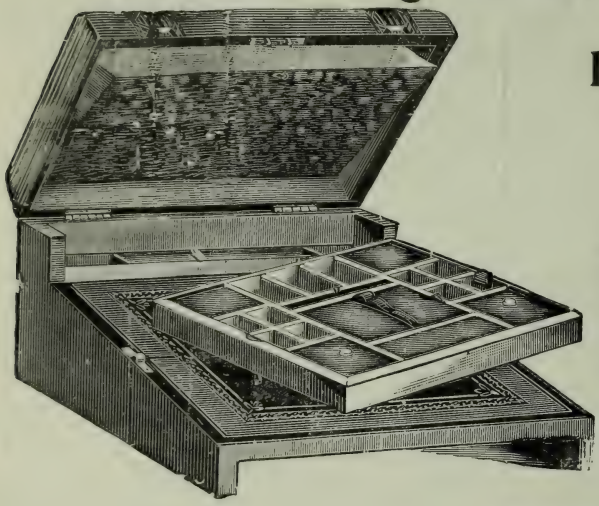
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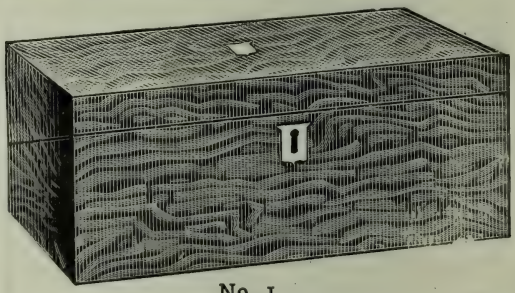


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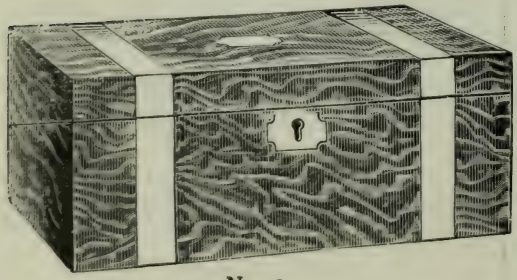
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MINISTERIAL AND MUNICIPAL.



CUSTOM used to prevail in the Churches when any one was ill and requested the prayers of the congregation, that the precentor read the intimation before the concluding prayer. In a suburban church the announcement was made "that the prayers of this congregation are requested on behalf of Robert Smith, in great distress." The good man invoked the Divine Blessing with much unction and earnestness, all unconscious that he was praying for himself. The clergyman on account of some illness in his family had manifested such dread and fear, that a wag took this mode of rebuking his spiritual teacher, causing much talk and no little amusement in the parish. Upwards of fifty years ago, in St. David's Church, Dundee, the announcement made by the precentor that "A young man entering business earnestly desires the prayers of the congregation," was regarded as a novel and cheap mode of advertising himself. In our own city the operatives were not forgotten by the late Rev. Hugh Hart, who often used the petition, "God bless the working classes, and give them adequate remuneration for their labour."

Clergymen have sometimes curious and unexpected questions to answer. One visited an old man in humble life, who was evidently nearing the end. The minister spoke to him appropriately in the circumstances, but the patient, who had evidently been thinking out the question of eternal punishment, looking up with a keen glance at his visitor said, "Do you believe that if a man is sent to hell he will burn for ever and ever?" The minister nodded assent—but the old man with a fierce and defiant voice said, "I dinna believe onything o' the kind, for there's nae constiteeshun in Aiberdeen cud stan' that." I presume the subject was not continued as a topic of conversation or discussion.

Hearers have also curious experiences. I remember attending service in an Episcopal Chapel, when the minister, after he had for two or three minutes proceeded with his sermon, turned over more than one leaf of his manuscript. He stopped, turning it over again and again, looking very bewildered and confused, and hastily repeating the words, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," he disappeared from the pulpit with a speed which surprised his audience, who however were evidently not at all disappointed at being so early relieved from the position to which they were subjected as listeners. One can appreciate the humour of the flock who sent their pastor abroad for a holiday. A gentleman who saw him on the Continent, bright

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and lively, on his return said to one of the members of Session that their minister looked well, and did not seem to require a rest. "Na, na," said the elder, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "but the congregation were sair needin' ane." Forty years ago the minister of the North Parish Church being a Governor of Gordon's Hospital, opposed a proposal for the boys being taught to swim, and gave as his chief reason that there was a probability that some of them might be drowned. "On the same principle," replied the clever and cynical Dean of Guild Bothwell, "you ought to object to the boys being taught writing as some of them might commit forgery." I heard this clergyman announce one day from the pulpit "that he would be visiting that week in Love Lane,' adding with emphasis, "of course you all know Love Lane." He did not intend to perpetrate a joke, but from the smiles and expressive looks of many of the younger persons of both sexes, they indicated that they knew and appreciated that locality in a sense different from the minister's intimation. It is said of this worthy that the sudden death of one of the members of his congregation so impressed him, that he spoke of the uncertainty of life, saying, that the person to whom he referred, "went to bed quite well and rose next morning a corpse." At a Communion, in referring to the defects in the Christian character of many of his members, which he very much deplored, he rounded off his regret by affirming "that he was glad to say they were no worse than others."

A West-End church, with its stained glass windows, organ, and other ecclesiastical ornamentation, was visited by many of the members a day or two previous to the formal opening. One of the female members on being shown round was greatly astonished and pleased, but coming to a marble baptismal font, immediately in front of the choir seats, she stood, looked astonished, and holding up her hands, said, "Here, change carriages for Rome." The anti-ritualistic feeling was roused, but with some explanations, however, it soon passed away.

In one of the Parishes of Strathbogie, at a Thanksgiving Communion Dinner, the minister, an enthusiast in agriculture, invited the elders to have a look at the extraordinary crop he had raised of Swedish turnips, which was the admiration and talk of the whole district. The cultivation of this esculent root was only in its infancy in the North at the time. After describing very minutely, and with great interest, the ploughing and preparation of the soil, the different kinds of manure and quantities used, the dates of sowing, brairding, and hoeing, he turned to one of his elders famous for his manufacture of agricultural implements, remarking, "The whole company except yourself, are joining in the conversation, I would like to know what you are thinking?" "A weel, Sir, I was jist thinkin' what a pity it wis you're congregation were'na a' neeps." A quiet and effective rebuke, the elder thinking he gave his neeps more attention than his people.

At public meetings there is often much amusement caused by the speaker's defects, and frequently by the appearance of some one who unconsciously plays the clown. I was at a meeting where an orator was going on with great impetuosity and commenting on the wonderful speaking power of George Thompson, the champion of emancipation for the slave. "Yes," he said, "I can tell you my friends, when I heard him I was almost carried off my feet, and every sinnen in my body thirled." The effect of this was somewhat different from what the speaker expected. At a Municipal Ward Meeting in the Old Grammar School, a candidate addressed the meeting. He was tall and smart looking, and free from the Aberdeen accent, having been abroad for some time. As he went on he was listened to with great attention, but when referring to the affairs of the town, he proclaimed with great emphasis, "that they were in a state of chaw-oss." The laughter which immediately followed, expressed the appreciation of the mis-pronunciation. I remember the smile which played over the features of an audience at a public lecture, when the chairman, rather pompously intimated that "the next lecture of the course would be a *Towr* in Italy." It is curious how some public speakers persist in pronouncing

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the word Café as Caif or Calf. When public men make such blunders one is not surprised at the expression of the woman, who felt that there was "far too much red tapestrie" about Public Libraries in their regulations for the exchange of books. One is rather amazed at the Dundee Magistrate who announced to his colleagues "that they would excuse him as he was about to evacuate the chair." It is amusing to find a member of a School Board referring to the Education *Cod*, and repeating it so frequently as to make his hearers suppose it had something to do with trawling or the fishing industry.

Some speakers have a habit of hesitating in their delivery which sometimes results in unforeseen consequences. In proposing a candidate for municipal honours, the proposer went over the aspirant's qualifications and fitness for the office, and was concluding with the sentence, "He is a gentleman," and hesitating at the word, a voice from the gallery at once loudly and wittily said, "Second to none," which was greatly appreciated by the audience. At a similar meeting a candidate for the Town Council, who had no gift of public speaking, took the precaution to write out his notes so as to use them if necessary. He was one of the late Lord Provost Esslemont's supporters and nominees, and he along with other friends occupied the platform. At the fitting time the candidate spoke, thanking his proposer and seconder, he said—"Gentlemen, I have been asked by a large number of the electors of this ward——Gentlemen," he began again, "I have been asked by a large number of the electors of this ward——" — putting his hand in his pocket he pulled out the manuscript and nervously unfolding it said—"Gentlemen, I have been requested by a large number of the electors of this ward" (a pause), in the silence of which an elector bawled out, "Man ye canna read Peter's writin', gie't to himsel' there, and he'll read it for ye." At this sally the audience laughed and cheered, and the candidate looked miserable. The provost smiled benignly, rather enjoying the humour of the situation.

The remarks from the audience to the speaker are sometimes good humoured, at other times impertinent. When J. Farley Leith was candidate for Parliament, he addressed a meeting in the Mechanics' Hall, after which questions were put. One of the questioners not satisfied with the answer he got, repeated it. Mr. Leith said he did not understand it, when the querist went forward to the front of the platform, shaking his fist and shouting with considerable vehemence, "It is as plain, Sir, *as the nose on your face*." As Mr. Leith had a very prominent nose, the audience resented the rude remark, while Mr. Leith felt it to be vulgarly personal, and said so. The man who put the question however did not lack intelligence or humour, for after leaving the city he got an engagement in a public work in Glasgow as a gatekeeper. Writing to a friend, informing him of his new situation, he stated "that he was now the first man in the works."

Councillor Philip of Aberdeen at a public political dinner to Sir Andrew Leith Hay at Inverurie, in 1841, gave a quaint illustration of the unity of the Tory members of the Aberdeen Town Council, eulogising them for the manner in which they stuck together. Holding up a pewter porter-pot in the face of the chairman, he said, "If ony of the big folks among the Tories wis to say that this pewter-pot wis a steamboat, the lave o' them wid sweer they saw the wheels gaun roon'." This councillor was a character, and when elected a member of the Horticultural Society, he expressed his astonishment, for he said "he didna ken a dahlia fae a docken." The dry humour of the economic Scot is well illustrated by the Edinburgh man, who was showing his Transatlantic friend the beauties of the capital, and having done so, asked what he would have to drink. "Thanks, I guess," replied the American, "I will take champagne." His friend, looking him hard in the face, replied, "Guess again, ye beggar, and guess beer."

These varied incidents recall persons, associations, and circumstances, the memory of which makes the dead past a living present, with all the enjoyment of a repeated pleasure.

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THE GOLFER AND THE BRICKLAYER.

A BALLAD.

JIM JOLLY was sound in both body and mind,
But his friends have their doubts if he still is ;
Some subtile infection 'tis perfectly plain
Has scattered the germs in his blood or his brain
Of the Golfi-gum-gutty Bacillus.

Jim J. is a townsman of credit and weight,
Quite a model of sensible bearing,
But now when he's mentioned there's noddings and winks
Since this direful zymotic he caught on the links,
And is bent on the red jacket wearing.



One Saturday morning, quite innocentlie,
Jim went down to see what the game was,
He saw a white ball on the tip of a "tee,"
Then a swing and a swish and afar o'er the lea
Like the flight of a swallow the same was.

Away over bent and away over sand,
Over *hazard* and whinbush and *bunker*,
Jim followed that ball over acres of land
As it skimmed, skipped, or soared from a lofting shot grand,
And he reckoned the game was a clinker.

Then Encyclopedias of sport having got,
And a "Badminton" sought for to borrow,
He longed for the morning to practise the shot,
Resolving at daybreak to be on the spot,
But it rained cats and dogs on the morrow.



Of expense quite regardless he gathered the tools
In a slender bag brand-new and brown,
And the weather still raining he read up each rule,
To proud he to go with a caddy to school,
And he spoke golf all over the town.

He learnedly talked of his *mashie* and *cleek*,
He knew all the points of a *putter*,
Where the *niblick* was strong, where the *driver* was weak,
And the best build and brand of a *brassie* to seek,
And all technical terms he could utter.

But day after day the barometer fell,
And the weather got wetter and wetter,
Till Jim wished the clerk of the weather in——well ;
He was dying to golf, could you honestly tell
That your words had been wiser or better?



But Jim J. must die of this fever or "swing,"
So he cleared out the chairs and the table,
And into the parlour his driver did bring,
And he tethered a ball to a bundle and string,
And hit it as hard as he's able.

When that curious game on the carpet was done,
Of the holes made he rarely has spoken ;
His first in the mirror he got with a "one,"
Then two in the window he had with a run,
And a bust with this record was broken.

Mistress Jolly thought golf such a beautiful game,
No sport she was sure could be finer,
But withering, sarcastic, she spoke all the same,
When she said that if often to such "tees" he came,
He would make some good holes in her china.

Next morning at daybreak Jim went to the green
At the back, where his wife dries and bleaches,
With the ball and the bundle all smiling serene,
The rummiest golfer that ever was seen,
In a smoking cap, braces, and breeches.



Just over the way on a neighbouring feu
A tenement mansion was rising,
And up and down ladders there went one or two
Of the workmen with bricks on their heads, quite a few,
All balanced with skill most surprising.

Jim studied his grip and he practised the swing,
Oft foosled the ball, sometimes hit it,
When the gutty would fly to the end of its string,
And Jim with the air of a golfer would sing
As he strode up the green for to get it.



Replaced on the tip of a conical tee,
Jim touched his left ear with the whipping,
Then swinging his driver right vigorouslie,
Got the ball by a fluke just as clean as could be,
Broke the string, and away it went skipping.

Like a ball from the mouth of a musket it sped,
As it passed on its path parabolic,
But a *blind hazard* came in the shape of a head
With bricks on the top, and with hair just as red,
And a tongue with a speech diabolic.

Like a hundred of bricks that dozen came down,
Some language was mixed with the clatter,
And that bricklayer's face wore a terrible frown,
As he clenched up a ponderous fist hard and brown,
While blandly Jim asked "What's the matter ?"

There were compliments passed which I will not repeat,
In that conference over the wall,
But a *modus vivendi* was found in a treat
For the mason, consisting of whisky and meat,
And for Jim—he recovered his ball.

Deux

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Summer, or Autumn, grow largest, look brightest, and smell sweetest if grown

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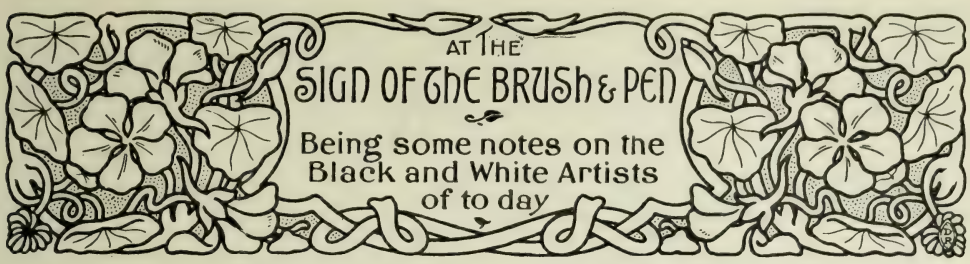
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No. 20.—MR. JOHN MITCHELL.

IT was as pretty a paradox as need be, and might have been conceived by Mr. Gilbert or drawn from the pages of *Vice Versa*. There, opposite, was my erstwhile Dominie, and here was I who had "sat under" him in the old days, now entrusted with the powers of a sort of Grand Inquisitor, ready to sit *upon* him if need be. The tables were fairly turned, and, had the situation demanded it, how merrily might one have applied the thumb-screw! But the "Old Master" who sat beside me was neither the Complete Angler (now, alas! across the bourne) nor our own Peri of Paradise, the gentleman who presided over that Fourth Heaven where dwelt the Angel of Tears, commonly known as "Paradise," but which, had we not all been "Auld Lichters" then, might more appropriately have been named Purgatory. He was just our old Drawing Master whose all too brief visits to the class for an hour twice a week, during which he did his best to keep us "straight" so to speak, were probably the happiest hours we drawing enthusiasts ever spent within the walls of the Old School. And who among the Old Boys—they call them F.P.'s in these advanced times, and Charlie Davidson cracks them up in the School Magazine when they do anything desperate—is there who has anything but a friendly word for and a kindly recollection of John Mitchell, at once the least aggressive, most respected, and best loved teacher we ever had. There is something about him that always reminds me of Father O' Flynn, for the lines,

"Kindliest preacher and tenderest teacher,"

seem peculiarly applicable to him who first taught our grimy hands to hold a pencil.

But what recollections did that quiet, cheery smile recall! I was a boy again at the Grammar, and memories of these bye-gone days came and went and changed as the Diorama of the Past unfolded itself. Once more I was seated on the hard bench in that long bare room, the walls of which, like those of some dungeon-keep (or Music Hall), stood out unrelieved by the smallest token of adornment save, as if to mock us in our sorrow, a Map of the Holy Land. Fitly enough we are spaced off from each other with mathematical precision, and now and then there steals through the air a faint, languorous perfume of prime Macuba, while oft-times the Dominie, seated on a raised pedestal like an Idol in a Temple, brings forth a "nepkin" that is now historical for its resemblance in hue to the cloak of a Toreador or the skirt of a Kaleidoscope dancer. One has but to recall these surroundings to picture some poor unfortunate, mayhap oneself, for whom the fascination of a parallelogram or a rhomboid (as fashioned with a Pre-Raphaelite fidelity to Nature by some other unlucky wight who had suddenly found Fame thrust upon him by being called to the "board" and, Locksley-like, set to show his skill with a compass that might have been made in the Pleiocene period), had proved too much when coupled with the fact that he, the aforesaid first unfortunate, had dined not wisely but too well off sundry of these bewitching "ice-cakes" which always loomed largely in the luncheon *menu* at the Grammar in the old days; one has but to picture the old room, I say, to bring again to mind some such poor unfortunate thusly overcome, being suddenly roused into a semblance of vitality by the bitter irony of such words as "Weesht——he's sleepin' noo!" Then, cheerily, "Weel, Robert Duthie, jist tak' ten for the morn"; and then, first in a crooning *falsetto* rising into a terrible *crescendo*, "If ye canna tak' ten, ye can

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A LADY in St. Petersburg had read a copy of the *Book-Stall* containing the article, "Some U.P.'s in the Fifties," and the writer received an acknowledgment with thanks for the references made to her father. The other day I received by post a booklet, "Vanya, a tale of Siberia," by Olga Orloff, translated into English by the lady's daughter, and artistically illustrated by her son. It is a thrilling story, with the sad and bitter experiences of vagabond and convict life in Russia, lit up by gleams of goodness shining through the dark and alien lives of the pariahs and victims of the cruel and unnatural social conditions of that country. The translation indicates that the literary talent so conspicuous in the Browns of Edinburgh and Haddington is still in evidence. It deserves a wide circulation, and copies may be had at Brown's Bookstall. The translator and illustrator are grandchildren of the late Rev. J. C. Brown, LL.D., of Belmont Street United Presbyterian Church.

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tak' twenty, and if ye canna tak' twenty, ye can tak' thirty, and if ye canna tak' thirty, ye can tak' forty—*and if ye canna tak' forty, ye can tak' the door!*" The back seats faintly applaud this oratorical effort, applause which, however, is instantly suppressed, after which The Master snuffs vigorously and lapses into the nearest approach to a smile in which he ever indulges.

But what a contrast is presented by a glimpse of the mathematical hour at the Old School—beginning, as we troop in in one long unending string, with a continual growl of "Shut the door, I tell you; Can't you shut the door"; punctuated throughout with a constant demand "Sit awa', Alexander Sim, sit awa'"; and ending with a homily directed to a' those that are nae very *able* to hear, and a' those that are nae very *willin'* to hear, requesting them to "come doon to the front seat"—what a difference does this hour present to the sixty minutes we spent under John Mitchell. How we toiled to get the lines in Vere Foster to bear some faint resemblance to the copy, and how dismally we failed—only to renew again and again our efforts, and ply our india-rubber with redoubled zeal as the teacher in turn patted us on the head in kindly encouragement, and, at our urgent request, turned an awkward corner for us. So frequent did the pattings on the head and the plying of the india-rubber become in the Strange Case of Johnnie Gillanders, who has now forsaken the pencil for the scalpel, that not only did the drawing fade into insignificance, but the pages of the Drawing Book could stand Johnnie's vigorous pounding no longer and a gaping hole that might have swallowed Curtius and his horse bore practical witness to Johnnie's vigour, if little to his artistic skill. But these memories are at best only digressions—filling space that ought to be occupied by more interesting matter.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. John Mitchell is in every respect one of ourselves, and both as a private individual and as an artist he occupies a high and a well earned place in the estimation of the people of his native town. It is just on sixty years now since he first attracted public attention by appealing in the most forcible way he could command to the limited circle of his own household. He does not, naturally enough, recollect the circumstance himself, but we have the best authority for saying that he was born on the braes of the Don, not far from Woodside, on the 20th of May, 1838. It would have been somewhat remarkable had he not shewn an inclination for the brush, for he came of an artistic stock, and his early associations were all connected with Art. His father, James Mitchell of Peterhead, had a great taste for drawing and painting, and was for some time a pupil of James Giles, R.S.A. Many of his portraits, several excellent examples being now in his son's possession, show an artistic power of a very high order. But he was not destined to guide his boy's hand in his first efforts to follow out an Art career, for he died while John was only three years of age. Of him Mr. Mitchell has, of course, no recollection. His uncle was also a portrait painter of rare ability and power, and it is to him that Mr. Mitchell is indebted for a start in his career. He placed him with Mr. P. C. Auld, an excellent artist and teacher, and under the careful training of the latter the young student received a thorough grinding in the elementary rudiments of the profession he had from the first determined to follow. His uncle supervised the work done, and doubtless it is to the many valuable hints the youngster received from the famous portrait painter that much of his subsequent success in this branch of his work is due. But it was not only the family connection that may be said to have influenced and helped him, for from the first he was much in the company of artists and those interested in Art. While a little boy of eight years or so of age he was frequently employed as a model by his uncle and others, and the delightful and characteristic little sketch of Mr. Mitchell as he then was, which we are specially honoured in being able to reproduce with this issue, is the result of one of these sittings to the former. He also often sat for, perhaps, the most famous of all the painters Aberdeen has produced, Mr. John Phillip, R.A., who about this time had just exhibited his first Academy picture. Of Phillip Mr. Mitchell has many most interesting recollections.

"It was delightful," he remarked in answer to my enquiry as to the method of work of the great man, "to watch him at work, for he appeared to be so thoroughly at his ease, never moving away from his easel till his work was completed; not a bit like some others I have seen," added Mr. Mitchell, with a twinkle (for he loves his joke), "who jump backwards at every touch—either to admire the result of their handiwork or, very possibly, because they are afraid of what they have done!"

"I often went out with Phillip," he continued, "when he went to sketch. When a Cattle Show or



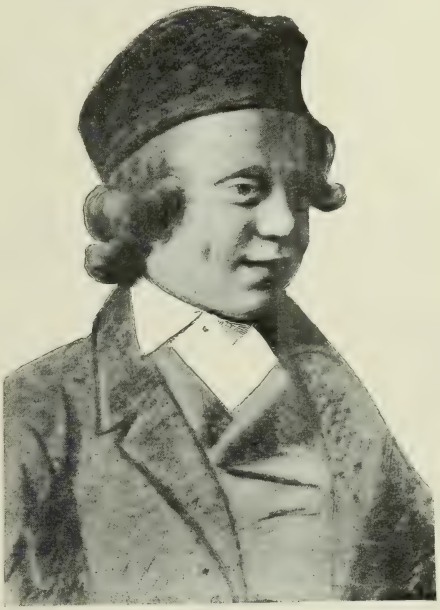
THE LEADING LIGHT, TORRY.

Specially drawn for "Brown's Book-Stall" by Mr. John Mitchell.

any similar gathering took place on the Links, we used to go down there, and Phillip would do drawings of members of the itinerant fraternity as they foregathered in groups round their camp-fires, over which hung their stewing pots suspended from three poles in true gipsy fashion. I could not help marvelling at the way he could work, quite oblivious of the crowd which his operations naturally attracted—no matter how rowdy the mob might be, Phillip seemed quite contented and comfortable."

The battle of life was begun in earnest when Mr. Mitchell entered the office of Messrs. Keith & Gibb, that well-known firm who have have had so many brilliant artists through their hands. There he served an apprenticeship of eight years' duration, contemporary with that of Sir George Reid, and during which he spent his evenings in hard study at the Mechanics' Institution. Nor did he neglect his general education, for he also attended classes for the purpose of adding to the somewhat meagre store of knowledge which he had been able to pick up during a very brief period at school. On the conclusion of his apprenticeship, he served for two or three years as a journeyman, but, longing for more time to study, he left the lithographic business, supporting himself and those dependent on him—for he was the only bread-winner—by teaching, and then when the day's labours were over, working every moment he could snatch in order the further to perfect himself in his well-loved art. It was in those days that I knew him, at the Grammar School, but he gave no outward sign of the up-hill battle he was fighting, for a happier, cheerier gentleman one could not wish to meet. He never bullied—never punished—yet there were no more orderly classes in the school than those under his charge. He had learned the grand secret of how to win his pupils' confidence, and no greater tribute could be paid to him as a teacher than to say—what is undoubtedly a fact—that no punishment Mr. Mitchell could have meted out to a recalcitrant boy would have been half so severe as that which would have been inflicted by the disapproval of his class-fellows.

In time, by dint of hard work and strict economy, he saved sufficient to enable him to give up for a time the profession of teacher, and go to London for a couple of years, happy in the knowledge that his charges at home were provided for. There he studied under Professor Legros, where his career was as triumphant as it had been during those earlier days at the Mechanics' Institute. The Professor's method of teaching was no doubt excellent, but somewhat peculiar, for he had never learned the English language, and his comments on the students' work were limited to such expressions as "R-right!" and "R-rong!" However, he had many excellent subordinates, though perhaps the steady work and the spirit of emulation engendered among the students did more real benefit than any teaching, however excellent, could have done. Working hard and earnestly, Mr. Mitchell during his two years succeeded in taking two



Mr. Mitchell at Eight Years of Age.

From a drawing by his uncle.

of the certificates, and was well within reach of the third and highest (for painting from life) when the eternal want of pence intervened, and he was unable to extend further his period of study.

Returning northwards, he started painting in the vicinity of Aberdeen, with many of the more attractive scenes of which his dainty and exquisite water-colours have made us familiar. Then he turned his attention to the Highlands of Deeside, where much of his best work has been done—work which has won for him a very high place among contemporary water-colourists,

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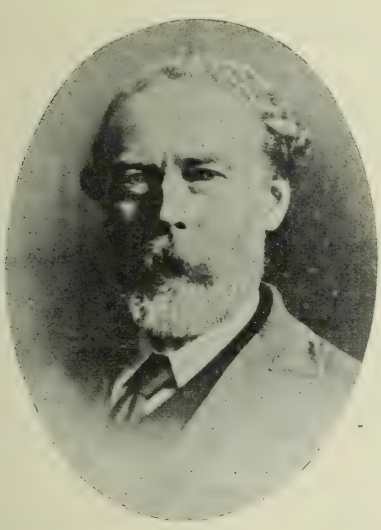
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and is highly prized not only by local but by other collectors. While engaged in perpetuating in paint his well-loved Highlands, his paintings were, now some eight years ago, brought under the notice of no less august a person than Her Majesty the Queen. The Lady of Balmoral is no mean art critic, and she was naturally impressed with the excellence of Mr. Mitchell's work, while its subject matter appealed strongly to her. The result of all which was that from that day to this he has been under her patronage, painting many pictures by special command, while others have been selected by her from those he had in hand.



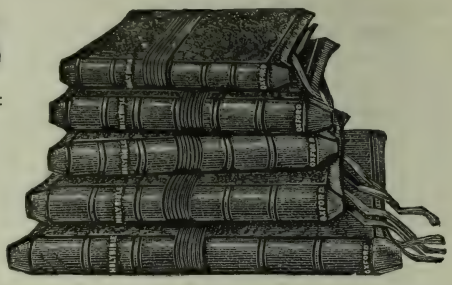
MR. JOHN MITCHELL.

In addition to this Royal work, Mr. Mitchell has had the privilege of giving lessons in painting to several members of the Royal Family, and of these days spent in the Royal presence he has the happiest recollections, for he has always found both the Queen and her family most kind and considerate. The Queen also honoured Mr. Mitchell by a gracious message asking him to sign her birthday-book at Balmoral.

Nor is Mr. Mitchell less famous as a black and white man, a charming example of his work in this direction (specially drawn for the *Book-Stall*), being given on another page. But Mr. Mitchell's black and white work, and his readiness to place his talents at the disposal of any charitable scheme, are both too well known locally to require comment here. To that remarkably fine art-volume "The Book of the Crathie Bazaar," he contributed many delightful drawings, while hardly a Bazaar Book is now issued which does not contain at least one sample of his work. In a good cause Mr. Mitchell is ever ready to help, and he gives of his genius both liberally and readily.

But the Study of the Brush is not the only Fine Art in which Mr. Mitchell excells, for he has not wooed Euterpe in vain. Music and Painting were both born in him, and his love for the former is almost equal to his devotion to the latter. Both as a change of work and a recreation he has found the study and practice of music most helpful and beneficial. In his apprentice days he was a member of the Harmonic Choir under the able leadership of Mr. William Carnie, and had the pleasure of singing alto beside Mr. David Taylor. These evenings were a great joy to look forward to, and both Mr. Carnie and Mr. Taylor have been lasting friends of Mr. Mitchell's. For over ten years he went to Lonmay as organist to the late Sir Alexander and Lady Arabella Bannerman, for whom he played in their beautiful Chapel near Crimonmogate. During that time he painted several pictures for them, including an interior of the Chapel and many sketches in and around Crimonmogate. Then when Mr Baker, R.A., was organist of St. Andrews Church, Mr. Mitchell was often asked to take duty for him there, and he has also officiated in a similar capacity in most of the Episcopal Churches in the city. At Cluny Castle he had the honour of playing on the occasion of the opening of the lovely Chapel, and of painting the interior of the Chapel for Mr. Gordon, while he has also performed at Crathie Church and the Episcopal Church of Muchalls on his oft repeated visits for the study of that beautiful coast. Many of the works done by him in this neighbourhood are now in the Queen's possession. On one occasion the local Artists' Society had an organ in their Exhibition, and Mr. Mitchell was asked to play occasionally in turn with other organists. As he concluded his performance one evening and was coming down from the instrument he met Mr. James Walker, the well-known author of "Just Intonation." The latter at once came forward and complimented Mr. Mitchell very highly on his style of playing, with which striking testimony to Mr. Mitchell's musical abilities let me conclude these notes on one of the many sons of our city of which she is so justly proud. J. G. R.

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ABERDEEN WORTHIES.

MR. GEORGE DEMPSAY.

(Continued from March.)



MR. DEMPSAY is the happy possessor of a most retentive memory, and his recollections of the "palmy" days of the drama, to those who are interested in such matters, while away many a pleasant hour spent in the company of the genial old man. Such an hour I recently passed with Mr. Dempsay, and in this instalment I shall try to reproduce his reminiscences for the benefit of the readers of the *Book-Stall*. Mr. Dempsay's first connection with the Theatre Royal, in Marischal Street, dates away back to the days when Mrs. Ryder —afterwards Mrs. Pollock—was lessee of the "Old House." At that time a Mr. Langley was "leading" man, and a fine actor of the old school he must have been. Mr. Dempsay and his brother "Jim"—not "Tom," as erroneously given in my last sermonette—made their debut in 1837 as two of the schoolboys in a stage adaptation of *Nicholas Nickleby*. In the scene in which the school children were "on," copious quantities of treacle and sulphur were meted out to the charity boys. From the first, Mrs. Ryder seems to have taken a great fancy to the two Dempsays, for a little later on they appeared in a revival of *Rob Roy* as the sons of the "bold outlaw." Jim, who was two years the senior of George, as he grew up, developed a marvellously sweet tenor voice, which he cultivated and made much use of in dramas of the day. In an adaptation of *Oliver Twist*, for example, he was wont to sing a now all but forgotten song entitled "The Workhouse Boy." For the purposes of comparison, I may here quote this ditty, as I took it from the lips of Mr. Dempsay—

THE WORKHOUSE BOY.

The clock was laid in the workhouse hall,
And the greatcoats hung on the whitewashed wall,
The paupers they were all blithe and gay,
Keeping their Christmas holiday ;
When one by his looks he seemed to say—
"I'll have no more soup on this Christmas day."

Oh, the poor workhouse boy,
Oh, the poor workhouse boy.

When all of us to bed were sent,
A boy went amissing ; in search we went,
We sought him above, we sought him below,
We sought him with faces of grief and woe,
We sought him that hour, we sought him that night,
We sought him with fear, we sought him with fright.

Oh, the poor workhouse boy, etc.

We sought in each corner, each crevice we knew,
We sought down the yard, we sought up the flue,
We sought in each saucepan, each kettle and pot,
We looked in the water, but found him not.
When one cries out—"I know that we shall
Get jolly well whipped for losing our pal."

Oh, the poor workhouse boy, etc.

At length the soup coppers repairs did need,
The coppersmith came and then he seed (!)
A dollop of bones lay grizzling there,
With the leg o' the breeches the boy did wear ;
To gain his fill the boy did stoop,
And, dreadful to tell, was boiled into soup ;
And we all shall say, and say it with sneers,
That the boy was pushed in by the overseers.

Oh, the poor workhouse boy, etc.

This story, or rather the singing of it by young Jim Dempsay proved an instantaneous success, indeed so great was the furore caused that, months after *Oliver Twist* was withdrawn from the boards of the "Royal," gentlemen who patronised the boxes in those days were wont to send round to the green-room and get the young fellow to come and sing it as an interlude between some of the acts of the play being performed. The effusion is, of course, manifestly a parody on "The Mistletoe Bough." "Nix my Dolly, pall, fake away" must have been contemporaneous with "The Workhouse Boy."

The revival of *Rob Roy* I refer to had Mrs. Ryder in the part of Helen Macgregor, Peter Crone as the Bailie, and Langley as

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Rob, with poor Tom Ryder, presumably, as "that Dougal Craiter." Langley's masterpiece was, however, Robert Maccaire, which he played to Tom Ryder's "Jacques Stroppe."

After graduating with William Gourlay in his "Theatre of Arts" on The Mound, Edinburgh, George Dempsay came to Aberdeen, where he took up the onerous duties of call-boy to Mr. Barry Sullivan. Gourlay, it may be remembered, was a follower, but at a considerable distance behind, of the great Mackay, also an Edinburgh man, in the part of Bailie Nicol Jarvie. In the minds of older people, Mackay's "Bailie" has never been excelled. I have an impression that I once saw Gourlay play the Bailie, but I do not recollect whether he was good, bad, or indifferent. *The* Bailie of my time was Mr. James R. Gibson, our townsman, who died comparatively young, and whose more than ordinarily promising life as an actor was thus all too soon cut short. About the time I am now speaking of the theatre lesseeship changed hands, and Mr. William Russell, bookseller, the "Broad Street worthy" I have previously discoursed about, took it over for three seasons. This large-hearted and gentlemanly patron of the drama engaged Mr. Barry Sullivan as general manager during that period. George Dempsay's principal business was to look after Sullivan's dresses, and *apropos* of his connection with the great tragedian, Mr. Dempsay has a whole fund of anecdote. One or two of these old-time stories may fittingly find place here. As is well known, Mr. Sullivan's temper was not always of the sweetest character, but the outbursts did not last. One night *Macbeth* was billed with Sullivan in the title-rôle, and in presence of his call-boy he carefully laid out his dresses in the dressing-room, and, telling the lad to carefully watch him while he did so, asked him—"If I were to play this part again could you lay out the dresses in the same way?" "I think so, sir," was the reply. "Thinking won't do for me, my boy, it must either be 'Aye' or 'No.'" Dempsay looked at the dresses for a moment, and simply answered "Yes." A month after *Macbeth* was again played, and when Sullivan came into the dressing-room he cast a hurried but searching glance at its contents, and without preface remarked—"Do you remember my telling you to be particular about the laying out of my dresses, Dempsay?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply, "are they right?" Another quick glance at the habiliments, and then with a smile—"Yes, my lad, they are, and, I see, you'll get on."

On another occasion *The Iron Chest* was produced, with "Barry" as Sir Edward Mortimer. While the play was in progress Dempsay had to cross the stage in order to place some things there for his "chief." The lights were bad, and he was under the impression that there was a scene between him and the audience. Judge of his terror when a yell from the gallery proclaimed the fact that he was standing in the centre of the stage, and in view of the whole audience. Mr. Sullivan turned and glared at him like "a tiger ready to spring." Needless to say, the little call-boy left the theatre early that night, and for several nights after he was careful to go long before the actor put in appearance and lay out the dresses. One night, however, he was cornered in the dressing-room, and Mr. Sullivan, with a deep frown on his face, began to question his absence. "Why did you run across the stage the other night?" was hurled at the shaking lad's head. "Please sir, I wouldn't have done it on purpose. The lights were bad, sir, and I thought there was a scene between me and the audience." "Well, the lights were bad, perhaps, but," sharply, "why have you kept out of my way for several nights in succession?" "Well, sir," naively, "I waited till the 'storm' was over, for I knew if you had caught me then I was in for a jolly good shaking." The tragedian's face relaxed, and a twinkle came into his eyes as he said—"Away with you, boy, you know me better than I know myself."

At the end of those three years, Mr. Pollock, who had by this time married Mrs. Ryder, took up the reins of management, and at the end of a season went on tour with "his own company." These included Mrs. Pollock, Miss Vivace, Mr. and Mrs. Vivace, Harry Vivace, Mrs. Edward,

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Mr. Rivers, and Tom Ryder. Their first town was Montrose, and here they put up *Gilderoy*, and *Cramond Brig* for the opening night. Tom Ryder was cast for Jock Muir, but an hour before the performance began, it was found that poor Tom had gone amissing. He was searched for high and low, and at last he was found in a small public-house about the docks, in the company of a select coterie of coal slaves—o'er a' the ills o' life victorious! In the circumstances somebody had to take his part, so Mr. Pollock essayed to play a Scotch part. Pollock's Scotch, unfortunately, was not of the purest or best home manufacture; and that, combined with an otherwise scratch performance, proved the downfall of the company. In fact, they very soon found themselves practically "stoney-broke." Indeed, they had to fall back on the staple food of auld Scotland—porridge, and porridge, too, without milk. Black treacle had to be resorted to as a substitute. Dempsay managed to pull through very well, but poor Harry Vivace, who was a Cockney born and bred, was a good deal upset over the fare the first morning it had to be resorted to. "Good God," he said, tragically, "poultice and tar! You would laugh," he continued, "if you saw my sister eating 'stir about' with a knife and fork." The company broke up in less than a month, and George Dempsay went south to Bolton, Lancashire, and joined his brother Jim, who had been there for some time. George found considerable difficulty in getting rid of his Scotch provincial tongue. On inquiring for his brother at Bolton, the man went inside the theatre and told Jim that "a man wants you, sir." "What's he like?" was the query. "Oh, just a young man, but he speaks very funny like; I can't quite make him out. I think he must be a Dutchman." It took George a long, long time before he could "talk English as she is spoke." He and his brother got on extremely well. They performed jointly at most of the biggest and best halls in the three kingdoms. Jim was a clever acrobat, and George did a bit of comic singing and knock-about business. They also played sketches together. During the time they were on tour they visited the Colosseum, Liverpool, where they had a most successful run, their names appearing at the top of the bill. One day George was "strolling round the town," and in Lord Street met and passed Barry Sullivan, who was fulfilling a starring engagement. Dempsay turned round after Barry had passed, and found that gentleman staring hard at him. The latter beckoned to George, who approached him. "I know you well,' said the tragedian, "who are you?" "Little Geordie, your call-boy," was the answer. Need it be added with what zest they stood and talked of their lives! "And so you're at the Colosseum," said Sullivan, "under what name are you playing?" "The Brothers Dempsay," was the reply. "What! you have your name as big as mine on the bills," was the next comment. And he evidently could hardly realise that his call-boy should apparently be as famous in his own particular line as he (Sullivan) was in his.

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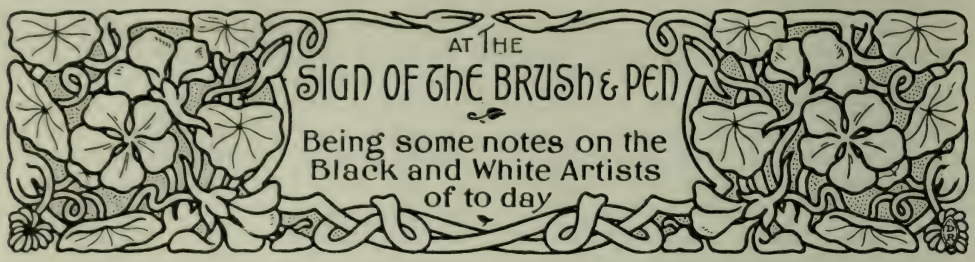
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No. 21.—MR. HAL LUDLOW.

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Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
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THE all important question of "How to be Happy though Married," pales into utter insignifiance when compared with the painful problem of "How to look Pretty before." The point is an interesting one—not only to the fair feminine but to the mere male, for though Beauty may be, and doubtless is, but skin deep, and the higher qualification of Mind, as represented for the moment by skill in cooking a chop or darning a stocking is, of course, a far more important factor in the destiny of womankind when considered by gentlemen of copy-book attributes, yet must we, as ordinary mortals, confess a fatal weakness for a pretty face. Many aids to the gentle art of looking lovely have been devised; sundry volumes facetiously designated by some such title as "The Care of the Complexion" have been written, printed, published, and, most surprising of all, sold; any number of celebrities have followed the example of Her Grace of Plazo Toro, and

Vow their complexion
Owes its perfection
To Somebody's soap—
Which it doesn't!

while even the *People's Journal* has, with characteristic interest in the welfare of man and womankind, offered prizes for letters on the subject. My *recipe*, however, is an entirely new one, neither recommended (for a consideration) by the clergy or the medical profession, and is simply a study of the pictures of lovely woman as depicted by a master-hand in the art of black and white.

According to Sir Wyke Bayliss there is in this country something like 10,000 artists, but there is only one Hal Ludlow, and whatever claims he may have to Fame either as a painter or a black and white artist, he certainly deserves well of the ladies, for as Mr. Gilbert Dalziel put it when talking over the matter with me the other day—"His girls break the hearts of nearly all our male readers, and I feel quite sure if a census could be taken on the subject that Hal Ludlow's 'girl' drawings would be found to have done more on behalf of Cupid than anything I know of!"

It is an accepted and well recognised fact, and one, moreover, for which you can easily obtain verification, at least so far as she personally is concerned, by consulting any of the ladies in question, that Aberdeen maidens, not to mention wives, and widows (under sixty), can only be compared individually and severally to Euphrosyne, Aglaia, and Thalia combined, and therefore require no adventitious aid to cross the Rubicon. Nevertheless a personality such as Mr. Ludlow, who has benefited endless pew-openers, clergymen, livery stable keepers, and caterers, and made innumerable mammas happy by keeping the matrimonial market active, could not fail to be interesting, and I therefore felt it to be my duty to find out all about him and his pictorial beauties—if only for the benefit of our less fortunate readers who hail not from the North.



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Mr. Ludlow belongs to the Celtic Fringe, or at anyrate very nearly so, for he hails from that undetermined borderland, Monmouthshire, having been born at Newport in the year of grace, 1859, exactly three hundred and twenty-four years from the time when Monmouth became an English county through no fault of its own. At four years of age there were symptoms—not as might have been expected of the measles or any such infantile luxury, but of the fact that there were the makings of an artist in him. His mother, however, treated the matter philosophically, and no specialist was called in, nor did an article on him as an Infant Prodigy appear in the "Transactions" of any of the Learned Societies. In due course he was sent to school, to an establishment at Highgate in North London. I felt sure his recollections of these happy days of yore must be pleasant, and in my most effective and dramatic manner I reminded him how Poet Gray had risen to the occasion in recalling his schoolboy days—

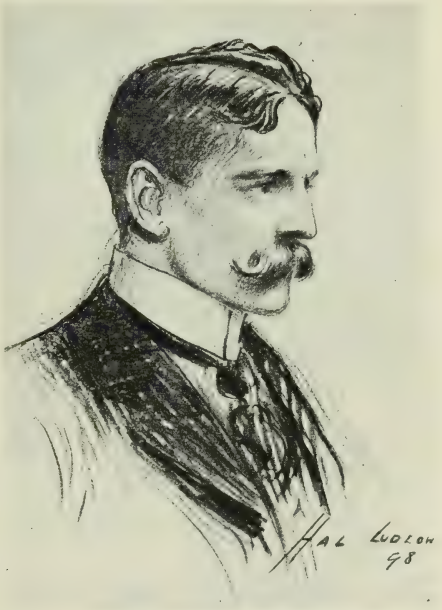
> Ah, happy hills! Ah, pleasing shade!
> Ah, fields beloved in vain!
> Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
> A stranger yet to pain!

Master Ludlow, however, did not feel quite like that. It was his first experience of the wide, wide world, and there was a good deal of the De Rougemont about the revelation. At anyrate after a week of it, he grew decidedly homesick, and decided to emulate his historical namesake, Hal o' the Wind, and make what might be called a lightning exit. In short, he ran away, and after devious wanderings, being quite a stranger to London, he found his way to a school in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park, where his eldest sister was a pupil. Miss Ludlow was naturally enough considerably surprised at the apparation of her small brother, who announced his unalterable determination to return to the parental roof. She was, however, a young lady of resource, and temporised, trying what the double influence of a good lunch and a little female society might effect. The Principal was consulted, and she agreed to Hal remaining for the day, so after having had his internal wants ministered to, he was sent out to the garden where he soon became the centre of attraction for all the young ladies of the establishment. Interrogated as to how it felt, Mr. Ludlow confessed that it was real jolly.

"They were full of sympathy," he explained, in answer to my pained look, "and of course wanted to know all about it."

"And did they k——?"

"*Certainly* not!" he answered hastily, ere yet I had completed my question, for there was a footstep on the stair that might have been Mrs. Ludlow's. Be this as it may, however, he confesses that he made several sketches of some of the nicest of them, but that, of course, was merely to keep up his drawing studies The end of it all was that the Wanderer neither returned home, nor was he put back to Highgate, but was placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Barber at a school in Camden Square



MR. HAL LUDLOW.

From a pencil sketch by himself, specially drawn for the "Book-Stall."

The Flight, as above related, was the one eventful incident of his schoolboy days, and,

these over, his parents being anxious to obtain advice as to the best method of following out the Art career which he had determined on, Mr. Barber took him to that god-father of so many black and white artists, kindly, genial Mr. Thomas of the *Graphic*. Mr. Thomas advised him to learn wood-engraving, and shortly afterwards young Ludlow was articled to Messrs. Dalziel Brothers, the famous firm which produced so many beautiful examples of the wood engraver's art. The acquaintance thus begun between the Dalziels and Mr. Ludlow has developed into a life-long friendship, kept up to this day by Mr. Gilbert Dalziel, the erstwhile proprietor of *Judy*, and the present owner of the famous *Half-Holiday*, to both of which publications Mr. Ludlow has contributed some capital work. Finding that their apprentice had a taste for drawing, the firm placed a studio at his disposal, and launched him on his black and white career. In the evenings he studied at what was then Heatherley's School of Art in Newman Street. Soon afterwards he built himself a studio at Hampstead, for his skill as an artist had already become known, and work had begun to pour in, more particularly from the proprietors of the *Pictorial World*, which about this time had just come into existence. Since then he has contributed to practically every illustrated paper and magazine of note, including some remarkably clever drawings for *Cassell's Family Magazine*, perhaps one of the finest illustrated magazines of the present time, and a full-page each week to *Illustrated Bits*, that lively and most amusing little periodical, owned, edited, and published by Mr. T. H. Roberts. Indeed some of Mr. Ludlow's best work has appeared in this weekly, and if you follow Dr. Johnson's advice and walk down Fleet Street any day, you will always find a crowd round the window of *Illustrated Bits*, admiring the original drawings of these front page pictures.

In short, for something like ten years, Mr. Ludlow has had his full share of the usual routine of public work—illustrating impartially "First Nights" at the theatres, balls at the Mansion House, Drawing Rooms, famous cases at the Law Courts, Leveés, Life in Parliament, and the thousand and one other events which go to the making up of a London "Season."

"Hard work at the time," he remarked, when recalling these days, "but unquestionably the best all-round training the black and white artist could get."

Of this busy but happy time he has many interesting and amusing recollections, and by exercising a due amount of diplomacy I managed to persuade him to recall a few memories from the life of an artist-journalist. His first recollection was of Royalty. On one occasion he was commissioned to make a water-colour of a "Drawing Room" at Buckingham Palace for the *Illustrated London News*. It being his first experience of that sort of thing, he was naturally a little nervous. However a call on the Honourable Sir Spencer Cecil Brabazon Ponsonby-Fane, K.C.B., J.P., Comptroller of Accounts in the Lord Chamberlain's Department, and Gentlemen Usher to the Queen, resulted in Her Majesty granting Mr. Ludlow permission to make a sketch of the ceremony in the Throne Room—a very special and rarely granted privilege. Then arose the problem of attire. What was he to wear? he asked Sir Spencer. However that worthy, doubtless realising that his visitor, being neither a quick change artist nor a theatrical costumier, would probably have only a limited wardrobe, suggested ordinary evening dress. Thus arrayed, he drove with the Gentleman Usher to the Palace, and was there consigned to the tender mercies of one of the attendants. "I set to work at once," remarked Mr. Ludlow, "but was soon conscious that I was attracting a greater amount of attention than was due even to a disciple of the brush and pen, but it was some time before I realised that in a company, which included all the dignitaries of the State, Ambassadors and Bishops, Lords, Ladies, and Generals in brilliant uniforms blazing with decorations, my plain black clothes made me as conspicuous as a crow which had wandered by accident into a company of gorgeous cockatoos. My business," however, Mr. Ludlow continued, "was to make sketches, so observing that the Chinese Ambassador was rather a big man, I concealed myself behind him, and in due course accomplished my task."

Buckingham Palace was also the scene of another rather amusing experience, the occasion being the Reception of the Lord Mayor and



Algy. I—er—er—really can't waltz, don't y' know. My head gets so giddy, I feel as if it were quite empty.

Her Ladyship. Do you think it's the *waltzing.*

From the "Half-Holiday," by permission of Mr. Gilbert Dalziel.

Civic Dignitaries during the Jubilee Celebrations. He arrived at the Palace simultaneously with the Court of Common Council, and as one of the members, Sir Albert Altman, was a personal friend they ascended the stairs together. However, at the entrance to the Picture Gallery, the lower part of which was railed off until the Queen arrived, the artist was stopped by one of the City Officials. Mr. Ludlow assured him that he was making a mistake, and that he (the artist) had special permission to make sketches. The official was obdurate, however, punctuating his remarks with sundry references to Archibald Forbes and Windsor Castle. Finding he could not get in that way, Mr. Ludlow asked to be taken to Sir Spencer. Under the escort of another official he was taken up the Equerries' Staircase, eventually finding the object of his search in the Throne Room chatting with the Master of the Horse, the Duke of Portland. They were both much amused at Mr. Ludlow's story, and the former without further delay conducted the artist to the upper end of the Picture Gallery where a magnificent view of the ceremony could be obtained. The gentleman who had so zealously defended the right of way was still in his place with the Council behind the railing, and it was with a sickly sort of smile of welcome that he viewed Mr. Ludlow on his reappearance, as the latter, producing his sketch book, started down the room and proceeded to sketch him. That was the final straw, and the autocratic official incontinently fled!

About this time Mr Ludlow saw a great deal of the late Mr. Fred Barnard, and always found him a kind and genial man, full of quaint humour, of which his clever drawings were but the pictorial side. On one occasion when Mr Barnard was illustrating a Dickens series for Messrs. Dalziel, the boy messenger, who was evidently

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not a Jaggers, had instructions to wait for the block. The combination of a comfortable seat and a warm fire soon set the lad snoring. Mr. Barnard struck with the humour of the situation did not wake him until he had completed a capital caricature of the boy with his mouth wide open and fast asleep. Under it he wrote "The Industrious Apprentice who became Lord Mayor of London, and married his Master's Daughter." This, wrapped up with the block, the lad, in blissful ignorance of what the parcel contained, dutifully carried back to his employers.

All of which reminded my friend in the Witness Box of still another incident which seems to illustrate how important a part the title of a drawing plays in its reception by the general public. He was doing a series of double-page drawings of popular seaside resorts for the *Pictorial World,* one of them being a representation of Church Parade on the Lees at Folkstone. After its publication a gentlemen called on the Editor to express his delight with the picture. Not only did he recognise the scene, which was not altogether surprising, seeing it had the designation under it, but he also recognised nearly all the characters, including several friends of his own! The Immortal William asks—

> Oh, who could hold a fire in his hand
> By thinking of the frosty Caucasus,
> Or clog the hungry edge of appetite
> By bare imagination of a feast?

but Mr. Ludlow thinks this would have presented little difficulty to the gentleman aforesaid, more particularly in view of the fact that the drawing in question was done several years before the artist had ever been at Folkstone—the ladies and gentlemen figuring in the scene being evolved, so to speak, from his inner consciousness! At anyrate Mr. Ludlow considered this the highest tribute that could have been paid to his imagination. And, might we add, the other gentleman's as well?

That celebrities are not quite so averse to figuring pictorially in the public prints as they would have you to suppose is proved by an incident which happened to Mr. Ludlow some years ago. When the important Danubian Conference took place at Whitehall he was the only artist present. He was asked into the Council Chamber just as the discussion, which, of course, was carried on in French, was drawing to a close. The foreign diplomats were seated round an oval table, the late Earl of Granville presiding. To enable Mr. Ludlow to make his sketches, Lord Granville very courteously asked them to remain seated for a few minutes. It is against the natural order of things for an Ambassador to be "drawn," but on the whole they took kindly to the ordeal, with the solitary exception of the representative of the Tzar, who seemed to regard the whole proceeding with no slight degree of suspicion and every stroke of the pen but a straight line to Siberia. But these were the days before Stead and the Emperor of All the Russias were pals. Emboldened by such friendly encouragement Mr. Ludlow mildly suggested that their photographs would enable him to get a more satisfactory result, at the same time giving several of them his card, never dreaming that anything would came out of it. However, next morning's post brought him quite a collection of portraits, many of them accompanied by most polite messages. Which all goes to show that Ambassadors are only very human after all.

In his spare time Mr. Ludlow goes in for painting, his water-colour work in particular being of exceptional charm and delicacy. He exhibits pretty regularly at the Royal Academy and also in Liverpool and in gallant little Wales. Of his black and white work I am able to give three very characteristic examples, the charming study of a head—a real "Hal Ludlow girl" I may add—and the portrait of himself being specially drawn for the *Book-Stall*, while the other little sketch is reproduced from the *Half-Holiday* by kind permission of my friend Mr. Gilbert Dalziel.

In conclusion I can but add that there is only one Hal Ludlow. In his own particular line he is unequalled as a black and white draughtsman. He is essentially a "ladies' man," pictorially at all events, and, to fall back once more (with a slight emendation) on Will of Stratford for the inevitable tag without which no *menu* at the Sign of the Brush and Pen can be considered geniune, of the Ludlow girl it might well be said—

> 'Tis beauty truly blent whose red and white
> Hal Ludlow's clever cunning hand laid on.
> Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive
> If you will lead these graces to the grave
> And leave the world no copy.

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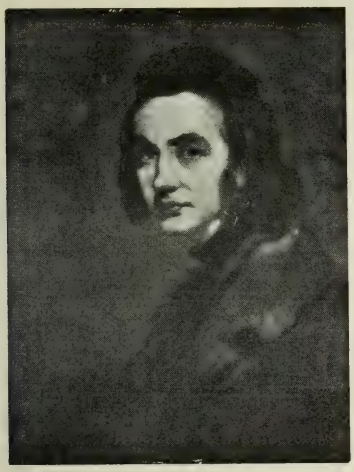
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MEZZOTINT ENGRAVING OF THE LATE JOHN PHILLIP, R.A.

THE above is a reproduction of a charming mezzotint engraving of the portrait of the late John Phillip, R.A., which was painted by himself in 1840, and which has just been issued from Messrs. Hay and Lyall's Royal Fine Art Gallery, Aberdeen. The engraving is the work of Mr. William Smith, Jr., a well-known local artist, and is, we understand, the first example of the art of mezzotint done in Aberdeen.

In the prospectus issued in connection with the work, "W. H. W." says:—"To those who know the original of the portrait of John Phillip it is at once evident that Mr. Wm. Smith, Jr., has given, within the limits of black and white, all the charm and grace that renders it so attractive, and as he has wisely determined to limit the number of proofs, there is no doubt that many will be anxious to secure a memorial in their own homes of one of the most famous of Scottish painters."

The engraved surface of the plate measures $12\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$ inches, exclusive of margin. The reproduction, which is enormously reduced, shows the style but gives no idea of the charm of the picture. As the impressions are very limited, collectors ought to lose no time in securing a copy.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

On thy cold, grey stones O Sea! sang the poet, probably after a sojourn on the east coast of Scotland. But, though the stones are cold and grey, and, alas! the days too often cold and grey also, the climate is bracing and health-giving. To the jaded worker in the grimy manufacturing towns our stretches of sandy beach, our breezy links, and our picturesque cliffs are particularly attractive. But these beauties have for long been obliged to blush unseen because a large proportion of the workers were ignorant of their existence. In Aberdeen, of late, an effort has been made to popularise our beach, but it has often been a source of wonder to us that those in authority in the charming little town of Stonehaven did not do more to advertise its advantages as a seaside resort. Picturesquely situated, abounding in delightful walks, with a bathing beach and a boating bay, lying in a sheltered hollow surrounded on the landward side by moors and heather hills, it forms an ideal place to spend a holiday, both for health and pleasure. A man of enterprise has, however, at last arisen, who has determined to do his best to make the place known, and for this purpose has issued a guide-book giving descriptions of the various places of interest, with a large number of illustrations, and what is a very useful feature, illustrations of the various houses let to visitors, with particulars as to accommodation, etc. The book will make a pleasant souvenir for those who have been there, and will be useful to those who are asking, "Where shall we go this summer!" Copies may be had from BROWN'S BOOK-STALL, post free for 8d.

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MORE MEMORIES.



T a Social and Musical Meeting in a Parish Church Hall on the south-side of the city, a reverend gentleman, an Englishman, was returning thanks to the ladies for the valued services they had rendered that evening, and in doing so he said, with evident emotion and earnestness, "if it had not been for the ladies, not one of us would have been here to-night." The audience laughed heartily, but the clergyman could not see where the joke came in, which, however, only increased the hilarity of the meeting.

A rather humorous scene took place during one of the early School Board Elections in the city. One of the candidates, along with others, addressed a large meeting in the Music Hall. In doing so he was endeavouring, with great effort, to make himself heard, which was not very easily done, as there was some excitement in the meeting, and the candidate had a very thin, weak, screechy voice. In a quiet moment the speaker craned his neck and made extraordinary exertions to secure a hearing. In a moment some clever youth, who saw the humour of the situation, gave a cock-o-ra-co, imitating most perfectly the crowing of a cock, which caused shouts of laughter, and had the double effect of silencing the orator and proving fatal to his candidature. Previous to the election of the Magistrates for the city, it is customary to have a private meeting of the Council the night before to make the selection, so as to prevent a division at the public meeting of the Council next day. Sometimes, for this honourable position, a considerable amount of quiet canvassing and wire-pulling goes on. On one occasion a member of the Town Council, well-known for his genial and kindly, although somewhat ostentatious manner, made a strong bid for the office. Pleased with his success, he was under the impression he had a majority in his favour. The vote took place by ballot, judge of his surprise when the announcement was made that he had only one vote. Next year another councillor was very desirous of the honour, and was very active in button-holing his colleagues for their support. Whatever answer they individually gave him, he had no doubt of the result, and felt confident that he would be appointed. In this case it was found on the declaration of the ballot that he had received but few votes, at which he was very angry, and gave expression to his annoyance and disappointment in strong terms, alleging he had been deceived, and that the votes were not recorded as promised. His friend who was in a similar position the year before rose up to console and quiet him by declaring that "my experience last year was even more annoying, for I got many promises of support, and I had only *one* vote, and begad, it was my *own*."

The Council Chamber has been the scene of many a humorous incident. At one time a remit was made to the Master of Kirk and Bridge Works to examine and report as to a complaint made by the Session urging the necessity for some painting and repairs in the Vestry of the North Parish Church. The Convener was a man who, when talking publicly, deemed it necessary for impressiveness and effect to pronounce the long vowels short and the short ones long in the words which he used ; and, to be still more effective, he dropped the final "r" in most of those with that termination. In reporting, he stated :— "I have gone down and examined the place, and I found the Vestry in a great mess of dust and dirt. The ashes were all about the fireplace as if it had not been cleaned for months. Altogether, it was disgraceful. I could not help thinking that the words of the Psalmist applied to that Session :—

> Her *sents* take *pleasha* in her *stons*,
> To them her very dust is *deah*."

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tion, all combined to produce such boisterous laughter as for some time prevented the good humoured and genial councillor from proceeding.

The clergymen of the olden time have passed away, and one never hears a colloquy like the following now. Priest Gordon, as he was called, the venerable and esteemed clergyman of the Roman Catholic Chapel in Justice Street, spoke in the broad vernacular when preaching. On one occasion some ladies he knew occupied a seat not far from the pulpit. During his discourse he had to refer to Nebuchadnezzar. He could not get at the pronunciation of the word, and called it, with hesitancy, Nebuchod—Nebuchod—again stuttering, he said, Nebuchodnozar, at which one of the young ladies gave a loud gaw-faw. The old man stopping, looking over the pulpit to the interrupter, said, "O, ye needna lauch; ye may mak a stammer yersel sometimes"—a gentle and well-deserved rebuke.

The answer given by a working mason to a lady who had called upon him for a subscription, as they were to make a presentation to the minister of the parish, was rather pat and unanswerable—"Na, na, I'll nae gae onything for the minister's nae like me: he has nae broken time durin' the year." The attempt to secure a change of conviction by offering a bribe was illustrated by the following. A young man, very fond of dress and with a rather distinguished military appearance, occupying the position of a valet, took a liking for the Roman Catholic service, and attended the chapel pretty regularly. This was a great grief to his sisters, who consulted a friend and asked him to use his influence with their brother to give this up and resume church-going with them. At a fitting opportunity this friend saw the young man and reasoned with him, all, however, with no effect. As a last resource, he said, "Look here, Black, if you give up attending the Roman Catholic Church, I will give you one of the finest suits you can choose. The valet, who had a lisp, looked at his tempter with contempt, and said, slowly and earnestly, "D'ye think that I would thel my thoul for a thuit of clothe."

I was present when a rather interesting occurrence took place in one of the West-End Churches. On a warm Sunday forenoon after the sermon, the hymn given out to be sung was—

> Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
> From which none ever wakes to weep:
> A calm and undisturbed repose,
> Unbroken by the last of foes—

The organist was to play over the tune before it was sung, but the keyboard gave no response to his touch—he looked astonished and somewhat put about, but the church officer who sat in the immediate vicinity saw the situation, and at once went downstairs with all speed, and there he found the organ blower—a youth—at his post, but sound asleep, so sound that he had never heard the organist's alarm-bell. After a long pause the organ was played, the reason of the delay was suspected by many, and that, and the words of the hymn in the circumstances, caused a smile to pass over the congregation, which was not at all lessened by the appearance of the minister, who looked over the pulpit enquiringly but speechless at the detention, which he could not apparently understand.

Railway travellers have sometimes rather curious experiences. An Aberdeenshire baronet, who once stood as a candidate to represent the county in Parliament, was travelling on the Deeside Railway along with his wife. There were few passengers in the compartment but themselves. After the train had gone as far as Murtle the baronet, addressing his wife, said, "Mary, I think there is fish here, I feel the smell of them." The wife replied, "Nonsense, you are mistaken." At this question an old gentleman in the opposite corner read his newspaper with great diligence. Approaching Culter the baronet again became restive, sniffing, and saying, "Mary, I am certain there is fish here, the smell is horrible. His wife again replied he was mistaken. On arriving at Park the old gentleman—an Aberdeen bailie—left the train, and his son was in the act of following. When in taking down a parcel wrapped in a newspaper from

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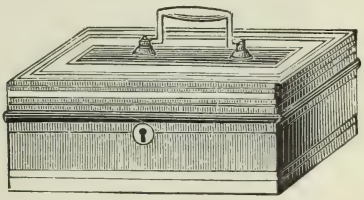
the rack, it fell and out spluttered half-a-dozen of fresh herrings on the carpeted floor. The youth gathered them up and made a hasty retreat, but not before hearing the irate baronet exclaim—"D—n it, Mary, I told you I felt the smell of fish, didn't I? And there they are!"

Some people have an odd way of naming diseases, making blunders which are frequently very ludicrous. One day I entered a car and sat down beside a lady in deep mourning, whom I failed to recognise. However, she spoke, and asked if I had heard of the calamity which had befallen her, the death of her husband. I replied that I had not, and sympathetically enquired the cause, when she informed me it was by a fall, and that from the time it occured he never again recovered conscientiousness and was in a state of comative all the time. This reminds me of another who informed me that her father died of a stroke of perplexity, while a neighbour was suffering very much from ulsters in the stomach. This party used to attend the Music Hall on New Year's Day evening, and her favourite seat was the *ostrich*, the name she gave to the orchestra.

One of the disadvantages of a large family is the prevention of amassing wealth, at least such was the opinion expressed by a lady in answer to a question as to a person in apparently very easy circumstances whether his father had not left him money. "Money," she said excitedly; "money, how could he hae left him ony money, his father was a cobbler mannie wi' nineteen o' a family." Conclusive proof no doubt that his money was derived from some other source. Quaint replies are sometimes given to questions, especially those relating to matrimonial prospects. A country man and his friend were making purchases, when one of them stated confidently to the merchant that the other was to "tak' up hoose." "Has he got a house," enquired the merchant. "Weel, I dinna ken, but he's got the doo at ony rate."

The newspaper advertising column often contains gems of unconscious humour. Between Dunkeld and Blair Athol a stage coach, the Duchess of Athol, used to run in the summer months. An advertisement made the following announcement—We have to announce the pleasing intelligence that the Duchess of Athol will leave the Duke's Arms every morning at eight o'clock. An Aberdeenshire minister, in a sermon reported some time ago, stated—"That the bane of the Church is that too much is expected of one man, the minister. He would require the strength of a Samson to overtake the multifarious duties devolving on him." I do not know whether this is the clergyman who advertised about the time this appeared in a local paper for "A strong pony to do a parish minister's work." I hope he got the supply, and that the congregation appreciate it. "A mahogany child's chair" was the terms in which an enterprising cabinetmaker made the public aware of some of the articles he had to dispose, while equally startling was the demand of a country customer from her merchant for a pair of black gentleman's gloves, or the apprentice plumber who enquired at the lady of the house in which he was working if she could give him a long hen's feather.

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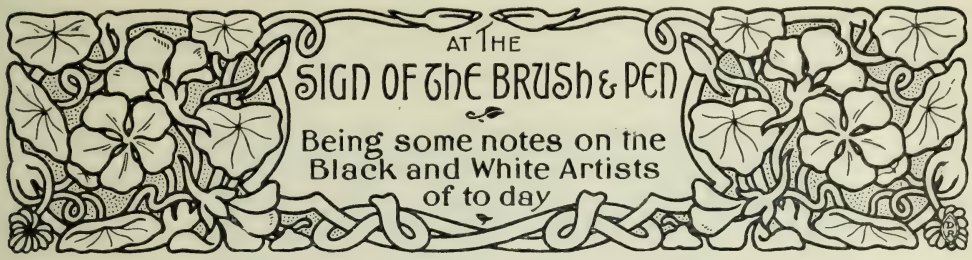
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"Large Praying Wheel at Soonum."

From a drawing by William Simpson, R. I. By permission of Messrs. MacMillan & Coy., Ltd.



No. 22.—MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.I.

THE War Artist and Correspondent, like the Good Young Man, and those who find favour in the sight of the Gods, is popularly supposed to die young. Considering the wear and tear of tissue, so to speak, which a War "Special" on any of the big "dailies" or illustrated weeklies has to put up with while on service, the superstition is not altogether devoid of foundation; but, happily, it is not borne out by fact. Perhaps the most brilliant of all war correspondents, Mr. Archibald Forbes, who, like most other famous people, hails from Scotland, and like the man who forestalled Marconi, or the other distinguished gentleman (from Tomintoul), who is credited with having been guilty of *lèse majesté* (not altogether a difficult feat, I admit), has even a passing acquaintance with Aberdeen, was 61 last birthday; but Archibald, you say, had the constitution of a motor car, and, moreover, has for many years been placed practically *hors de combat* through the hardships and privations which he endured while in the pursuit of his profession. Well, Sir William Howard Russell, the *doyen* of War Correspondents, is in his eightieth year, and is still hale and hearty. Then there is Mr. Frederick Villiers (who, by the way, has been good enough to consent to be "run" in this little show), of whom we saw something in Aberdeen a few months ago, and who certainly did not look like what might be called from an insurance point of view, a bad risk. *He* is 47. Mr. Melton Prior does not rashly give the date of his birth in the publications where you find such things, but he could hardly be considered a young man; while lastly, comes Mr. William Simpson, R.I., most intrepid and fearless of war artists and travellers, who, though he has passed the seventy-fifth milestone, is more active, both mentally and physically, than many a stay-at-home not half his age who has always seen that the sheets were well aired, and was careful to avoid draughts—the windy and not the watery ones, of course. All of which tends to show that, provided the demand for the article keeps up, one might as well—at all events so far as longevity is concerned—try their 'prentice hand at a little war-sketching, as at any less sensational occupation. The profession does not appear to be overcrowded; the life gives promise of considerable excitement, and you do not always require a broken column as a tombstone, while if you are fortunate enough to accompany such a gallant army as the modern Greek disported on the plains of Thermopylae a season or two ago, and can attach yourself to the personal staff of the local M.P., who, if he is pushful and patriotic, ought to be as near the front as is compatible with safety, you run no unnecessary risk of seeing too much of the enemy, or what is even better, allowing him to see too much of you. Here, then, was a possible solution to the vexed conundrum: "What shall we do with our boys?" Before ventilating it, however, I felt it might be advisable to gain a few more facts about a War Artist's career. With that object in view, I applied at the Fountainhead—to wit Mr. William Simpson, the first, both in point of numerical profession and of merit, of war artists, but I returned a sadder, if wiser man.

"If you can go without your food for from thirty-six to forty-eight hours at a stretch," said



"THE COW'S MOUTH: Source of the Ganges in the Himalayas."

From a Sketch made in 1861 by William Simpson, R. I. Specially re-drawn by the Artist for "Brown's Book-Stall."

Mr. Simpson, when I had got comfortably seated in his cosy little room out Willesden way, "and can sleep well with the thermometer at zero, and the blanket supply correspondingly low; if you are prepared to let the enemy make a target of you while you are calmly sketching, and have no rooted antipathy to be shot as a spy; if, after a day and a night on the field, you can cheerfully start on a thirty mile ride to the nearest Post-Office, through an unknown country swarming it may be with defeated and blood-thirsty savages, so that your sketches may be published before those of your rivals; if you can resist the use of Hebrew expletives when you find the other man there before you, having viewed the fight as Moses did the Promised Land; if you "——

"Hold: enough!" I cried, for the last test seemed beyond mortal endurance. "This is a more arduous life than belonging to the Aberdeen Fire Brigade, or looking after the Corporation Baths, both well-paid offices"——

"If"—he continued, remorselessly—"if you can manage all this, dodge the enemy's bullets, escape the malaria, avoid being turned back by the General in command, and have a passable knowledge of nine or ten different languages, can draw fairly well and rapidly, and know as much about tactics as a Field-Marshal"——

"Which mightn't be much," I ventured to add, but he looked severe.

"If you are equal to these little things, and perhaps half a dozen others which I have overlooked, you may turn out well in the 'Special at the Front' business, or," he added cheerfully, "you may not, which, after all, is the more likely."

My subject for a letter to the papers was gone, and I naturally felt it. However, there was always the *Book-Stall*—which publishes *anything*, as witness the length of time I have contributed to its pages—to fall back upon, and if my conversation with Mr. Simpson served no nobler purpose, it at least afforded the material for the production of this effusion. With which introductory remarks let me to business.

Mr. William Simpson, member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, honorary member of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and of the Glasgow Institute of Architects, member of the Executive Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, member of the Royal Asiatic Society, Hon. Librarian to the Society of Biblical Archæology, member of the Alpine Club, and one of that select and distinguished body the Omar Khayyam Club, is, it is perhaps now unnecessary to explain, a Scotsman. Away back on 28th October, 1823, he first favoured the world in general and Glasgow in particular with his presence. His Art training, after a not too elaborate education in Glasgow and in Perth, began, prosaically enough, in an architect's office. Though there was little in common between this, his first step in life, and the career which he subsequently adopted, the influence of the former was not altogether without its effect, for all through his long, arduous, and adventurous life, he has had a more than passing interest in Architecture, as numerous able papers read to the Royal Institute of British Architects, and containing much valuable and till then unknown information regarding the various styles of architecture—many of them new—which he has met with on his travels, will bear witness. Having served his "span" as an apprentice lithographic artist with the firm of Allan & Ferguson of Glasgow, he turned his steps southwards, and, in 1851, came to London and entered the employment of Messrs. Day & Sons, then the principal lithographic firm in the Metropolis. Three years later the war with Russia broke out, and one day his employers did their best to startle him by asking if he would like to go to the Crimea. With characteristic coolness he answered "Yes," and being a man of action rather than of words, he was off the next morning. Mr. Simpson's long association with the *Illustrated London News* has doubtless given rise to the belief now generally held that it was in the interests of that paper that he first went to the front, but this is quite erroneous, as it was nearly twelve years later before he entered the service of the *Illustrated London News*.

It was not long before young Simpson was to experience some of the stern realities of a war artist's career, for he arrived at Balaclava about the middle of November on the day following the great storm, and was a sorrowful witness of, and to some extent participator, in all the horrors of

that awful winter in the camp. To relate one tithe of Mr. Simpson's endless experiences and adventures during his stay in the Crimea would fill volumes, but the following little incident which he related to me has the double advantage of not having been previously published, and being particularly Scotch in flavour :—

"I was coming to Balaclava from the front one winter evening," Mr. Simpson began—"it was gloaming time—and as I had given the road a wide berth to avoid the mud, I found myself at Kadikoi, considerably to the east of the main thoroughfare. Kadikoi was all entrenched to defend Balaclava, and was held by the Highland division under Sir Colin Campbell, and a French division under Vinois. To save a long detour I made a run, leaped the ditch of the entrenchment, and scrambled up the parapet, where I was met by two French sentries—gun and bayonet in hand—ready to deal with any foe that might appear. It turned out that it was the eve before the Emperor of Russia's birthday, and the guards had all been doubled in case of an attack. I soon explained to them," continued Mr. Simpson, "why I was there, and as no one seemed to follow me, I was permitted to proceed in peace. When I passed Kadikoi I noticed a group of figures sitting on the ground in a vineyard. The sound of their voices told me they belonged to one of Sir Colin's regiments, so I thought I would just cheer them up with a few words in the broadest Doric I could muster. The effect was electrical, and, I confess, surprised me ; two or three of them jumped up and embraced me—they all had their arms about me—and the hug of a bear could not have been much superior to the embrace I received. I had an old plaid thrown over my shoulder and the portfolio under my arm was hid by it, but one of them felt it in the hugging process, and I heard him exclaim—"*Good Lord, it's Russell o' the Times ; we'll a' be i' the papers.*" I then explained who I was, and that I was coming one of these days to sketch them all, whereupon they produced an empty bottle, explaining with many apologies that it was only that moment finished—which may perhaps account for the warmth of their salutation—but if I would only come to their tents, they said, *the grog will be served oot, and ye'll get a drap.* This I did not care to do, but I told them about the two French sentries, when one of them remarked—"*What big fules they were to tak' ye for a Rooshian, when ye can speak such gude broad Scotch !*"

"'Big,' you will understand," added Mr. Simpson, "is a euphemism—but you will no doubt be able to guess the real word he used.'

On Mr. Simpson's sketches reaching England they were first sent to the Queen, who was particularly desirous of having the fullest knowledge of all that was going on, and who sent him a commission to do a water-colour of the Guards Camp, including sketches of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Lord James Murray, brother to the Duke of Athol, and others. This was only one of many special commissions executed at intervals for Her Majesty, and it was when delivering personally one of the pictures so ordered that he first made the personal acquaintance of the Queen. He had called at Buckingham Palace with the drawing, and was informed that the Queen would see him herself. Gracious as Her Majesty always is, she complimented Mr. Simpson very warmly on his pluck in going "under fire," and manifested the liveliest interest in his adventures —exhibiting all the while a knowledge of the localities about Sebastopol and the trenches that surprised her visitor.

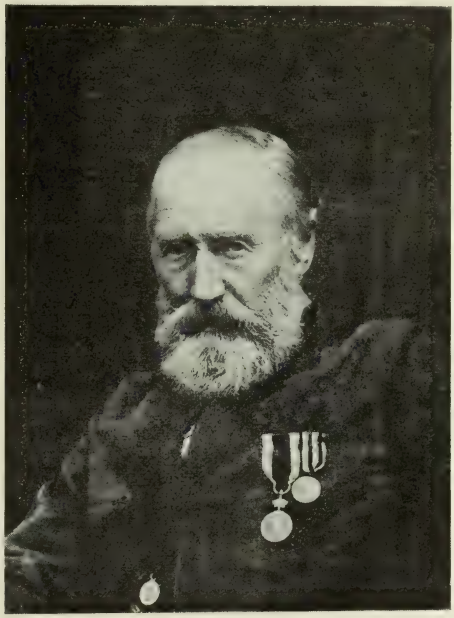
After the fall of Sebastopol the Duke of Newcastle, who had come out, invited Mr. Simpson to accompany him on a journey to Circassia, then almost an unknown region to travellers from this country. The Admiral sent a man-o'-war to take the party, which was joined in Circassia by Laurence Oliphant, who accompanied them on some of their trips to the interior. "At times," remarked Mr. Simpson, "we were hard up for food, but could always get boiled maize—like porridge—and a peculiar kind of sour milk, with which Oliphant and I, from our Scotch training, were able to make a good meal while our companions were nearly starving."

These experiences, so far from tiring Mr. Simpson of travel, only made him long for more, and this desire ultimately led to an arrangement with Day & Son to go to India to produce a series of sketches to be reproduced in a large work in chromo-lithography. The Mutiny had at the time drawn public attention to that

region, and it was thought that a good standard work would succeed. It meant two or three years' work in travelling—for railways were not then so plentiful in India as now—and making the necessary drawings. The summers were spent in the Himalayas, visiting the source of the Ganges, a very sacred spot, and one of which, from its very nature, but few pictures exist. To the kindness of Mr. Simpson I am able to reproduce along with this notice a drawing of it specially made for the *Book-Stall*. The scene depicted in the sketch is known to the Hindus as "The Cow's Mouth," and purely mythic pictures or sculptures in India represent the water of the great river flowing from the mouth of a cow. This spot, or rather one about twenty miles below that shown in the drawing, is visited annually by a countless number of pilgrims. From the Temple to which these devotees go to the actual source, there is no path, but Mr. Simpson tells me that it is not very difficult ground to get over. "I bathed," he added, "in what is the foreground of the picture, and drank some of the water—this ritual, according to the Brahmanic belief, washing away all previous sin."

On the occasion of his last visit to the hills, Mr. Simpson forestalled Mr. Savage Landor, by passing over into Tibet and making the acquaintance of the Llamas. There he picked up a Buddhist Praying Wheel, and learned how to use it. From that he was led to inquire into its origin—for previously the Praying Wheel had never been treated seriously as an actual form of worship. Becoming fascinated with the subject, Mr. Simpson made an exhaustive study of it, the result being a most interesting and valuable contribution to the scanty literature on Praying Wheels, in the shape of a volume published by him through Messrs. MacMillan & Coy. about three years ago. The book exhibits a vast amount of research, and a most exhaustive study of the symbolism of the Wheel, as well as of the subject of circular movements in religious ritual generally, and it is not crediting Mr Simpson with too much when I say that he has to a great extent explained the real meaning of this curious piece of mechanism. Our other illustration is a reproduction of the frontispiece to that volume—a drawing of a large Praying Wheel at Soonum, made on the spot by Mr. Simpson, and for permission to reproduce which I am indebted to the ready courtesy of Messrs. MacMillan.

Well, it took about three years to obtain the material for the projected book, and three or four more after his return to make the drawings. Just as Mr. Simpson had finished, Messrs. Day & Son finished too. That is to say they failed, and he was left without a penny for his seven years' work. His drawings—250 of them—became part of the bankrupt stock, and sold



Mr. William Simpson, R. I.

From a Heliogravure Portrait.

off cheap. This was in 1866, and was the immediate cause of his connection with the *Illustrated London News*.

Than Mr. Ingram, as he then was, there was no abler or more enterprising journalist, and he was not slow to realise the value of the latest addition to his staff. The *News* was the pioneer of Illustrated Journalism, and Sir William's policy then as now was that it should continue so. No trouble or expense was too

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great to make the paper up-to-date, and when an opportunity of scoring presented itself, the Proprietor was not the man to let mere money weigh in the balance. So the first thing he did was to send off Mr. Simpson to St. Petersburg to attend the wedding of the late Tsar. The Prince of Wales was there, and the *I. L. N.* representative was honoured with an invitation to accompany him to Moscow, which he visited at that time.

A couple of years later he accompanied his old friend, Lord Napier of Magdala, through the Abyssinian Campaign, but got back in time to illustrate the new route to India *via* the Mont Cenis Tunnel and Brindisi shortly to be opened up by the completion of the Suez Canal. In Egypt, the Duke of Sutherland, Sir John Fowler, Russell of the *Times*, Professor Owen, and Mr. Simpson were "personally conducted" by M. de Lesseps over the Canal.

Then came the stirring time of the Franco-Prussian War. It was declared on 15th July, 1870, and Mr. Simpson was shot off on the instant to Paris, from which he pushed on to Metz, where he remained until the first battles took place, when all the correspondents had to return to Paris in consequence of what was known at the time as the "Spy Fever." They had all been so often made prisoners as "*Espions*" that it was impossible, without danger even to their lives, to carry on their work. When the Battle of Sedan took place, Mr. Simpson journeyed thither, going round by Belgium, then to Strasburg, where he happened to be in the advanced trench when the French hoisted the white flag. After that he went to Metz, and saw the finish there, with the French Army going off as prisoners of war to Germany.

A rather severe illness, brought on by hardship, followed, but it did not prevent him starting for Paris in the spring of the following year, and remaining there through all the terrible time of the Commune. Then off to China to represent the *News* at the marriage of the Emperor Tung-Chin, in Pekin, on which auspicious occasion he also, by a good deal of hard work, contributed a series of letters to the *Daily News* at the request of Sir John Robinson, thus playing the part of a sort of double-barrelled correspondent, artist and author too! Returning by way of Japan and America, he was pulled up short at San Francisco in consequence of a war in North Carolina between the American troops and the Modoc Indians. So he went on the war-path, and for some time lived in imminent danger of losing his scalp.

Then, to recapitulate but briefly the other journeys of this modern Ulysses—for space is getting limited—he accompanied the Prince of Wales to India in 1875, a "one man" exhibition of the sketches then made being the result—about a dozen of which were bought by the Prince, and now hang at Sandringham. Dr. Schliemann's discoveries at Mycenæ in 1877 led to him being sent there, while at the same time he visited the Troad, and afterwards proceeded to Ephesus. A couple of articles on the explorations at Mycenæ, written on his return, led to a fierce paper war between him and the great Explorer, in which the friends of the artist gave him the credit of not coming off second best.

Next year saw him with Sir Sam Browne's force in the Khyber, and he was at the taking of Ali Musjd, and subsequently at Jellalabad, where he witnessed the Signing of the Peace at Gundamuck. Lastly, in the "big trip" line, was his journey with Sir Peter Lumsden on the Afghan Boundary Commission to Central Asia—he being the only correspondent permitted, though lots wanted, to go. On his return he was called to Balmoral by Royal Command, where he spent a couple of nights as the guest of Her Majesty.

Since then he has been at many, comparatively speaking, minor events—the wedding of the Emperor of Germany, at Berlin; the Coronation of the Emperor of Russia, at Moscow, and so on. His has been the good fortune to witness the making of many a page of the World's History, and to perpetuate the memory of it pictorially. One has but to look back through a file of the *Illustrated London News*—that invaluable "abstract and brief chronicle of the time"—to realise how much Mr. Simpson has been the witness of, and how faithfully, how cleverly, and how artistically he has played his part as a painter of all that has been of importance and of interest for nearly forty years.

J. G. R.

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ABERDEEN WORTHIES.

MORE MUSICAL REMINISCENCES.

I HAD purposed to continue my rambles with Mr. George Dempsay this month, but circumstances have arisen that at the last moment prevent me from doing so. I am now writing with the devil at my elbow—the printers' Mephisto, it may be explained—and he waits for "copy"! I left off with the "Concordia" when I last wrote on musical matters. This time let me tell you something of the founding of the Aberdeen Choral Union, our premier musical body.

"At Aberdeen, and within the Music Hall Buildings there"—so runs the minute—"on Wednesday, the 10th day of November, 1858, at a meeting held immediately after a conference of the conductors and secretaries of the various musical societies in Aberdeen with the Music Hall Company, at which a basis for the formation of a Choral Union in Aberdeen, with the Music Hall Company, had been agreed on; Mr. Arthur Thomson was unamimously chosen chairman of the meeting; the gentlemen present (there were 22 in all) agreed to become members of a Choral Union to be formed on the basis agreed on at the conference." With such a carefully worded minute success was bound to follow the launching of this great enterprise. Very much of the auspicious start was due to the selection of a veritable musical giant as conductor of the Union. Mr. Richard Latter, R.A.M., was then a prominent local professor of music, and at the time of his association with the Union also held the appointment of conductor of the Musical Association. He was essentially a singer, and a teacher of singing, as well as a voice trainer. His own voice was a rich, round, full bass, and together with his magnificent physique carried conviction of his great ability as an interpreter of song. *En passant*, it may be mentioned that Mr. Latter continued to preside over the musical rehearsals and concerts of the Union till 1872 when he left Aberdeen for London, there to carry on the work of a professor of singing at the Guildhall School of Music. He kept that important appointment till his fine black hair changed to a beautiful snowy white—till he died, in fact, last year. It is also worthy of note that out of the 22 who formed the Union, none are now members, and only three are alive, viz., Mr. Wm. Carnie, Mr. George Walker, of *Book-Stall* fame, and Mr. John Watson, late dyer. The latter held the honourable position for many years before his resignation of chairman of committee.

At its inception the Union extended the hand of fellowship to its elder brother the Musical Association. Macedonia like, these good people being asked to "come over and help us." Mendelssohn's well-known oratorio *St. Paul* was the first work chosen for practice, and the aid of the Musical Association was

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invoked "especially as they had been trained in some of the choruses of the oratorio." But the Association would have nothing to do with the usurping body, and like a certain Biblical character, "passed by on the other side." Considerable rivalry existed between the two organisations for many, many years, and indeed the rivalry only died when the Association became defunct in 1884. In so far as the Union members were concerned their standing grievance against the older choir was that it persisted in giving gratis concerts right on to the end of its existence. The Musical Association, it must be confessed, was a pretty exclusive and somewhat aristocratic combination, and, if the truth were told, social position constituted a more powerful factor in the "joining" or admitting of members than did purely musical qualifications. The result was that the major portion of the singing was left to a few good singers and true, while the remainder of the members contented themselves by trying to look their very best at the various concerts the Society gave. The male membership annual subscription was a guinea, which covered all charges, including copies of the music, while in the Union 5/- a year was all that was asked, but members had to pay their own music.

The constitution of the "Choral," among other things, provided "that the Union shall not exceed three hundred practical members, male and female," and as showing the remarkable enthusiasm with which the project was at once taken up, it is on record in the first report of the registrar, Mr Peter Riddell, Harbour Treasurer, now deceased, that on 30th March, 1859, there were 238 names on the roll. The composition was as follows :— Sopranos, 75 ; Altos, 52 ; Tenors, 53, Basses, 58—the average attendance at rehearsals being 77·7. A committee of twelve was appointed at "the first general meeting of the Aberdeen Music Hall Choral Union"—so called in consequence of the help extended by the Directors of the Music Hall Company ; indeed a deed of co-partnery existed for some time between the two. Only two of that committee are now alive—Messrs. W. Carnie and George Walker. Provost Webster, Chairman of the Hall directors, presided at this meeting, at which Mr. James Valentine, originally a journalist and latterly, up to the time of his death, known as Registrar for the Parish of Old Machar, was appointed the first Chairman of the Union. Occasional practisings were held, to which the Music Hall directors and a few other prominent citizens were invited, but the Union made no public appearance till the ever memorable opening of the large Music Hall in October, 1859. It may be remembered by some of my older readers that the late Prince Albert, the Queen's Consort, took a lively interest in the opening of this, the finest hall in the city. Two concerts were given on that occasion, one on the 19th of October, at which *St. Paul* was performed for the first time in Aberdeen. The solo vocalists included Madame Weiss as soprano ; Madame Dolby, contralto ; Mr. Lockey, tenor ; and Mr. Weiss (of "The Village Blacksmith" repute), bass. At the second concert, on the following night, the same artistes with Madame Arabella Goddard, the celebrated pianist, added, gave a miscellaneous programme. In connection with this important event, I should mention that negotiations were opened Mr. Sims Reeves to sing at both concerts, but the greatest tenor of the century could not be prevailed upon to come. Mr. Howard's band from Edinburgh assisted the local contingent in the accompaniments at these concerts. From the local newspaper notices of the time, we learn that the concerts proved unqualified successes, and congratulations to everybody concerned followed at the first committee meeting held thereafter.

The Union had not been called into being many months ere it was found necessary, or at least beneficial, to found an orchestral branch. The formation of the instrumental section, however, proved a slow and laborious process, but, thanks to the energy and enthusiasm displayed chiefly by Mr. William Spark, a violin teacher of very considerable eminence in the city, the object was ultimately attained. As I have said, Mr. Spark was a most conscientious teacher, but he was also a somewhat erratic man. He had a talented family, some of whom are, so

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far as I know, still alive, one son, especially, after serving his apprenticeship as a draughtsman with Messrs. Keith & Gibb, having turned out a capital "black and white" artist. For ten years the Union maintained its good work, rendering regularly interesting, instructive, and highly educative performances of various oratorios, such as *Samson*, *Jephtha*, *Israel in Egypt*, and *Judas Maccabæus*, as well as the *Messiah*, annually about Christmas. About this time it occurred to the Chairman of Committee, Mr. James Valentine, already referred to, to formulate a scheme of Saturday Evening Entertainments, under the auspices and direct control of the Choral Union. This, it may be said in passing, was the first genuine attempt to popularise really good music in Aberdeen. The programmes for the most part consisted of well-known and popular songs, instrumental items, and readings, but some of the best professional talent of the day together with an occasional amateur of ability constituted the rank and file of those taking part in them. The prices ranged from a shilling each for the front seats to threepence for the east gallery and back of hall and promenade. It may not be out of place to draw the attention of those local gentlemen who are responsible for the "running" of the present-day Corporation or City Concerts to the marvellous success of those early-time entertainments. There was no attempt to sing, play, or read over the heads of the audiences who were wont to assemble in the Music Hall. The majority of those who patronised the entertainments were working men and their wives and families, and for those who cared to invest in a season's concerts, tickets, arranged in groups, were provided at reduced charges from single entertainments. Thus 12/-, as far as I remember, constituted the charge for a front seat for the sixteen concerts given during the session, and these were eagerly sought after, not by the dilettante so much as by middle-class music-lovers. The other parts of the house had also their season tickets at correspondingly lower rates. Of course, it must be borne in mind, that only first-class artistes took part in these entertainments, and consequently interest, and not a little enthusiasm, was maintained throughout. The lack of that essential element no doubt accounts for the existing apathy and want of patronage at the Saturday concerts now in existence.

The first series of the Choral Union Saturday Evening Entertainments was held during the 1867-68 season, and financially and musically proved eminently satisfactory. Mr. Adam Traill, an active member of the committee, whose death, by the way, occurred at South Shields early in 1894, was appointed manager. The concerts were carried on for several successive seasons, and among the performers who took part, of whom I have pleasurable recollection, I may mention Mrs. Sunderland, Madame Cole, Madame Sherrington, Madame Van Noorden (who was wont to sing "The Murmur of the Shell," a splendid song now relegated to a top shelf, I suppose, and "Scots Wha Hae," with organ accompaniment by Mr. Alex. Laing, in a manner not readily to be forgotten); and Miss Helen Kirk, the "Queen of Scottish Song," of her own or any other time! The popular story of the unearthing of this justly celebrated singer is worth mentioning, although I have my doubts as to its authenticity. It seems that a professor of music was walking along Argyle Street in Glasgow one stormy night when he came on a small group of street loungers gathered round a little girl who was singing "Afton Water." The purity of the little waif's voice so enamoured him that he joined the miniature throng and waited till the song was finished. At its conclusion, "so the story goes," he was so captivated with the expression and general rendering of the lyric that he immediately interviewed the young artiste, and there and then made arrangements for the education and training of his youthful protege. The tale is romantic enough in all conscience, but the fact was patent that Miss Kirk remained a "natural" singer, without displaying any of the tricks or devices of professional training, till the day she sang for the last time. In common with most professional people, Miss Kirk was very superstitious, and I can remember her telling that she never went to bed without first having

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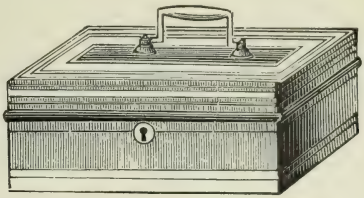
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placed a loaded pistol under her pillow in case of any attempt being made to take her life! As an exponent of her native songs Helen Kirk left no equal, and she was wise in her own interest not to attempt any higher flight. Only once, I believe, did she try to soar into oratorio, and the attempt proved a miserable failure. Afterwards she kept to Scottish song. Alas, the pity of it, she died when but a comparatively young woman, and under sad and distressing circumstances. But over that last blurred page in her life's history, I would, with tender hand, draw a veil. To me, a thoughtless, waggish boy, she was kind and gentle, like an elder sister who would remonstrate with her little brother when he got into youthful scrapes and unthinkingly played his boyish pranks. And I am ever prone to revere the memory of the living at their best, rather than to sigh over the "what might have been" of the dead.

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THE LATE MR. ALFRED BRYAN.

WE have to chronicle with very sincere regret the death of Mr. Alfred Bryan, an notice of whose career appeared in our January issue. For a long time Mr. Bryan had been ailing, and on the occasion of our interview with him his health was anything but robust. He was in harness to the last, having paid his weekly visit to the theatre on behalf of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* on the Tuesday preceding his death, which occurred on Thursday of the same week. One of the last large cartoons executed by Mr. Bryan was that specially drawn by him for our pages, in which a number of local and other celebrities were depicted. By the death of Mr. Bryan the art of cartooning loses one of its most brilliant exponents, and his countless personal friends and acquaintances mourn the loss of a kindly-hearted, clever, genial gentleman.



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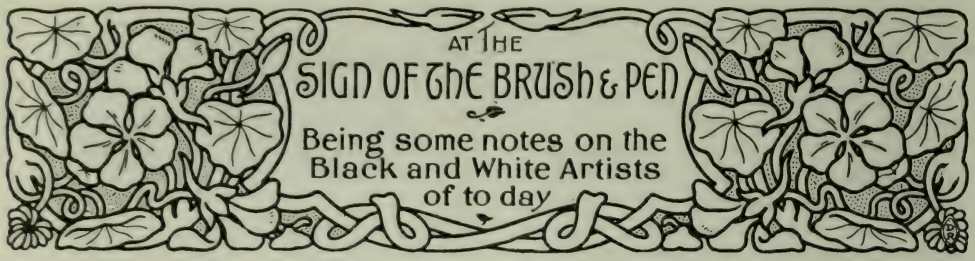
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No. 23.—MR. MAX COWPER.

THE early struggles of famous men, their combats with Adversity, the undaunted perseverance and untiring energy which they have displayed, while yet hardly out of short trousers, in compelling the world in general and those more directly concerned in particular to realise that they had a Mission to fulfil, were designed by a wise Providence, not so much to chasten the celebrities themselves and prevent them indulging in that Pride of which Mr. Samuel Daniel, poet and historian (but evidently no prophet, as witness the last line), wrote somewhere about 1600, and presumably prior to the establishment of the Baker Incorporation—

> How poor a thing is Pride ! when all, as slaves,
> Differ but in their fetters, not their graves—

as to provide suitable material for their future biographers. Where, I want to know, would the writer of that fascinating volume which dear little Peter won at the Sunday School have been if his hero had not fought with the World, the Flesh, and the Devil till, as Mr. Gilbert puts it, "All was blue"? Then note what a godsend it was to whoever was to write the Life of Lord Beaconsfield when the latter concluded his first parliamentary effort with that historic declaration—

> *I would certainly gladly hear a cheer, even though it came from a political opponent. I am not at all surprised at the reception I have received. I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me.*

Further, had the Rev. Thomas Spencer been a black and white artist instead of merely a "celebrated boy-preacher" what columns of copy might not the *Book-Stall* of his time have been provided with, based on the simple fact that he *twisted worsted* every day, mentally composing sermons all the while ! Then it is recorded of William Shaw Lindsay, who seems to have been at one and the same time an author, magistrate, member of Parliament, and millionaire, that "his food was the bread of charity, thrown to him by those moved by the depth of misery exhibited in his woe-begone appearance," while the biographer of Benjamin Franklin was equally fortunate in having for a victim one whose early life was a struggle with poverty, obscurity, difficulties, and hardships. But I might, did the Editor pay by the yard, or even at all, fill pages with examples of the early struggles of great men, for the "early struggle" is almost as sure a forerunner to Fame as the traditional half-crown. Who, for instance, ever heard of a man who had distinguished himself after having come to London with, say, three and sevenpence in his pocket? Similarly what self-respecting individual would ever dream of aspiring to become even a Bailie without first doing a preliminary spar with Adversity? Celebrities as a rule have feelings. They realise intuitively that they are bound to become famous, and that some day some poor devil like myself will have to turn out a few columns of copy about them. Therefore they try and make their career interesting; they do something heroic ere they have got out of petticoats if only to enable the future historian to remark that the child was father to the man.

I knew all this when I tapped gently on Mr. Max Cowper's door, and after the usual formal-

ities seated myself comfortably in his snug little Studio out at Finchley. Further, I meant to trade on my knowledge.

"Now, Mr. Cowper," I said in my most fascinating manner, "just draw me a mental picture of the vicissitudes through which you have passed, the trials you have undergone, and the noble resolutions you have formed that you would forgive your enemies, the Editors, for their inhuman conduct, as you hoped to be forgiven for the many swear-words you had used when a double knock announced the return of still another rejected masterpiece? Tell me about these," I continued, "for I would fain show the millions of readers of the *Book-Stall* that an artist's career, though a glorious one, requires the most indomitable perseverance, the most dauntless energy, the most awful and tremendous——"

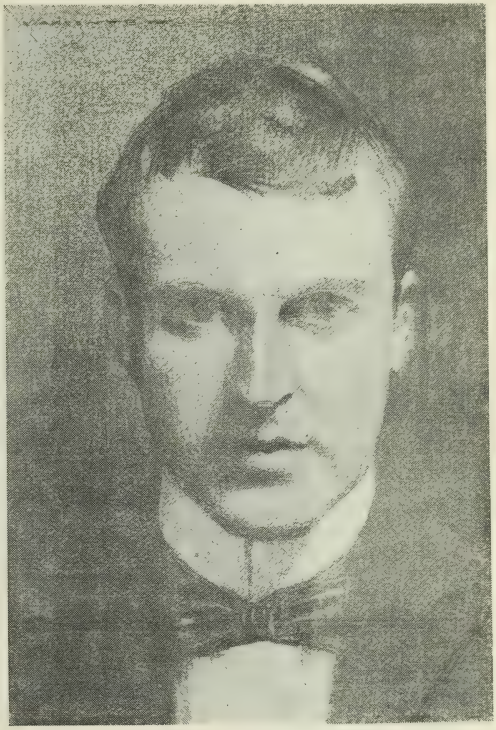
Mr. Max Cowper smiled.

"My dear sir," he replied, "I am sorry to disappoint you in the noble purpose you have in view, but as a matter of fact I have no romantic story of disappointment and starvation to relate, no heroic deeds of self-denial for the sake of Art, no hard struggles for interviews with Editors, and no sudden plunge into prosperity."

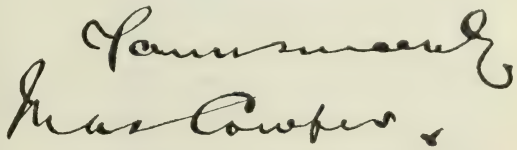
I felt much as Cæsar must have done when he remarked with classic simplicity *Et tu Brute*, for I had travelled first-class from Hackney Downs and waited twenty minutes at Dalston.

But Mr. Cowper in his strength was merciful, and, in addition to the splendid specimen of his brush-work in the shape of a study of a head, and the portrait of himself, specially drawn for our pages, was good enough to give me many interesting facts regarding his exceptionally and deservedly successful career.

Mr. Max Cowper is the exception which proves the rule that all the good people of Dundee are divided into two classes—those who are interested in jute, and those who find fame in marmalade. He has added a new industry to the staple ones of the "Scottish Geneva," for Mr. Cowper is an artist with a big and still growing reputation. There are four outstanding events in the history of the city where the sacking and the bagging and the wrapping of the world is manufactured. In 1296 the town was burned by the first Edward, in 1645 it was stormed by the great Montrose, in 1651 General Monk, appropriately enough, *sacked* it, and in 1872 Mr. Max Cowper became its youngest citizen. Among his earliest recollections are sad memories of his schooldays, which he pathetically describes as the most miserable time he has experienced during his stay on earth. Whether this arose from a natural and readily understandable detestation of lessons, or whether



From a drawing by himself.



repeated thrashings for exercising his embryonic taste for Art at the expense of the masters in the production of caricatures of these worthies is responsible for this, he confesses he is unable to say, but he has a distinct recollection that two or three times every week he did his utmost to persuade his parents to let him stay at home and

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draw. His father, and the circumstance is not remarkable, gave a point blank refusal, but his mother, kindly hearted soul, had all a mother's love for her laddie, and often allowed him to remain. She thoroughly understood his disposition and liking for Art, and it is to her more than to any one that Mr. Cowper is indebted for encouragement to persevere during the time he was under his parents' supervision.

On leaving school Max was persuaded to take up jute, and he did it, only to lay it down again as promptly as possible. He entered the employment of the firm of Alexr. Patterson & Coy., and finding the work there a little more congenial than his school experiences, made very praiseworthy progress in his profession. But the old Adam was still within him, and his love for Art not only did not diminish, but increased every day. By dint of desperately hard work he managed for a time to serve both Art and Mammon, the latter at the Office from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., and the former at the School of Art from 7 p.m. until 10 p.m., on five days out of the seven. While attending the Drawing Classes he studied for his Art Master's certificate, but somehow or other the hard and fast methods of doing work for South Kensington palled on his feelings, and he did not enter with enthusiasm into the examinations. He could hardly help being successful, however, and holds certificates galore which he solemnly assured me were absolutely useless !

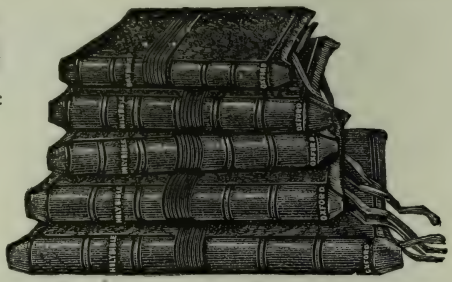
"In fact," Mr. Cowper remarked, "I'm rather inclined to think that a lot of my time was wasted in studying science and sitting out 'exams.' However, I found great pleasure in drawing the many antique figures and other pieces of Sculpture, and I believe this was the only good I ever derived from the Dundee Art Schools. But, pray note," he continued as I proceeded to record these sentiments, and it dawned on him that the *Book-Stall* might be read in Dundee as in other distant places of the earth, "When I make this statement I don't wish to cast any insinuation on my teachers. Far from it—for I found most of them clever fellows, and thoroughly able to impart their knowledge of South Kensington Art, but, as you can easily understand, this was quite a different form of it from the free and easy paths of the painter."

This state of things went on during the three years of Mr. Cowper's apprenticeship, but, meanwhile, he had not been idle. In the Christmas Numbers of the *People's Journal* of 1888 and and 1889, in the lists of prize winners in two drawing competitions (which, by a curious freak, also contain the name of the writer hereof), there appears as winner of a second and a first prize the name of Mr. Maxwell Cowper, 143 Victoria Road, Dundee, and it is to this circumstance in a large degree that he owes his start on an artistic career. The remarkable quality of his work in the *Journal* arrested the attention of the prorietors, and resulted in his getting commissions to do work for the *Advertiser* and other local publications, including the famous *Piper*, so that in a short time he was making double the money by his drawing that he earned as a clerk. The net result of this was that he told Mr. Patterson that he had decided to quit his business and jute for ever.

"He called me into his room," explained Mr. Cowper, "and, after duly warning me of the foolish step I was taking, much to my surprise offered me the position of Cashier, which meant three pounds a week to begin with. This somewhat staggered me, for I was only nineteen, and a hundred and sixty a year was not to be lightly talked about So I got a day or two to think the matter over, but although the bait was tempting, I finally decided to resign this rich prospect of preferment and embark on the precarious career of an artist. I said good-bye to Mr. Patterson, who had striven so nobly to save me from destruction, and as I did so a sorrowful and sympathetic expression came over his countenance. Doubtless when I had closed his door behind me he whistled, if he knew it, the air of the old refrain, 'Here is another good man gone wrong !'"

"Free from his fetters grim," Mr. Cowper began by taking a studio, and ere you could well say "Jeck Robinson," or the Dundee equivalent therefor, work began to come in. At this time he was doing practically all the pictures for the *Dundee Courier* and *Weekly News*, which were then just beginning to go in for pictorial art. During the remainder of his stay in Dundee he had a very varied experience of newspaper work, drawing everything and going everywhere.

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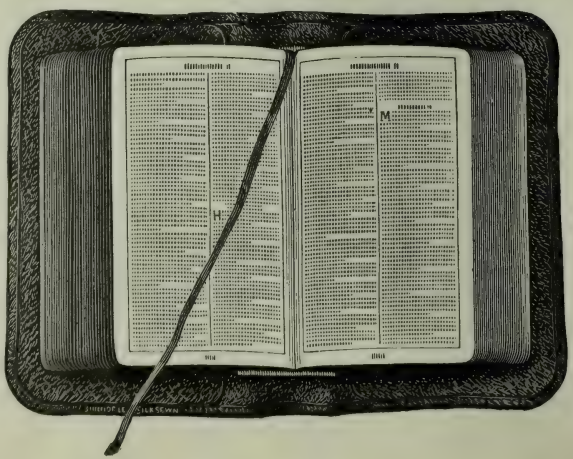
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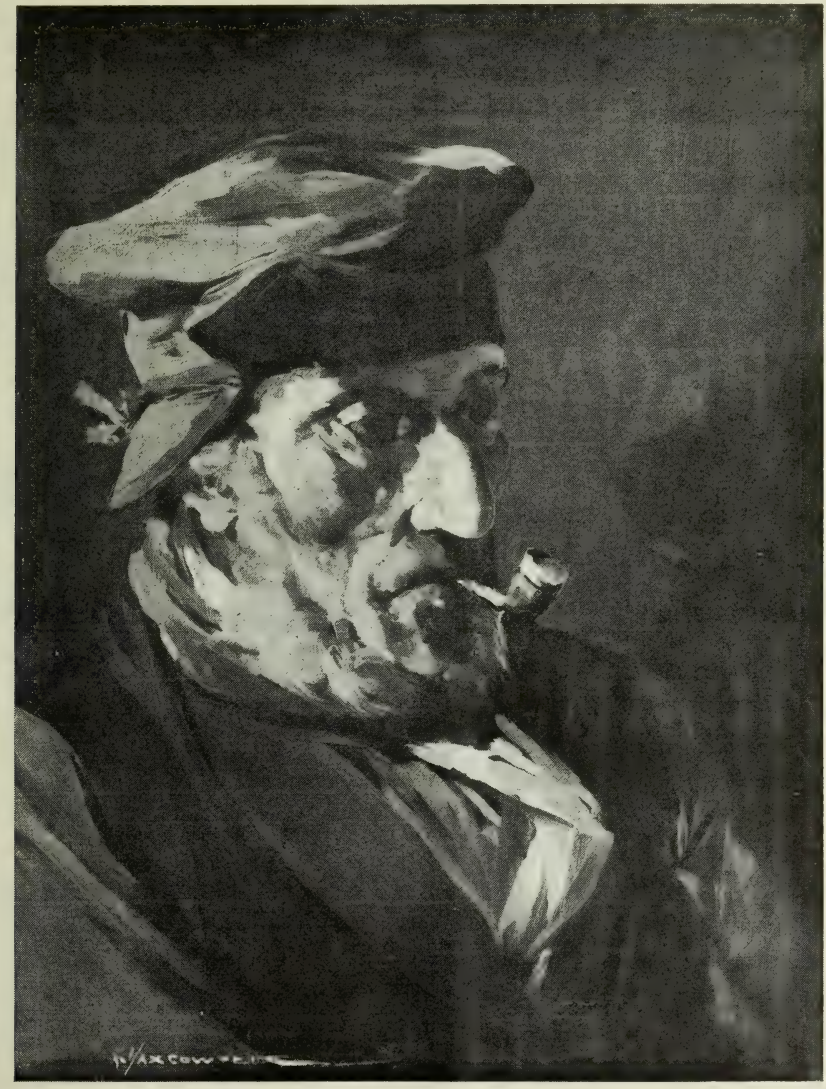
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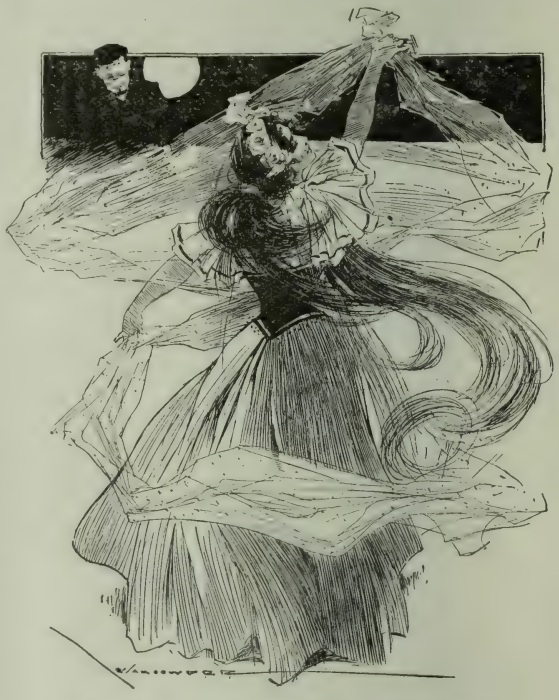
STUDY OF A HEAD.

Specially drawn by Mr. Max Cowper for "Brown's Book-Stall."

"I remember," answered Mr. Cowper in reply to my request for an experience, "having a rather funny adventure while sketching in the Edinburgh Court of Justiciary, during the trial of Webster, proprietor of a Kerriemuir hotel, who was charged with poisoning his wife with arsenic. There was intense excitement in Dundee and neighbourhood, for he was well known, and had held for a number of years a respectable position in the Dundee theatre. Two reporters and myself were commissioned to take up our stay in Edinburgh, and do our little best. As bad luck would have it, the seats allocated to the artists were in the gallery, where we couldn't see anything or anybody. Here was a How-de-ye-do! However, an artist is nothing if not resourceful, so I got hold of the chief reporter and borrowed his card and a bundle of shorthand notepaper, with which insignia of office I easily gained a seat at the reporters' table. The Court was simply packed, but as I had second seat from the front, I had an excellent view. I duly did my drawings, and having to leave early so that they might be sent off to Dundee in time for reproduction in next morning's paper, I rose up and began to bustle my way out; but I soon found this would be an extremely difficult task, for the trial was going on and everybody was either listening or working. I could not get folks to rise and let me pass, and things were looking very blue indeed. In short, as somebody says in *Richard II.*,

> It was as hard to go as for a camel
> To thread the postern of a needle's eye.

You can picture me," continued Mr. Cowper, smiling at the recollection, "stuck in the middle of that Court with my parcel of sketches, unable to move one way or another, and the Editor in Dundee anxiously awaiting the arrival of the pictures. There was no help for it; so, with a sort of an 'Excelsior' feeling I proceeded to climb over the seats, the barristers, the audience—in fact over any and every obstacle that kept me from the door. It was not a particularly dignified proceeding, but I couldn't help that—the drawings had to be got to Dundee, and it was my duty to send them. Well, after many subdued maledictions on my infernal impudence, and a like number of looks that ought to have withered me, I succeeded, but not before Judge Kingsbury had stopped proceedings, and warned me that the commotion must not be repeated. Next day, however, *I repeated*, and went through the same acrobatic performance The Judge, I could see, had his eye on me, but surely," added Mr Cowper with a twinkle, "his digestive organs must have been in better working order, for he remained calm and solemn, and what looked as if it was going to prove a nasty experience for me, passed over without further trouble. But that is only one of the many strange positions in which I have found myself when playing the part of journalistic artist, but it only wants *nerve* to pull one through."



"WAVED HER GRACEFUL AND SUPPLE ARMS."

From "Cassell's Magazine."
By permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd.

In addition to his black and white work Mr.

Cowper had also begun to paint, and was very successful in having his water-colours hung in the Scottish R.A. This inspired him to go in for more serious study, so he submitted work to the Academy for his studentship, which he obtained, and forthwith proceeded to take up his residence in Edinburgh, where he spent a couple of years.

"My student days were rather uneventful," Mr. Cowper explained, in answer to my demand for further particulars, "and the Life School was chiefly notable for the lack of enthusiasm displayed by the students. However, the training was very thorough—nothing of the *dilettante* about it, but good, honest, hard work, by which I benefited greatly."

If further testimony of the thoroughness of the training received at the School of the Scottish Capital be needed, it will be found in the success which its students have obtained. For *chic*, impudent, captivating work, at which, by the way, Mr. Cowper is also an adept, as the dainty drawing which I reproduce by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell & Coy., from the pages of their delightfully illustrated *Magazine* (undoubtedly the magazine which has the most extensive list of notable artists on its staff, for nearly everybody who is anybody in the black and white world has at one time or another contributed to its pages) will bear witness, the Parisian *atelier* is famous. For a certain kind of average proficiency, as Mr. Charles G. Harper, the well-known and able art-critic, artist, and author of an invaluable treatise on black and white art, "Pen Draughtsmen of To-Day," published in sumptuous style by Messrs. Rivington, Percival & Coy., cleverly expressed it in an interview with Mr. Cowper, the London Schools are noteworthy, but for down-right thoroughness of work there is nothing to beat the Scottish Schools.

By this time Mr. Cowper was getting a hold of London, and Editors were beginning to send commissions, so he decided to drop painting altogether, and devote his genius entirely to black and white. With what signal success he has done so is amply borne out by the pages of all our best illustrated magazines, for he contributes among others to the *Pall Mall Magazine*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *Strand*, *Lady's Realm*, *Harmsworths'*, and that *Ultima Thule* of the black and white man, *Punch*. The next step was to go to London, and there he settled for better or worse in 1895. But good work is never at a loss for a market, and Mr. Cowper's geatest difficulty has been, not to get Editors to take his drawings, but to supply the work in time. At the moment when I had the audacity to insist on him varying his occupation by standing in the pillory, he had a couple of months' work in hand, and not a single drawing in his possession which had not been sold! His kindness, therefore, in doing specially for the *Book-Stall* the drawings which I reproduce is all the more deserving of our thanks.

"I often wish I had four hands instead of two," he remarked with a sigh, "but I have always found the London editor on the whole an amiable individual, though, of course, there are one or two rather fussy and severe. I have no fear for an artist if he does good work—the Editors will soon find him out. But," he continued, "there are hundreds of artists who trudge round the various journals day after day in the hope of selling some of their work. This is, in my humble opinion, a most foolish thing to do, for the chances are strongly against their seeing the editor personally—their drawings being taken inside by the office-boy. The Editor very likely may be busy—most Editors are—and not in a mood for careful examination, so your work does not get justice. You waste time, try the temper of the Editor, and tire yourself out all for nothing. A far more sensible plan is to submit your drawings through the post. The Editor will then select a time most convenient for himself to inspect your work, which is thus viewed under the most favourable conditions."

Mr. Max Cowper is not yet thirty, but he has won for himself a high and a right well earned position among the black and white artists of the day. He is a thoroughly conscientious artist—too conscientious some might be inclined to think—is ambitious, and, gifted with a grace and charm in his work peculiarly his own, he is bound to do great things yet. He is a desperately hard-worker, and not at all inclined to rest on his laurels, or likely to forget that, as Ulysses remarks in *Troilus and Cressida*—

> Perseverance, dear my lord,
> Keeps honour bright; to have done is to hang
> Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
> In monumental mockery.

J. G. R.

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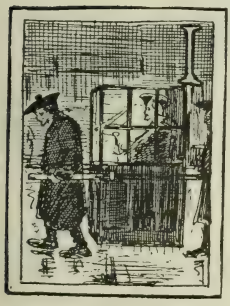
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MORE MEMORIES.



I HAVE some pleasant memories of Elgin and its Academy. One of my teachers was the Rev. P. Merson, a man of considerable skill as a mathematician and arithmetician, who, although at times he could give a good thrashing to offending pupils, was yet one of the most agreeable and kindly of men. As a teacher he was very successful, and drew out the mental powers and original capabilities of his pupils with a pawkiness and a play of good humour which I have never seen in any other teacher. If the question was puzzling and difficult to work out, he was ready, when asked, to assist, but he would first enquire how you proceeded; having this made known, he would then say, "Give me your reason," which, if not correct, he looked somewhat grave, and, with a merry twinkle in his eye, would remark—"Weel, weel, every ane till's ain mind, as the man said when he kissed his coo! Now I would rather do so and so," and gave the information so clearly and intelligently that his pupil was informed, and that too in such a way as he did not forget it.

If one of the scholars had dawdled over his sum, he would enquire if he was done, and, if answered in the affirmative, remarked, "Aiberdeen and time till't, as the wife said when she cam' to the Loch o' Skene." I do not suppose that many of his pupils are now alive, but those who are, will, I am sure, have kindly remembrances of their old teacher, to whom they were much attached and who affectionately spoke of him to each other as "Old Peter."

An old maritime friend of mine, after eating a good dinner, which his wife prepared, seated himself for a rest, and putting in his mouth a large quid of tobacco, which was always there but when eating, he expressed himself thus—"Well, thank God for that small chick, mudder (mother), many a one would have made a meal of it." This minimising of his good dinner invariably caused a few minutes' violent storming from his better half, who did not like, nor could she appreciate, such joking. On one occasion many years ago I was travelling by the Great North of Scotland Railway. At Kittybrewster Station the tickets were collected. On the inspector coming to the compartment in which I was seated, at the other corner a tall girl of probably 18 or 20 years of age held out to the collector a half-ticket. He had some humour in him, and gave evidence of it by first looking very seriously at the half-ticket and then from it to the young lady, and expressing himself with measured slowness and gazing with a look of surprise in her face, said, "You —don't— mean—it?" causing a hearty laugh which the girl did not enjoy, and although she paid no excess it was probably the last

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time she travelled as a juvenile at half-price. A congregation in Orkney once got a very great surprise. As the minister was going on with his sermon, a man in the front gallery, who appeared to be soundly asleep, bawled out at the top of his voice, imploringly, "Oh, Jean, will you no take me?" and suddenly awakening he looked most confused and bewildered, while rather more than a ripple of laughter passed over the congregation. The Jean to whom he appealed so imploringly had more than once declined his addresses, and was very much annoyed by the sleeper's appeal. As the circumstances were well known, and she sat not very far from her dreaming lover, the poor man was so ashamed of his appearance that he never went to that church again. The son of a well-known clergyman in the City, a doctor, was visiting an old lady, a friend of the family. As he was leaving, after a very pleasant conversation, the lady requested him to engage in prayer before he went. "Please excuse me," the doctor said; "I am not my father," and hurried off as quickly as possible.

At a social meeting in a country school, which was so crowded that the ventilation was most deficient and the effect most uncomfortable, I observed a youth perspiring greatly, with a face red and apparently bursting, waving his hands very excitedly as he stood on a desk and bawled out at the top of his voice, to the amusement of the audience—"Mair win', mair win'." I confess I sympathised very deeply in his desire to have purer and better air. I admire the answer a man I knew gave to his mother, an old woman whom he was visiting, and who was noted for her rough language. He was searching in the press, and enquired, "Mither, whaur s the jelly?" To which she tartly replied, "In hell!" "Mither," said the son, "if ye dinna men' yere menners ye'll seen be there yersel," which he regarded as a very excellent and dutiful advice, and not lacking in piety.

A couple of office-bearers in one of our churches went on a collecting tour to provide funds for the liquidation of the debt. An old man who was very wealthy, and from whom they expected much, told them that he would not give them anything now, but he had arranged that when he died the cause would not be forgotten. They were both somewhat disappointed, but the one on going down the stair, looking at the other, said, "Cut the beggar's throat." Certainly a means by which the object in which he was interested might have been speedily attained, but not very creditable to the forbearance and love which his Christian profession required.

Near the close of the poll at a Parliamentary election in Banffshire, in 1893, there was a considerable crowd talking over the probable results. Two farmers were staggering about very much under the influence of liquor. A member of the congregation of which these worthies were elders said to a neighbour in a very solemn and sad tone, "Aye, aye, the auld kirk maun come doon." "What wye dye think that?" said his friend. "See," he answered, pointing to the elders, "hoo the pillars are totterin'."

A most amusing incident occurred when a deformed man of very diminutive size was lying in the gutter surrounded by a number of men, women, and boys. A tall, big-boned porter went to give him a lift, asking at the same time who he was. The good friend who was to help him said to the interested crowd, "He tells me he belongs to the Royal Artillery," which was received with shouts of laughter. It was found after, that the poor body was misunderstood. His speaking, in the circumstances, was most indistinct, as he attempted to explain he was the "Rora Tylerie" (a tailor), belonging to Rora, in Aberdeenshire.

The annoyance from drinking is rather amusingly brought out in the following—A confidential clerk in the office of a leading firm of advocates in the city was in the habit of tippling occasionally, and using expedients to destroy the smell. On one occasion he had to appear to transact some business with one of the principals whose clerk he was. Giving him his instructions, he paused, and with a shake of his leonine head, he jerked off his eye-glasses, and looking the clerk full in the face with these great, bright, piercing eyes which looked one through

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he said—"Now, Buckie, look here, I can stan' clowes, I can stan' ginger, I can stan' peppermint, but I'm hanged if I stan' ingins" (onions). No doubt he used a stronger adjective, for on occasion his vocabulary in this respect was very copious, and as versatile as it was forcible. In a leading thoroughfare in the city a shop during the forenoon had the shutters still on, and as people passed they went away smiling, having read a legible and distinctly written placard which was pasted up—

> Nae de'ed, nor yet broken,
> But on the spree an' canna open,

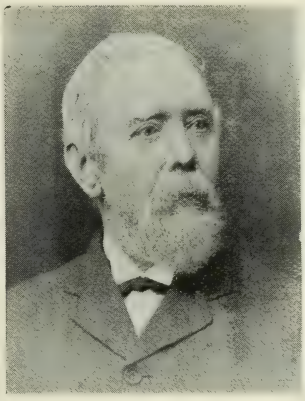
which, unfortunately, expressed the truth.

A public function is often a great trial to those who have to take part in the proceedings. At a Convener's dinner in Trinity Hall I was sitting opposite a gentleman who, as the dinner was served, betrayed considerable uneasiness. There was on his part a decided objection to engage in conversation. When the covers were removed and the toasting began he became even more taciturn and nervous. I observed him taking a paper frequently from his waistcoat pocket, giving it a hasty glance, and then returning it. By and by the cause of his uneasiness was explained, for he stood up at the call of the chairman and said—"Convener—— Master of Hospital —— and gentlemen —— The toast —— which I have to propose is —— the Mer*can*tile interests ——," laying special emphasis on the second syllable and dropping into his seat before he had uttered the last word. There was silence for a few seconds, and when it was seen that the speaker had finished there was a titter from several which was speedily silenced by the applause of the assembly. Poor fellow! the beads of perspiration were on his brow, his big burly frame shook as he attempted to speak, and he seemed oblivious to all about him. To him it was a trying ordeal, he was evidently the wrong man in the right place.

I was rather surprised one afternoon on coming along Union Street to see a small gathering looking through the railings at the stair leading to the Green. I took a passing look, and half-way down I saw helpless and incapable a man, in whom I had been for sometime interested in endeavouring to break off his drinking habit. He was or had been in holy orders in the Church of England, and was well known for his musical ability. While standing, a gentleman who was in "The Trade" tapped me on the shoulder and said—pointing to the miserable figure sprawling about—"That is one of your folks." I immediately retorted—"I beg your pardon, he has left me, and is now one of your friends, so you had better go down and help him." The late Rev. Dr. Longmuir used to say in regard to this habit of which the educated and professional gentleman to whom I have alluded was the victim—

> What are the people doing—drinkin'!
> What are churches doing—winkin'!

A. S. C.



Many of our friends and customers will have learned with regret of the death, at the beginning of last month, of Mr. Charles Moir. Associated as he had been with Brown's Book Stall for over half-a-century, our oldest customers could scarcely remember a time when the Book-Stall was without him, while his quiet and unassuming yet frank manner made him liked and respected by them all. His death severs one of the few remaining links which connect the present generation of booksellers with those of the first half of the century.

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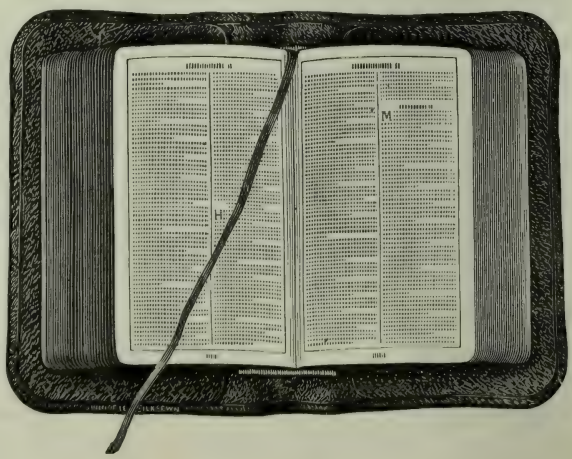
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AT THE
SIGN OF THE BRUSH & PEN
Being some notes on the Black and White Artists of to day

No. 24.—MR. CHARLES HARRISON.

THE "contrari-ness of some people is simply amazing. They cannot be orthodox or conventional, or follow the footsteps of their predecessors and be content with the "sphere of influence" in which Fortune has placed them. They have original ideas, and they sigh for the "open door" so that they may ventilate them. There is, of course, the well authenticated case of the horticulturally inclined young lady whose memory has been perpetuated in the well known rhyme—

Mary, Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells
And cockle shells,
And pretty maids all of a row.

The precise reason of Mary's "thraw-ness," the observant hill-note, is not stated with any degree of certainty. It may have been that the silver bells had been cast in Belgium and partook too much of the peculiarities of their brothers of St. Nicholas to suit Mary's trained ear, or perhaps the pretty maids were too aggressively charming to suit Mary's possibly plain figure. It may even have been Destiny—represented by what Mr. Gilbert would call the exigence of Rhyme. That is to say, a young lady whose Christian name was Mary, and whom Fate had selected to figure as the subject of a Nursery Rhyme, owed a certain duty to her biographer. The limitations of the English language are at no time more painfully evident than when the poet is in search of rhymes for Mary. "Contrary" is one of the few that will pass—*ergo* if Mary's biographer was to be consistent with facts, he had either to find another subject for his verse with a name that could more easily be dealt with, or incur the risk of an action for slander at the instance of some of Mary's more needy relatives. That Mary realised this, and, so to speak, lived up to the situation is, of course, only surmise, but, very respectfully, I put it forward as a probable solution of one of the most fascinating problems of Nursery History.

These mature reflections on the "contrari-ness" of folks in general and Mary-of-the-Rhyme in particular, are primarily occasioned by certain incidents in the career of one, Mr. Charles Harrison, of Shepherd's Bush, London, N.W. He has been "contrary" ever since he can remember. Shortly after his birth, which took place in the early sixties, though you wouldn't think it to see him, this spirit manifested itself within him. If he had been content to follow precedent, he would have been an actor, or at least connected with the stage, as his family had been for generations before he came upon the scene. But at a painfully early age he developed a taste for the black art of picture production, and has remained more or less loyal to his first love ever since. Even in this, however, he could not tread the beaten paths which Landseer, and Constable, and Turner, and one or two others of more or less consequence, had been content to follow before him. He had ideas about anatomy which Quain



MR. CHARLES HARRISON AND THE INTERVIEWER

(From the Elgin Marbles).

Specially drawn for "Brown's Book-Stall" by Mr. Charles Harrison.

had not hitherto endorsed, as the following representation of a male party, drawn by him at an immature period of his career, will bear witness.



"PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN."
BY CHARLES HARRISON *aetat* 2.

Nor were his ideas on Architecture any more in accordance with those the Master Builders of the past had formed. The Parthenon found no favour in his eyes, nor did the Doric, Ionic, Byzantine, Early Norman, Renaissance, or any other Schools meet with his approval. The ways of MacVicar Anderson were not the ways of Harrison, so he designed on a plan of his own, and founded a School of which, until the advent of Ibsen and the Doll's House, he was the only representative. The very rare and, it must be admitted, unique design for a Modern Villa Residence, with hot and cold water circulation, which we are able to reproduce, will serve to show that had Mr. Harrison been content to follow out the career of the architect, it might have led to a complete revolution in the designing, alike of such widely divergent buildings as the new Natural History Museum, at South Kensington, or our own equally new (and almost equally accessible) Fire Brigade Station, so conveniently situated for the West end resident at the extreme east end of the town.



"DESIGN FOR A HOUSE."
BY CHARLES HARRISON, *aetat* 2½.

Even to this day the spirit of "contrariness" is strong in Mr. Harrison. He lives, as I have said, at Shepherd's Bush, not far from the scene where, of old, Tyburn Tree used to stand in the days when they had less cultured, though hardly less drastic, methods of dealing with celebrities than merely extolling their virtues in the *Book-Stall* of the time. But Shepherd's Bush has little now in common with Tyburnia, and smacks only in name of the gay gentleman of the road after whom it is called. It is a highly respectable neighbourhood, and, according to the infallible Guide Book, the residence of the leisured classes. I need only say that when I tackled Mr. Harrison for the purpose of this interview, he had a working day of eleven hours, which is hardly in accordance with his surroundings.

As a slight concession to the memory of his forefathers, Mr. Harrison, when not producing masterpieces of art, and, while still a very little boy, used to play small parts in a theatre, ranging in importance from that of a Pantomine Imp to one of the Artful Dodger's friends in *Oliver Twist* —the Artful Dodger himself being impersonated by that prince of good players and comedians, Mr. J. L. Toole. Of these histrionic efforts, Mr. Harrison has many interesting recollections, and by a happy and judicious combination of persuasion and threatening, I succeeded in extracting a few of them.

"The first Pantomine I played in," he began, when our briars were lit and the Arcadian Mixture burning merrily, "had the alluring and alliterative title of *Tell Tale Tit*, and one of the features of the production was a Farm-yard Scene, with real poultry. It was the dawn of the craze for realism on the stage, and this was a noble, if somewhat mis-directed, effort on the part of our Manager to electrify his audiences. Well, the poultry used to be brought down to the theatre in baskets and, before the scene was disclosed, set free on the stage. But the birds were but indifferent players, and, moreover, very astute. They refused to believe for one moment that the theatrical farm-yard was at all real, so they used to take to their '*wings*' and, appropri-

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ately enough—though, of course, you wont attribute the joke to me '———

"Certainly not," I assured him.

"Make for the '*flies*' with a rush that might have been magnificent, but was certainly not dignified, or in keeping with the part they had to play. A body of scene-shifters were ready for them, however, and they were rallied back into action, only to charge once more with the velocity of a Bedouin Arab on his native sand, or your famous Fire Brigade flying"———

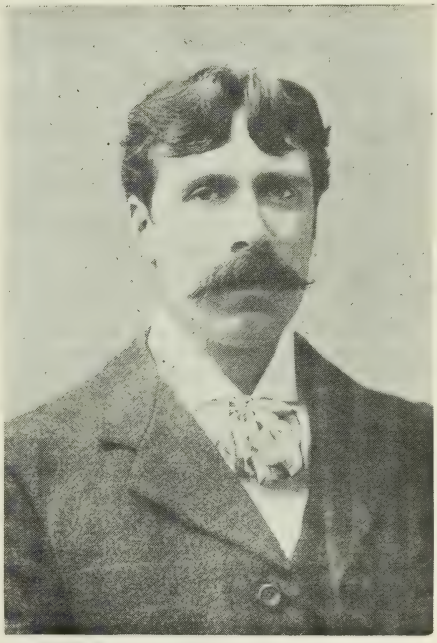
"I beg your pardon," I said, "but the simile is unfortunate. A love of dumb animals has been taught us in the North from earliest infancy, and the 'Sunbeam Club for Girls and Boys' (a feature of one of our leading weeklies) has done much to help on the good work. 'A merciful man,' you know, Mr. Harrison." I continued, "'is merciful to his beast,' and I would like to disabuse your mind of any notions you may have erroneously formed as to furious driving on the part of the Aberdeen Fire Brigade."

Mr. Harrison thanked me warmly for the correction, and availed himself of the occasion to state how pleased he was to learn that no mistaken idea of undue haste in saving mere inaminate goods should stand in the way of a humane and rational treatment of that noble animal, the horse. Reciprocating cordially these admirable sentiments, I begged him to go on with the story.

"Well," he resumed, "when the chickens and 'supers' had become jointly exhausted, the scene was allowed to proceed, the birds meanwhile recovering their wind preparatory to a fresh effort when the 'drop' descended. Then it was that the real trouble began. The poultry had to be caught and put back into the basket, and any one who knows anything of the bustle and merriment of a Pantomine behind the scenes may perhaps realise that this required some doing, and at times the confusion was appalling. Now and again a hapless fowl, driven to desperation, would scamper across the front scene, which was a 'Fairy Bower of Bliss,' and altogether unconnected with poultry."

Of the plays and the players of those days Mr. Harrison had also many interesting memories. In the Pantomine already referred to, the chief character was played by Brittain Wright, a comedian with a distinct style of his own—broad, unctuous, but very funny. He was an immense favourite at East-end threatres, and was eventually secured by Chatterton and Webster for Drury Lane and the Adelphi. I have already referred to Mr. Harrison having played a small boy's part in *Oliver Twist*. The *caste* on that occasion was a very remarkable one, and never likely to be seen in combination again. The principal parts were—

BILL SYKES, ...	*Mr. Henry Irving.*
THE ARTFUL DODGER,	*Mr. J. L. Toole.*
POLICEMAN, ...	*Mr. Lionel Brough.*



MR CHARLES HARRISON.

From a photo by Alfred Ellis.

Shortly after this Mr. Harrison took part in a dramatised version of *Notre Dame*, which he remembers chiefly on account of a very fine rugged performance of the part of *Quasimodo, the Hunchback*, by T. C. King, a well known provincial tragedian. In the caste were included Mr. Arthur Williams, who has of late scored so

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many successes in burlesque, and Mr. Frank Tyars, whose name will always be associated with some of Sir Henry Irving's most brilliant productions.

In the early seventies there was a great run on dramatised versions of the novels of Dickens, of which "Little Em'ly" by Andrew Halliday was perhaps the most successful. In this production the part of *Daniel Peggotty* was played by Sam Emery, a very popular actor of his day, and father of Miss Winifred Emery, one of the greatest favourites of ours, while *Mr. Micawber* was played by S. F. Rowe, who made a great success with the part.

"Personally," Mr. Harrison added, with characteristic modesty, "my small contribution to the production of Dickens' works on the stage was confined to a representation of one of the members of Mr. Micawber's extensive family with a speaking part of about one line. I recollect about this time, too," he continued, "the sensation aroused by the production of Offenbach's *Grand Duchess*, which was given by a particularly brilliant *caste* including Miss Julia Matthew, the Payne Family, Ainsley Cooke, and J. D. Stoyle, the last a very dry comedian with a squeaky voice and a 'finnicing,' mimicking style that was very funny."

As he grew older, however, Mr. Harrison laid down the sock and buskin of the stage for the tall hat and umbrella of the city clerk. For a few years he followed a commercial career, but once again, as he approached man's estate, he returned to the footlights, and joined Mr. John Douglass's company then performing at the Standard. He found the training and experience here obtained of the very greatest value to him, and he subsequently took part in many productions under the same management, including a dramatised version of one of "Ouida's" novels entitled "Delilah," given at the Olympic.

Then Mr. Harrison starred in the provinces. "Well do I remember," he remarked in recalling this tour, "my astonishment on arriving on Monday morning in the town where the company was to be for the week, well primed up in my part of *Chateau Renand* in *The Corsican Brothers*, to find that this play was to be given for the one night only. *The Streets of London* was billed for Tuesday, on Wednesday we gave *Macbeth*, Thursday saw a relapse into light comedy, and so on. This simply meant rehearsing all the day, playing all the evening, and studying all the night. This was hardly good enough, so at the termination of the engagement I practically severed my connection with the stage."

All the time, as occasion arose, Mr. Harrison had been exercising the undoubted skill as a draughtsman which he possessed, but it was not until a comparatively late period of his life that he finally determined on taking up the Black and White Art as a profession. But his provincial stage experiences settled it, so feeling that he could not possibly have to work harder for less remuneration, he decided on putting his drawing powers to practical use. Until he secured a footing, the struggle was for a time a pretty hard one, but Mr. Harrison was not to be lightly daunted, and he tried his pencil at pretty nearly everything in the way of drawing, from illustrations for juvenile magazines to sketches for theatrical papers—a tolerably extensive range.

But his value as a comic draughtsman of a most original and clever type was not destined to remain long undiscovered. In 1885 he came under the notice of Mr. James Henderson, that right good friend of many a struggling artist, and he, readily recognising Mr. Harrison's abilities, invited him to contribute to "Funny Folks," and the connection with Red Lion House thus begun has been maintained to this day. Then Messrs. Cassell & Coy. availed themselves of his services as a draughtsman for their publications, his "Master Charlie" Sketches in the pages of "Little Folks" proving a great success. But it is in the pages of the *Saturday Journal* that much of Mr. Harrison's cleverist work has appeared, and while giving the artist due credit for his skill, it must also be borne in mind that he is also the inventor of all his own pictures and jokes.

In 1895 Mr. *Punch* extended the right hand of good fellowship to him. With the opening up of the pages of that paper for the inclusion of fresh talent, Mr. Harrison's claims could not well have been overlooked, and Mr. Burnand need never regret the day on which his first artistic contribution lent new vivacity to "our only comic." Since then Mr. Harrison has been a frequent and

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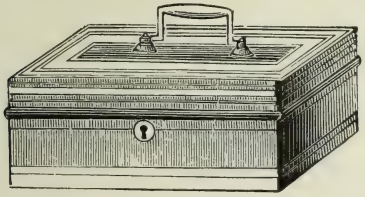
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much valued contributor, his drawings of modern events, treated in ancient fashion, being particularly happy and successful.

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Mr. Harrison is still a young man and will do greater things yet. Possessed of a very pretty wit and a remarkable facility for humorous expression, he is bound to rise to a very high position in his profession, and if the prayers of a just man availeth much he *ought* to be successful, for he has those of his humble servant,

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Behind a fringe of gold,
The stealthy night will pause to hear
The lark's last vesper ring,
And passing day will linger yet
To hear the throstle sing.
But the throstle's mellow flute will cease,
And the lark will seek her nest in peace
At dark,
While we linger, and listen, and long,
And hark
For the song,
For the song of the Nightingale.

The pearl, and rose, and sapphire fade,
And shudder into grey;
Vague shadows blur the lingering west
As night dethrones the day.
In grass and tree a thousand birds
Will nestle till the dawn,
Save one sweet queen of melody
Who sings to-night alone.
O, will she trill from the willow bough,
Or will she pipe from the reeds below?
In vain
Will we linger, and listen, and long,
In pain,
For the song,
For the song of the Nightingale.

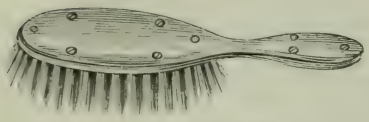
Against the stars the poplars stand,
Tall sentinels and still,
No sound, save Avon's distant rush,
Above the sleeping mill.
The white rose on the thicket's edge
Night's tawny breast adorns.
And scented clover blends with may,
Pale glimmering on the thorns.
But the white robed roses beauty's lent,
And the May bloom's odorous breath is spent
In vain,
While we linger, and listen, and long,
In pain,
For the song,
For the song of the Nightingale.

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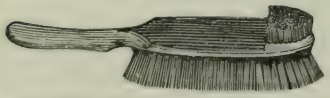
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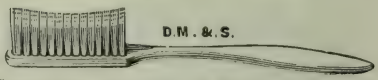


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CASTLEGATE WORTHIES.



ASTLE STREET and its environs in the sixties was the home, or harvest-field of the much-abused licensed victualler. There the publican waxed and grew fat, throve in the amassing of money, and, after a season of continued prosperity, retired into private life, and the place that knew him then, knew him no more for ever! Public-houses were planted as thick as potatoes in a field. Outstanding examples of the better class of licensed houses were the Bursar's Hotel, in Exchequer Row, and the Lemon Tree Hotel, in Huxter Row. The latter was the Athenæum Hotel of to-day, being much patronised by business men. The two principal hotels in Aberdeen then were the "Royal" in Union Street, now known as the Royal Buildings, and the "Douglas" in Market Street, where it still stands. Mr. David Robertson, or "Davie," as he was familiarly named, was the proprietor of the first-named, and Mr. Thomas Douglas, or "Tom" Douglas, the owner of the latter. A favourite pastime for the male youth of the time was to peep in at the door of the "Royal" and take a long lingering look at a turtle placed underneath the hall table. It was popularly believed by the youngsters that this animal was put into the pot daily and boiled, the result being turtle soup all the year round! But that and other stories should perhaps be left to be told in a future number. The Bursar's Hotel in addition to making the finest of Scotch broth, also made history, but that also is another story. The Lemon Tree was tenanted by a Mr. Isaac Machray, whom I cannot remember to have ever seen. Mrs. Machray, however carried on the hostelry some years after her husband's death, and a typical landlady of the motherly old-fashioned school she was. My object, however, in introducing the "pubs" here, was primarily to give me the opportunity of writing about the Castlegate—our Market Place, so to speak. Friday has always been Market Day in Aberdeen, I am told by the oldest inhabitant, a young gentleman bordering on 90, but he pins his faith to the Green as the real market. Be that as it may, Castle Street has not been an unknown quantity in the selling of merchandise of a kind. As a fruit and cough drop market it can still hold its own, and its friendly walls still shelter "Cheap Jack" and "Cure All," not to mention the galvanic battery man, and the three-a-penny, knock-'em-all-down-with-a-cocoanut gentleman.

One of my earliest recollections of Castlegate worthies dates back to a time when "Pie Bob," with his little moveable bake-house, reigned supreme in the eyes of the rising generation. "Bob" was a small decrepit old body, who was always dressed in clothes two or three sizes too big for his diminutive little frame. He wore an ample apron that at some period of its, or its

owner's life, had been white, and he hall-marked himself as a gentleman of the day by wearing a "lum" hat," the beaver or silk of which had been considerably—perhaps considerately—brushed the wrong way. It was an awe-inspiring hat, a hat with a history, I feel quite sure. His emaciated "crined-up" face wore a look of dogged dejection somewhat pitiful to see. This old-world baker waited with philosophic patience for his customers to surround him, with an old clay pipe stuck between his toothless gums, and his hands plunged deep down in his trouser's pockets. I have never yet been able to satisfy myself as to how the grumpy old chap managed to live on his "profits," for his mode of doing business was original, to say the least; and "where he came in" is a problem I shall probably never be able to solve. Most of his trade was done by tossing. If you tossed him for a penny pie and won, which in nine times out of ten you did, you got a penny pie. If he won the off toss you got a smaller pie—one made to sell at a ha'penny. But no elation ever marked a win for "Pie Bob." His hands immediately sought their perpetual resting place in his trousers' pockets, an extra pull at his pipe by the withered and sunken jaws, and "Bob" stood the same martyr-like figure, gazing in a dazed sort of way at the smoking "lum" of his portable bakery. Sometimes he would admit that trade was "brisk," but you never heard him complain when the pennies went past his pocket.

It is many years ago since this old landmark was removed, but if all the old boys who were wont to toss Pie Bob could be gathered together to-day, what a crowd there would be in Castle Street! That he was an institution in Aberdeen goes without saying, for, in his own life-time, there was never a revival of "The Streets of Aberdeen" at the Theatre Royal without its back cloth depicting Castle Street, and "Pie Bob" with his cooking oven. The actors of the day had a reverence for the old man, and it was said that on the occasions of these revivals he was handsomely treated for the loan of his "cart," used as an important "prop" when the Castlegate scene was on. Alas! his name is now but a memory of the past! His pies may not have been "fired" up to a digestible standard, and the scraps of meat they contained may have been tiny enough in all conscience, but they went down with rare unction; and not one of all the dainty dishes provided for the Queen could take the place of his famous "wing" concoctions!

Blin' Bob was another local worthy who frequented the Castlegate, principally on a Saturday night, when he promenaded round the fringe of the crowd and sold his latest "scandal,' along with "three bits o' strae" for a penny, or "a complete box o' 'brimsteene matches'" at the same low figure. Blin Bob's peregrinations pretty well took him all over the town, however. For the benefit of the present generations I may explain that "brimsteene" matches were what was known as sulphur matches, and were made up in round wooden boxes with a pull-off lid, containing something like a hundred of these vile-smelling (when lighted) "spunks." Bob had a wonderful knowledge of the geography of the town, when one takes into account his blindness, and his principal stock-in-trade consisted of boot and shoe laces, and stay laces. The "scandals" he "gave away" with the three bits of straw or wood which he sold for a penny were, as a rule, unreliable bits of local information, and were generally concocted by some wag who got copies printed and sent Bob out on a pilgrimage to sell them. Robert Macinlay, Bob's full name, was about the last of our Aberdeen "street" worthies. He died in the Royal Infirmary, I think, where, it was said, he on one occasion lay in a trance for several days. Whether there was any truth in the assertion I am not in a position to say, but in his later years, ere he was laid aside from active duty, he was wont to relate his experiences of tranceland.

Yet one other Castlegate worthy was "Dr." Swafflden, who had a shop in Marischal Street, a thoroughfare long famous for "quack" doctors. Dr. Swafflden belonged to the "herb" school. He was a most fluent speaker, and used to gather round him huge crowds beside the Cross House. He had a Henry Ward Beecher look about him. His

face was clean-shaved, and his long, white hair clustered round the collar of his coat in patriarchal style. He generally wore a pair of light-grey trousers, a white waistcoat, and a long frock coat unbuttoned. His head was surmounted by a silk hat, and he had an all-round rather gentlemanly appearance. If I recollect aright, he claimed the skill and ability to cure consumption in all stages of the disease. Whether he ever was able to prove his claim I know not, but he did rattling good business in pills and mixtures, and, by his fluency of speech, was certainly able to make his audiences go away under the belief that black was white in the matter of diseases affecting the human body. I remember it was one of his chief boasts that if he were a fraud in any sense of the word, was it likely that he would come and settle down among the citizens of Aberdeen as one of themselves! He invariably clinched that argument by offering free advice and medicines in order to prove that what he said was true beyond doubt. But Dr. Swafflden, too, has gone the way of all flesh, and a cure for consumption has not yet been discovered. These were the days when the old Town House stood on part of the site of the present Municipal Buildings, and the Police Commissioners' Office was in St. Nicholas Street, next door to the City Flour Mills in Flourmill Brae, then tenanted, if not occupied, by Mr. Jonathan Mess. The Record Office stood at the corner of the Port or Justice Street, on part of the ground now occupied by the Salvation Army Citadel; and "Piggie" Fraser's world-renowned china shop was where Macandrew's Saloon Bar now stands. That's not to-day nor yesterday!

Speaking of the old Town House recalls the vast change that has taken place on that side of the Castlegate and Union Street. Huxter Row ran parallel to Union Street and Castle Street on the North side, entering from Broad Street and leading up to the Town House, where the Town Sergeants were wont to promenade on the pavement in front of the civic building. Messrs. Chasser and Watson were the two sergeants I knew best by sight. The former, with his clean shaven chin and upper lip and bushy side whiskers, was an imposing figure in his red coat. Mr. Watson was rather a spare man, with a mirky, good-tempered face and a merry twinkle in his bright eyes. I think I have before mentioned that my apprentice master was a fine tenor singer, who was much sought after at public functions, where his lovely voice and cultured style of singing ballads made him an undoubtedly great favourite with those who patronised social gatherings. I remember one occasion—I think it was a Royal Tradesmen's dinner in the old Royal Hotel, at which Mr. Hughes was a welcome guest. The dinner doubtless had been in Mr. Robertson's (mine hosts) best style, and I have no reason to suppose but that the liquors had been of the choicest. They did these things in tip-top style in the sixties, you must know. Anyway, there had been a sprinkling of the Magistrates present, and on these occasions, of course, the Town Sergeants accompanied the Bailies. The meeting had been a happy one, and at the wee short 'oor ayont the twal'—for special licences were then undreamt of—the company broke up and each member

"Homeward plod his weary way."

Before ten o'clock that morning Mr. Chasser put in appearance at Mr. Hughes's shop in Broad Street, wearing a silk hat jauntily, as he himself put it, "on three hairs." An exchange of hats had taken place, and I can imagine the picture suave and gentlemanly Mr. Hughes had made wearing Mr. Chasser's broad-brimmed, capacious beaver, which was big enough to come right down over Mr. Hughes's ears.

The Fiscal's office was also located in Huxter Row; and it seems like yesterday to me the recollection of two or three bobbies got up in their oil-skin tall hats, patrolling in front of the then Police-Office. Mr. Duthie was the then superintendent of police. But these and many other things had better be left to a future paper.

FRANK CLEMENTS.

BROWN'S for BIBLES.

83—UNION STREET—85.



We have just got in a Selection of Beautiful Articles in

"Intarsio Ware"

a New and Beautiful Ware from the Foley Potteries in Staffordshire. You can get some idea from the accompanying illustrations of the artistic and novel shapes, and also of the designs to some extent, but to get any idea of the lovely colouring you have to see the goods themselves.





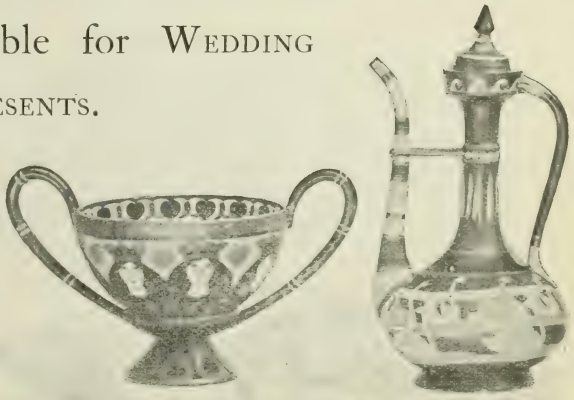
In a very appreciative article on "Intarsio" Ware which appears in *The Artist* for November, the writer attempts to describe the



colours of the decorations, but such attempts fall far short of the real thing. The articles are both ornamental and useful, consisting of

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They Have Said! What Say They?

OR

Descriptions of Aberdeen and its Folk.

1295—1898.

THE power "to see ourselves as others see us" is a most desirable and useful acquisition, and the following sketches, gathered from a variety of sources, will, it is hoped, not only prove interesting, but also convey some clear conception of the marvellous growth and change that has been the fate of our good city of "Bon-Accord" since the visit of Edward I. some six centuries ago.

Something in this line has already been done for Scotland generally in the two volumes edited by G. P. Hume Brown, LL.D., "Early Travellers in Scotland," and "Scotland before 1700," from which several of the descriptions have been taken.

The extracts, which are to be continued from time to time as opportunity occurs, will appear as near as possible in chronological order. The collection embodies many interesting glimpses of a state of things long gone by, and throws light on many obscure points of local history not otherwise obtainable.

A. M. M.

I.

[The first of the descriptions of Aberdeen is taken from "The Voyage of Kynge Edwarde into Scotland with all his Lodgyngs Bryefly Expressed." This account is from manuscripts by an unknown author, now in the possession of the British Museum. The occasion of this expedition was the first conquest of Scotland, when Edward, in receiving Baliol's message renouncing his homage, exclaimed, "Has the felon fool done such folly? If he will not come to us, we will go to him."]

14th—20th JULY, 1295.

"The Saturday to the cyte of Dabberden, a faire castell and a good towne upon the see, and taried ther v. daies; and thedar was brought the Kynge's enemy, Syr Thomas Worhne [Warham], Sir Hugh Saint John did take and xij with hym. The Fridaie after wente to Kyntorn [Kintore] manner; the Saturdaie to Fyuin [Fyvie] Castell."

II.

[From "The Chronicle of John Hardyng in Metre from the first Begynnyng of Englande unto the reigne of Edward the Fourth." The presence of Hardyng in Scotland was on account of a mission entrusted to him by Henry V. and Henry VI. to examine the writs affecting the vexed question of the claim of Superiority advanced by England over Scotland. He was some three and a half years in Scotland, probably early in the reign of the fifth Henry, but his chronicle was written in his old age and presented by him to Edward IV.]

CIRCA 1420.

"And so through the Meernes to Cowy as I wene,
Then xii. myles of moore passe to Aberdyne,
Betwyxt Dee and Done a goodly cytee,
A marchaunt toune and universytee.

Of the whych waye xxx. myles there is
Of good corn lande, and xx. large extente,
Full of catell and other goodes I wysse,
As to moore land and heth dothe wele appente,*
From Brichan cytee to the orient,
Where doothe stande upon the see,
A goodly porte and haven for your navye."

III.

[William Dunbar, one of the greatest of our old "makaris" was, it is believed, an eye witness of the reception accorded by the citizens to Margaret, the queen of James IV., and recorded his impression of the welcome in the poem "The Queenis Progres at Aberdene," from which the euloguim of the city is taken.]

MAY, 1511.

"Blithe Aberdeen, thou beriall† of all tounis,
The lamp of beauty, bounty, and blitheness;
Unto the heaven ascendit thy renown is,
Of virtue, wisdom, and of worthiness;

*Suit. †Brightest.

Hie noted is thy name of nobleness,
Into the coming of our lusty Queen,
The wale of wealth, guid cheer, and merriness:
Be blithe and blissful, burgh of Aberdeen."

IV.

[John Major, 1470-1550. Born in East Lothian and educated in Paris. The extract given is from his "History of Greater Britain, both England and Scotland," published at Paris in 1521. His work is unique as being the earliest attempt at a critical history, and also as being the first history of Scotland to appear in print. An edition was recently published by the Scottish History Society.]

1521.

"Near to Aberdeen is the Alps of Scotland, vulgarly called the Mounth of Scotland, which formerly separated the Scots from the Picts. These mountains are impassable by horsemen. Round about the foot of the mountains are great woods. There I incline to think was the Caledonian Forest of which Ptolemy and the Roman writers make mention, and in these woods is found an incredible number of stags and hinds. At that time Aberdeen was the seat of the Scottish monarchy, though the kings of the Scots were crowned at Scone."

V.

[Hector Boece, 1465-1536. His History of Scotland from which this extract is taken was published in 1527, but unfortunately Boece's "imagination was stronger than his judgment," and the value of the history has suffered accordingly. His position as first Principal of King's College would have led us to expect a more extended notice than he gives.]

1527.

"Under Buchquhane lyis Mar: ane plentuus region in store of bestiall, lx. miles in lenth and breid, fra the Almane seis to Badyenoch. In it is the ciete of Abirdene, the bischoppis seit; with generall Universite, flurising in all science; and wes foundit be nobill Bischop William Elphinstoun, with ane riche and magnificent college. This ciete lyis betwix tuo riche rivers Done and Dee; in quhilkis ar mair fouth of salmond than in ony part of Albioun."

VI.

[After the battle of Pinkie on 10th September, 1547, Henry II. of France sent a force into Scotland under the leadership of André de Montalembert. He was accompanied by his friend, Jean de Beaugue, who afterwards published an account of the war under the title of "Historie de la Guere d'Ecosse pendant les Campagnes, 1548 et 1549." An edition was published at Paris in 1556, and the first English edition in 1707.]

1548—'49.

"Aberdeen is a rich and handsome town, inhabited by an excellent people, and is situated on the seashore. It has not a good roadstead, but its harbour is very safe and easy for ships to make were it not for the entrance, which is narrow. It is easy to fortify since it is shut in on two sides by the rivers Don and Dee, both of which are difficult to ford. On the other side it has an open and extensive plain, in which bulwarks and defences could be raised to prevent injury from any battery that might be built on a hill which rises on the side of the bridge. At very little expense a citadel could be raised which might command both the harbour and the whole town. Aberdeen has an Episcopal See and a University sufficiently well ordered and equipped."

VII.

[Paolo Giovio, 1483-1552. Paulus Jovuis, to give him his Latin name, was born at Como, and is known as one of Italy's noted historians. He died at Florence in 1552. The extract given below is taken from his most important work "Historiarum sui temporis."]

1550.

"Next comes Mar, which extends to the boundaries of the island, notable for one city especially, Aberdeen, which situated on the Dee and Don is frequented by great numbers of people from all nations on account of its seat of learning, and a most commodious harbour. Nor should I consider as least important that it produced Boece, the Scottish historian."

VIII.

[Bishop John Leslie, 1527-1596, came of the Balquhain family; he studied at King's College; was a firm adherent of Mary, and became Bishop of Ross. His history, published at Rome in 1578, has the fault

of following in some things too closely the fabulous stories of Boece. His local connection enabled him to speak to the state of Aberdeen in his day.]

1578.

"In Marr lyes Abirdine, a famous citie, in a maner in tua partes diuidet, to wit, in ane alde toune and ane new toune, and betuene the tua a field put, bot on that syd quhair foundet ar the Bischopis Cathedral, the Channounis honorable houses, the almons house or Hospital of the pure, and that ancient Academie and Vniuersitie of renoune is mekle mair illustre, and beutiful to behalde: than the other, quhais decore cheiflie does consiste in Nobilitie of gentlemen, and merchandes, and deidis of ciuilitie: baith the partes of the citie enioyes the tua riueris Die and Don alyke, with a schip read or hartsum hauining place, togither with grene cnowis upon the seyside. This notwithstandeng, peculiar or proper, hes thir tua riueris, that lichtlie thay excel the rest of the fludes and riueris in Albion in thir thrie things; in plentie of Salmonte, plentie I say, Gretnes and Gudness. We knawe sa weil that nathing better in the Water of Die at Abirdin of gret Salmont after [oftener] than ance to have been take at ane draucht ccc."

IX.

[George Buchanan, 1506-1582. His History of Scotland, from which this extract is taken, was the last work accomplished by him, as he died the same year as it was published. The materials for the work had been largely prepared beforehand, however, some of it nearly twenty years before the date of publication.]

1582.

"Beyond the Mearns, toward the north, is the mouth of the river Deva, commonly called Dee; and not quite a mile beyond the Dee is the river Don. Upon the one stands Abredonia, famous for its salmon fishery, and upon the other are the Episcopal See and tuo flourishing Universities. This last I find in old records styled Abredea, but both places have the common appellation Aberdeen, and are distinguished from each other by the epithets old and new. At a little distance, between these rivers, the county of Mar begins."

X.

[John Johnston, 1570?-1612, was born near Aberdeen about 1570 and is said to have been connected with the Johnstons of Crimond. His education was received at King's College and at several Continental universities, and on his return to this country he was appointed Professor of Divinity at St. Andrews. Among his poetical works he wrote epigrams on the principal towns inserted in Camden's *Britannia*, from which the extract is taken.]

1603.

"See to the north where lofty hills surround
A sister-goddess holds her stately seat;
Kind Phœbus moderates the air around,
Nor piercing cold prevails nor scorching heat.
Old ocean hither rolls his fruitful tide,
With fishy rivers and the pearly stone,
While frankness, mirth, and plenty here preside
And grateful guests behaviour decent own.
Antient nobility whose best support
Is antient wealth, and inbred valour here
Prevail: here Justice holds her righteous court,
Honour and Arts in rivalry appear.
All to this city yield; no art can paint
Her honours due; inventions stroke is faint."

XI.

[Thomas Dempster, 1579?-1625. was born in Aberdeenshire about 1579, and received his education at Aberdeen, Douay, and Paris. On his mother's side he was connected with the Balquhain Leslies. Dempster ultimately became Professor of Humanities at Bologna, and died there in 1625. He was the author of several works and also of some Latin poems.]

1609.

"Where trade prospers and where learning
Has its chief shrine, and where twin
Aberdeen raises her twin towers, a city
Second neither to Massilia nor Athens."

XII.

[William Barclay, M.D. 1570?-1630? was a brother of Sir Patrick Barclay of Towie, and studied at Louvain, where he took his degrees. Barclay was at one time Professor of Humanity at Paris University, but was evidently practising his profession in this country when he wrote "Callirhoe, commonly called The Well of Spa, or the Nymph of Aberdene," from which the extract is taken. Another well-known

tract of his, "Nepenthes, or the Vertues of Tobacco," was printed at Edinburgh in 1614, and Callirhoe in 1615.]

1615.

"But leaving these High-land diseases to their impostors, and barbarous leeches, I returne to our low and civil parts: where the inhabitants being more delicatly trained up, as subject to greater diseases, the situation of the soyle being toward the North, and lying open to the East: the ground which they labour must be cold and moyst: the diseases of their Bodies, Catarrhes, Gravels, Diarrhæes, Guts, Colickes, Apoplexies, Paralysies, and such lyke; and because the winds are boisterous and cold, the maladies of their minds are much worse than the diseases of their Bodies, Pride, Anger, Hatred, Envie, Cruelty, Inhumanite, Inconstancie: neither will I proceed farder in this matter, reserving without flatterie the true commendation of *Aberdene*, whose inhabitants beyond the nature of their soyle, and in spight of Æolvs and all his winds, do so civilize their Burgh, with the continual practise of Vertue and Learning, and so replenish their hearts with courteous behaviour, that if their soyle were not more barren and barbarous than their souls, even a French man himself might judge *Aberdene* to be the *Lutetiola* or litle *Paris* of this Septentrional corner of North *Britanne*."

XIII.

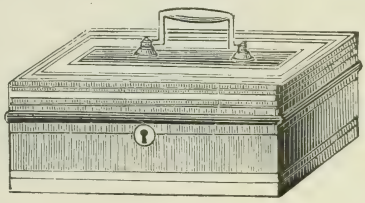
[David Wedderburn, 1580-1646, was the eldest son of William Wedderburn, burgess of Aberdeen; received his education at Marischal College, and in 1602 was appointed conjunct master of the Grammar School. In virtue of an allowance from the Magistrates he taught certain classes in Marischal College, and also acted as Poet-Laurate to his native burgh, and in this later capacity he composed two poems on the occasion of James VI. visit to Scotland in 1617, one of which was entitled, "Propempticon Caritatum Abredonensium."]

1617.

"But Aberdeen is more sad than the other sisters because she experienced beyond the others the full strength of your love, which, if she cherish not, may she be dishonoured, and may the good name acquired by her lavish hospitality perish for ever; even though Aberdeen, called of old in the time of Ptolemy Devana (Dea from Deva, apparently), is proved to have existed for 1500 years."

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A PICTURESQUE DOORWAY.

WE are pleased to be able, through the kindness of the editor of *The Scots Pictorial*, to present our readers with an illustration which represents one of the few remaining artistic "bits" still left connecting the present with the past of our good city. What between public improvements, rebuilding of dwelling houses, and the erection of new business premises in the east end of the city, little will be left to us of the older buildings which, in the past, have delighted both the artist and the antiquary.

The old house, now known as the Victoria Lodging House, in the Guestrow, has more than a common share in the living interest which clings to old houses from the association of former occupants. The older portion of the house was built about 1570, and about a century later it was acquired by Sir George Skene of Fintray and Rubislaw as a town house. The Guestrow, it must be remembered, was then one of the fashionable streets of the town, and contained the residences of many country families. Sir George, who was provost of Aberdeen from 1676 to 1685, rebuilt the greater part of the house, including the doorway, which, as will be seen from the sketch, is very elaborately decorated with fruit and flowers, displayed in garland fashion. Above the door, in a compartment let in to the tower, is the knight's armorial coat, showing a chevron between three skeins, surmounted by as many wolves' heads. with the motto "Gratis A Deo Data." Towards the close of the historic '45, when the unfortunate troops of "Prince Charlie" were being driven northwards before the royal forces, the Duke of Cumberland arrived in the city on 27th February, 1746, and was conducted with great ceremony to his lodgings in the old provost's house, then the property of Mr. Thomson of Portlethen. For six weeks the future victor of Culloden resided here, entertaining the citizens and preparing for the final blow delivered at Drummossie Moor.

Since then several generations have passed through the doorway, many of whom have played a not insignificant part in furthering the progress and development of "Bon-Accord," and to-day, through the portals of the provost's mansion, the homeless poor still enter to enjoy the comforts of rest and lodgings, so far as such can be obtained in a model lodging-house.

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The Scots Pictorial

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Photo by] [*Mr. George Girdwood, Aberdeen.*

A PICTURESQUE DOORWAY.

CONCERNING MANY THINGS.

[*The Editorial fiat having gone forth that we were to discourse, as occasion demanded, on books to read and things to buy, more particularly—but this is between ourselves—those which are to be had at the greatest shop on earth (in what respect we dare not specify), and, further, the orthodox book review being a thing utterly unfitted for a New Century, we have decided, without permission, to confide personally in our readers by telling them individually in these "Answers" such things as it is well that they should know.*]

CONSTANT READER (Hardy Annual that thou art, your name does credit to your constitution !)—Yes, we know Neil Munro, and we have read "Gilean the Dreamer." Concerning the former, he is a Scotsman with his heart in the Highlands, having been born in the north, Gaelic and poor. Five years at the Village School sufficed for his education, but it was followed by ten years of hard newspaper work, which probably did him far more practical good. His experience of newspapers is varied, he having contributed to each of the *Glasgow News*, the *Speaker*, the *National Observer*, and the *Globe*, as well as to that best of all monthlies, *Blackwood's*. One day Mr. Henley wanted something to do, so he discovered Neil Munro, and most people are even more grateful to him for this than for his famous "Burns." Mr. Munro's first big hit—and it was a "boundary"—was with "John Splendid," a capital and thrilling volume. As in "Scott's Legend of Montrose," one of the principal incidents in the tale is a description of the Battle of Inverlochy, but in "John Splendid" the description is from the Whig standpoint. It is a volume which had, and still has, a big sale, and those who haven't read it have a good thing in store.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Munro's latest success is "Gilean the Dreamer." In a way it is his most literary and most finished production, remarkable more for its characterisation than its strength of plot. Whether, however, it will be as successful, or what, from a financial point of view at least, is much the same thing, as popular as "John Splendid," we dare not say. There is no flashing of swords, no bloodshed, only a stagey sort of shipwreck and an elopement which failed. In fact there is just a little too much of the dreamer in Gilean to suit the Jingo atmosphere of the moment; if the truth must be told, occasionally he worries us. But, on the other hand, the book deserves immortality if only for those brilliant portraits of the brothers—the General, the "Kornal," and the Paymaster and their sister Mary, as genuine a Scotch quartet as will be found in the pages of contemporary fiction. In short, though Mr. Munro's other books may have been more popular for the moment, there is work in "Gilean the Dreamer" which places it high above them all.

GAY ADVENTURER.—A book for a winter's evening did you say? Why, certainly. You can't beat "Phroso." It is Mr. Hope's best, and that means a lot, while it is both highly exciting and decidedly humorous, a combination of merits but seldom seen. "Phroso" is worth a dozen ordinary novels, though it has one drawback—you generally retire from the reading of it as Anna Maria is bringing up your shaving water.

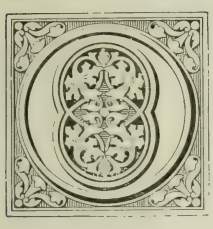
A MERE BOY.—Interested in Foreign Stamps are you? We confess to a pardonable weakness that way ourselves, and extend the right hand of sympathy to you, for, as you say, "forges" and reprints are thick as leaves in Vallombrosa or Albyn Place. Therefore it behoves you to get a good Catalogue, and that of Messrs. Whitfield King & Coy. can't be beaten. The man who compiled it deserves a monument, for he has some sympathy with the lay collector, and disregards most of those perplexing varieties of perforation and water-mark that in time would land the most sober-minded philatelist in Elmhill. The Catalogue only costs 1/3, and A. B. & Coy. will get you one if you speak to them kindly. At the same time you might have a look at some of their packets. They supply them at all prices, from a penny upwards.

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OUR EDITOR AND HIS DIARIES.

BY THE PUBLISHER.



OUR editor reminds us occasionally that his salary is not so large as it ought to be, which, from his point of view, may be very true, as he is a man of large ideas. But then to counterbalance this deficiency he gets many perquisites—one of which, for instance, is his diary. Every year we are in the habit of presenting him with a copy of one of WATERSTON'S DIARIES, not a fiddling little one you know, but a handsome OFFICE DIARY, nicely bound in green cloth, which would cost him 5/6 in any shop in the town. It is interleaved with blotting paper with two days on the page, which gives him ample room to jot all sort of things ; and he can put a lot in little space, for as our comps. know to their cost, he writes a most microscopic hand.

Well, when we got in our stock the other day, we sent him his diary with our compliments as usual. Next day, on his way down town about high meridian, he strolled in to the "Bookstall" and remarked, casually, "Oh, by the bye, I got your diary all right." We expressed a hope that he would make a good use of it. "I always do," he replied, "but there are often good ideas which strike me when I am away from home, can't you give me a pocket one so that I may take a note of them at once and save them from being lost." We asked what sort he would like, to which he promptly replied, "One of Waterston's." He knows a good thing, does our Editor! We thought of the good ideas that would be lost to the world if we did not give him this other diary. We took him over to the diary counter to choose one. Modesty is not his strong point, and instead of choosing a CROWN DIARY at Sixpence he selected a WATERSTON POCKET DIARY in a nice French Morocco case of the pocket book style with four pockets. This we may remark would have cost him another 5/6 had he bought it ; and would have been well worth it. However, we thought of his small salary, and merely remarked upon the fineness of the weather. "Ah, that reminds me," he exclaimed, "that I've been wanting a scroll diary to keep a record of my gardening operations." This hint was broader than his acres, but the thought of his large family arose, and we were willing to do anything in reason to help him to raise prize cabbages for their sustenance. This time, however, we did not give him his choice, but handed him a FOLIO DIARY in a stout cover costing the moderate sum of eighteenpence. Three days on a page ought to hold all his horticultural operations, and as there are money columns, he can keep a vegetable account. Thinking any further remark of ours might suggest another want to him, we said simply "Good bye." We are always glad to see our Editor's face, on this occasion we were glad to see his back. In case of any mistake, we may mention to our friends that we are giving away no more gratis diaries this season, but will be glad to sell any number. If you want good quality try WATERSTON'S. If you have already tried them you will use no other. There are none better.

N.B —Call early and get the pick.

THE FASHION OF THIS WORLD

Passeth away, and so does that of the world of literature. A few short years ago the shilling novel held the field, after that the six shilling novel boomed, then the pendulum swung back to the sixpenny novel, which we surmise has seen its best days, and what will be the next fashionable form in which to take your literature remains to be seen.

The causes of the decay of these various styles may be various, but one thing which helped to kill the shilling novel was the fact that after the appearance of a really good and successful story the public was deluged with a drench of shilling shockers having nothing in common with their prototype but the price. A similar canker began to gnaw at the success of the six shilling novel. Publishers finding that six shillings was the popular price took in the long-

suffering British Public by giving them in some cases about one shilling's worth of literature printed in large type on thick paper with generous margins, and bound up in the style of and sold at the same price as the genuine good value 6 - novel.

Notwithstanding, however, that books in these forms are not so fashionable as they were, they had much to recommend them, and a good story giving good value for the money, either in the 1/- or the 6/- form, will be pretty sure to get a favourable reception from the public.

These reflection were suggested by the perusal of a story just issued by Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen at one shilling which has all the elements of success. It is entitled "The Black Card," and is well got up both inside and outside. Being adorned outwardly with a very effective cover and inwardly with a very good story, with which you might either while away a railway journey or enjoy in your easy chair before the fire of a winter evening. It is of the sensational style, the working out of the plot keeping you absorbed from first to last, and if you want a few hours' amusement you cannot do better than invest ninepence (that being the cash price at Brown's Bookstall) in "The Black Card" by Christian Lys.

The mention of Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen reminds us that this firm has before now given the reading public a treat, as from their house was issued "Many Cargoes" by W. W. Jacobs, than which no better volume of short stories has appeared for many a day. (Cash price 1/11.)

Books or stationery for review should be sent to THE EDITOR of "Brown's Book-Stall," 83 Union Street, Aberdeen.

William Smith
Printer and Publisher.
The Bon-Accord Press,
18 Union Terrace,
Aberdeen.

MEMORIALS OF THE ALDERMEN AND LORD PROVOSTS OF ABERDEEN.

1295-1895.

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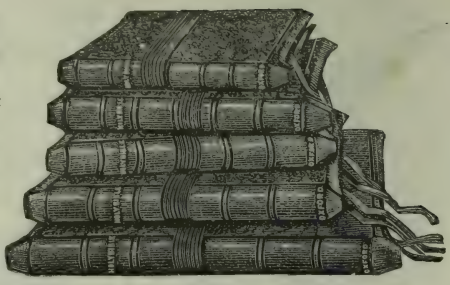
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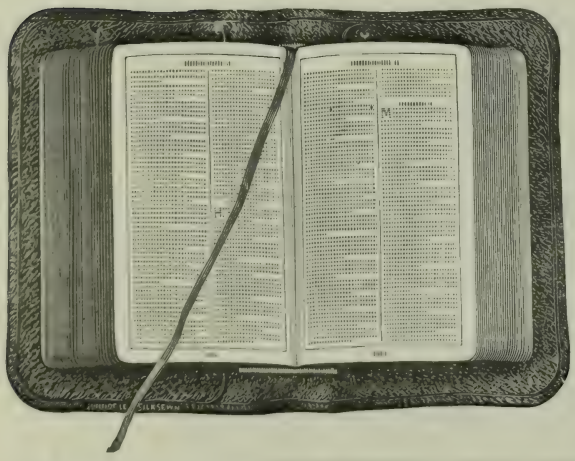
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No. 62. April, 1900. Price One Penny.

AN OLD MINUTE BOOK.

I AM quite prepared to admit that the romance to be found in the pages of an ordinary minute book is not quite so enthralling as that contained say, within the boards of a copy of *Robinson Crusoe*. But there are minute books and minute books, and one that came into my temporary possession some years ago lacks not interest of a kind. It will be for my readers to say, after a kindly perusal of this article, whether I have been able to extract the pith and marrow, the humour and pathos, out of this hand-written tome which extends to something like 300 pages. It forms a history of the struggles and successes of the early years of our premier musical body—"The Aberdeen Music Hall Choral Union." In a previous number of *The Book-Stall* I gave a meagre outline of the rise and progress of the "Union," culled partly from memory and more extensively from the reminiscences of old members of that body. The present intention is to supplement the information then given by a liberal use of extracts from the clearly written but hitherto unprinted minutes.

The quaintness of the "wording" of some of the minutes embodied, together with the sometimes austere and business-like language employed, give a more than ordinarily accurate insight into the character and manners of those old-world worthies who then formed the membership of our now flourishing vocal organization. I have already mentioned, in the article referred to, that the Union was formed on 10th November, 1858, and that it was originally a joint venture between some local musical enthusiasts and the directors of the Aberdeen Music Hall Company, of whom Provost Webster was the then chairman. This by way of introduction. The examining committee of the Choral Union must have been sticklers in the matter of the efficiency of members, as the appended excerpts will show:—"The Committee reported that they recommend that the following should be admitted members on condition that they undertake to improve their knowledge of the principles of music, and they were admitted members of the Union on that condition." A little further on in the same minute comes the information that "the Committee had found ———— to be musically qualified, and recommended he should be admitted a member, but advised not to attend the practisings for a few months until his voice should be better formed." At the next meeting of Committee a letter was read from a male member, "as to whom it had been previously agreed, in consequence of some complaints against his singing, that he should be remitted to the examining Committee for re-examination, in which letter the writer contended that such a decision was not competent under the rules, and he there-

fore declined to be examined and claimed membership." After "full and friendly conversation"—a phrase frequently used in these unique records—the Chairman was directed to tell the writer of the letter that the Committee were right and that he was wrong, and consequently "he could not be admitted a member for the year just commenced." That the affairs of this musical body were conducted "decently and in order" is apparent. Tables of attendance are incorporated in the first year's minutes, from which it was shewn that the proportions of members present and absent were as follows :—

	Present.	Absent—without excuse.	Absent—excuse given.
Sopranos,	85.5	11.4	3.1
Altos,	83.6	13.0	3.4
Tenors,	78.7	17.0	4.3
Basses,	82.9	12.3	4.8

Why will tenors persist in being so remiss in their attendance? A great deal of the business of the Committee in 1859, '60, and '61 was confined to frequent consideration of a set of rules and bye-laws for the carrying on of the work of the Union ; and in February, 1860, began the first trouble regarding the enlargement of the instrumental orchestra. The "general committee," composed of members of the directorate of the Music Hall Committee and the chief office-bearers of the Choral Union, had their work cut out for them in those days. On 21st February, 1860, readers will be interested to know that Robert Cooper was transferred from the alto forms to the tenor benches. Mr. Cooper was afterwards destined to occupy a prominent place among local musicians.

As showing the profits to be made out of concerts in the sixties, I may mention that the clear surplus accruing from a concert given 18th April, 1860, was £41 10s. 11d. On 12th September of the same year Mr. Robert W. Youngson and Mr. John Munro were admitted members. Mr. Youngson is still actively engaged as leading bass in the West Church, but Mr. Munro does not now exercise his fine bass organ, except it may be from the pew on a Sunday. 17th September—the secretary was instructed to notify the directors of the company "that the use of a pianoforte would be required in the hall for the use of the examining committee." On 2nd October it was notified that "an association had been formed by the members of the orchestra, under the title of the Aberdeen Choral Union Orchestra," and Mr. R. H. Baker, the organist of the Union, and Mr. James Justice, Junr., were afterwards appointed joint "instructors" of this branch. At the same meeting Dr. John Urquhart—for a number of years the honoured president—was elected a member. Mr. Alexander Edmond's resignation was at the same time read and accepted. At the annual business meeting held on 8th December of the year already stated : "The chairman moved the thanks of this meeting be recorded to the ladies of the Union for the great regularity of their attendance, which was cordially approved and directed to be communicated to them at the first meeting of the Union." Mr. John Machray, brother of Mr. Alex. Machray, both precentors of the East Church, was elected a member of committee that night. About this time a scheme of Associate membership had been suggested by Mr. Alexander Leslie (of the firm of Messrs. Leslie and Maulle, Union Street), and this was a fruitful topic for some time. The first preparatory class was held in 1860, Mr. Alex. Machray acting as instructor with considerable success ; and it also deserves to be noted that in the same year—on 28th December, to be precise—the first performance of Handel's *Messiah* was given by the Choral Union, for which a sub-committee was appointed "to make proper arrangements, and to provide refreshments for the whole performers." An "open night" followed on 6th January of the new year, for which "each member present at every meeting in the year ended 30th November last to receive six tickets ; those present at from forty-two to forty-four meetings, five tickets; those at from forty to forty-one meetings, four tickets ; and all other members three tickets each." I freely make a present of this information to the committee of the Choral Union of to-day. *The Creation* was now ordered for rehearsal. Meantime the much vexed question of the basis of the

Union was dragging on among the members of the "general committee." The study of Haydn's oratorio does not seem to have been a lengthened one, for on 13th February an engagement was concluded with Mr. C. J. Hargitt, Edinburgh, to supply a party to sing the solos in Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, at a cost of "£45 in full." The performance took place on 22nd March. Mr. Howard and a contingent of instrumentalists from Edinburgh were engaged at a cost of forty-five guineas. Some nine of the Union's local band were at this time paid for their attendance at the oratorio. The prices of admission fixed were:—"Front row of gallery and sofa stalls, 6/-; family tickets to admit four from £1 1s.; second division of gallery 4/- (these places will be numbered and reserved); east end gallery, 3/-; front area, 2/-; back area, 1s." The total loss on this performance was £14 14s. With reference to this concert there is a significant paragraph in the minute of meeting bearing date 27th March, 1861, which reads as follows:—"In consequence of many of the reserved gallery sittings on the evening of the oratorio bearing—for some as yet unexplained cause—numbers different from those shewn in the plan in Messrs. Marr & Co.'s, the secretary was instructed to write the chairman of directors of the Music Hall Company requesting that the numbers of the reserved gallery seats should be permanently painted on them, and that the numbers of the whole should be consecutive, instead of some of the front row and second division seats having the same numbers, as is at present the case." The booking plan for this concert is also given, and is in a way a good object lesson in the matter of how our forebears engaged their seats previous to a performance. The number of tickets sold at the booking office was as follows:—Front row gallery, 83; sofa stalls, 7; second division gallery, 54½; east gallery, 5; front area, 38; back area, 30. Total 217½.

On 27th February Mr John Crombie was introduced as secretary, treasurer, and concert manager, and a number of the minutes following, in his own hand-writing, bear faithfulness to the scrupulous care with which he ever carried out work with which he was entrusted. The "associate scheme" about this time became a patent fact, and on 17th April, 1861, the prices to subscribers were agreed to as follows:—Front gallery and sofa stalls (3 tickets for 4 concerts), £1 2s 6d; second division of gallery, 18s; east-end gallery (2 tickets) 9s; and front area, also 2 tickets for each of the 4 concerts, 6s. This looks a marvel of cheapness, but performers' fees were less then than now!

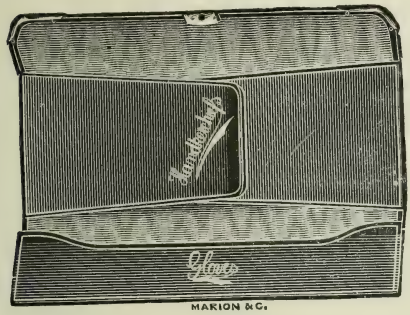
On 1st May, Mr. David Taylor (Messrs. Taylor & Henderson) was admitted a member. Mr. Taylor, it may be remembered, had a lovely alto voice. It was found that a profit of £20 had been realised from the first subscription concert. Friday, 21st June, was the date fixed for the second subscription concert, for which the Bronsil family of instrumentalists were engaged at a fee of £15 15s. At a committee meeting on 22nd May, "The secretary submitted a letter which he had received from the secretary of the Glasgow Choral Union as to various Unions joining to bring professional talent to their concerts." This system of reciprocity still continues, Mr. Adamson, the president of the Aberdeen Choral Union, tells me. A donation of £1 was received by Mr. Valentine "from a gentleman, to be applied at his discretion for the benefit of the Union," for which the gentleman was duly thanked, the committee also making him a present of 2 stall tickets for the June concert. On 18th September, "The chairman stated that Mr. Mitchell from London had been in town making arrangements for bringing a company consisting of Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Belletti, Mr. Goldschmidt, and others to give two concerts in November—one of which he proposes shall be *The Creation*—and for which he wishes to have the services of the Choral Union on such terms as may be agreed on. He also offers a ticket (transferable) to the other concert. The Committee instructed the secretary to intimate to Mr. Mitchell that he might have the services of the chorus, band, and organist for £55. The chairman (Mr. Valentine), Mr. Latter, Mr. Baker, and the secretary were appointed

a sub-committee to carry out the negotiations. The third subscription concert was fixed for Friday, the 11th October." On 16th October, "The secretary reported that the amount received for tickets at the last concert was about £48 (!) and the probable profit would be about £20." There is nothing in the minutes to indicate whether *The Creation* performance took place or not. The Jenny Lind party gave a miscellaneous concert on 15th November, at which 50 members of the Union were admitted to the orchestra seats on payment of 2/6 each. At the Committee meeting on 21st November "The programme for the concert on 20th December was arranged, and the secretary was instructed to engage Miss Helen Kirk, of Glasgow, as a soloist at said concert—her terms being £5 5s and her railway expenses (2nd class) to and from Glasgow." This arrangement was perforce abandoned, for in the minute of 16th December we read that "After deliberation, it was resolved, in consequence of the death of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, to postpone the concert fixed for 20th curt., and the secretary was instructed to insert an advertisement to that effect in the *Northern Advertiser* of to-morrow. He was aslo desired both to telegraph and write to Glasgow enquiring if Miss Kirk could be got for 30th and 31st insts." Miss Kirk could not come on either of these dates, and the fourth subscription concert had to be deferred to 8th January. Two "popular" concerts were, however, given on the dates mentioned, but they do not seem to have been successful, for the minute of 7th January says: "The secretaty reported that the sum drawn for the two popular holiday concerts was a trifle above £21, and that if the band were to take full payment for both evenings there would be a loss by the concerts. It was remitted to the band committee to endeavour to get the band to take less than the usual sum."

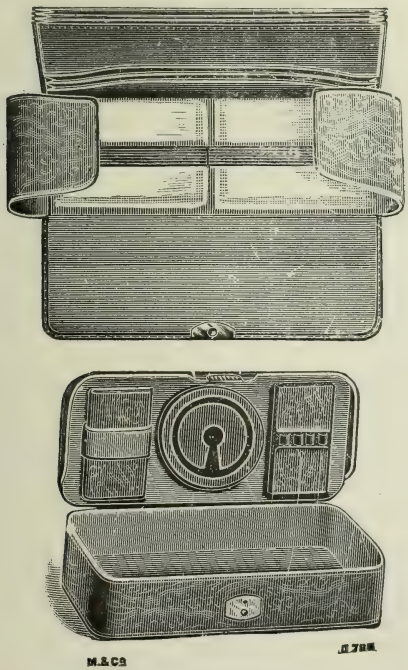
About this time "a good deal of discussion" took place "on the subject of having Saturday Evening Concerts, but the matter was "deferred meantime." On 12th December, "The secretary was instructed to offer them (Messrs. Methven, Dundee) forty guineas for the services of Mrs. Sunderland, Herr Formes, and Mr. Perren (George?) or Mr. Wilby Cooper, and ten guineas more if Signor Piatti is engaged." On February 12th, "after a good deal of conversation, it was resolved to engage the band of Mr. R. J. Adams, Glasgow, for the Oratorio, and the secretary was instructed to write accordingly." The minute of 19th February contains the following:—"It was resolved that each member of the Committee should receive one complimentary ticket for the gallery, for the Oratorio and miscellaneous concert. Mr. Watson proposed that no refreshments should be given the members on the night of the Oratorio. It was, however, resolved by the Committee that there should be refreshments to a limited extent. From this resolution Mr. Watson dissented." The profit on the Oratorio and miscellaneous concerts on 27th and 28th insts. was "about £40." On 12th March, "Mr. Leslie submitted the following report from the Band Committee, which was adopted:—The Band Committee of the Choral Union met on Monday evening, 10th March, 1862. Present, Messrs. Marr (John), Anderson, James Justice, junr., and Leslie. (1) The Band list was scrutinised to see whether the number of paid members could not be reduced. There are at present 25 active members on the roll, of whom 10 only are paid, and the Committee agreed that no further reduction could be made at present without destroying the efficiency of the band. (2) They agreed as to the propriety of enlarging the number of the band, and recommend that an advertisement be inserted in the papers intimating several vacancies and inviting applicants to come forward. (3) Mr. Leslie made a statement as to the position of Mr. James Justice, the leader of the band, showing that in a pecuniary point of view he was in a much worse position than the most inefficient member of it. The Committee expressed their opinion that some steps ought to be taken to remedy the matter as far as possible, as it appeared to them a very special case, and recommend it to the consideration of the Finance Committee. It was remitted to Mr. Marr to get a box made for holding the music belonging to the Union."

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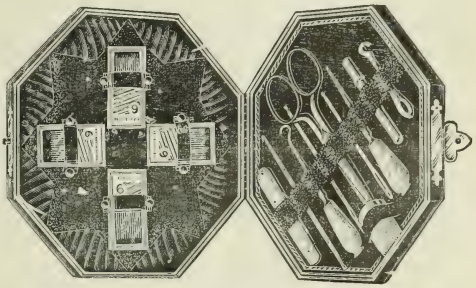


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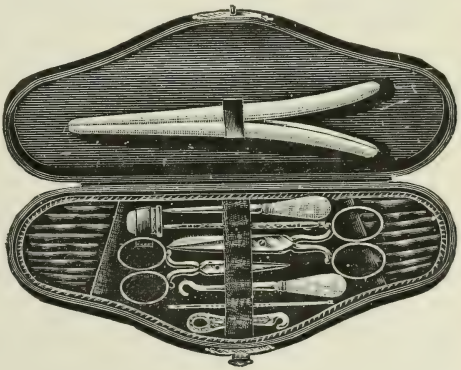


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THE WAR.

Although *Brown's Book-Stall* does not discuss politics, and has no intention of going into the question either of the justice or the policy of the war, there are certain ways in which the war affects the book trade very closely. The most noticeable, perhaps, is the slump that has taken place in the publishing world. A great number of books which were to have been published in Autumn have been postponed till Spring, till people have time to devote to reading something besides special editions of the evening papers, while books which would in piping times of peace have had in all probability a good sale, stand and gather dust upon our shelves. The same thirst for war news has had a great effect also upon the weekly newspapers and periodicals, the sale of those devoting much space to picture and print describing the field of operations increasing greatly at the expense of those which do not make the war a special feature. Therefore the sooner the war is over the better for the bookman and others.

While the present eruption of patriotic fervour of a more or less genuine kind which has broken out on us lasts, there are some books which ought to have a look in even in competition with the extra specials. Judging from the vogue of the doggerel perpetrated by Kipling under the name of "The Absent Minded-Beggar," it would seem that people want to relieve their feelings with a song. Let them try some of Conan Doyle's "Songs of Action." They will get poetry there, and of a kind to make the blood even of the president of a Peace Congress tingle. We cull one verse, not, mark you, as a sample of quality, because some of the poems are far and away ahead of the one from which we quote. But it seems impossible to write anything in the present state of the atmosphere without dragging in some reference to the "Gay Gordons" or the "Highland Brigade," or at the very least to the "lad from over the Tweed." Lord! gie's a guid conceit o' oorsels!

A BALLAD OF THE RANKS.

Who carries the gun?
A lad from over the Tweed.
Then let him go, for well we know
He comes of a soldier breed;
So drink together to rock and heather,
Out where the red deer run,
And stand aside for Scotland's pride—
The man that carries the gun!
For the Colonel rides before,
The Major's on the flank,
The Captains and the Adjutant
Are in the foremost rank,
But when it's "Action front!"
And fighting to be done,
Come one, come all, you stand or fall
By the man who holds the gun.

Songs of Action, by Conan Doyle, 5/-, cash price 3/9, at Brown's Book-Stall, 83 Union Street.

WHO'S WHO?

THIS oftentimes puzzling question can be answered quickly and in the fullest detail by the expenditure of the small sum of 3/6 for a copy of "Who's Who in 1900." This is no new publication of which the usefulness has yet to be tried. It has stood the test of time, and proved its value by appearing annually for over half-a-century. The information embraces all sorts and conditions of men and women of the present day, giving details of all sorts—a biography of each in a nutshell, as it were. As an example we quote the notice of one of the men who is well before the public at present, and whose doings are a matter of interest:—

Baden-Powell, Col. Robert Stephenson Smyth, Lieut. Col. Commanding 5th Dragoon Guards since 1897; *b* 22 Feb., 1857; *s* of late Rev. Baden Powell, and Henrietta Grace, *d* of Admiral W. H. Smyth, K.S.F.; unmarried. *Educ.* Charter House. Joined 13th Hussars, 1876. Adjutant, served with that regiment in India, Afghanistan, and South Africa; served on the Staff as Assist. Mil. Secy. South Africa, 1887-89. Operations in Zululand 1888 (mentioned in despatches). Assist. Mil. Sec. Malta 1890-93.

Special service Ashanti, in command of the Native Levies 1895 (star, brevet Lieut.-Col.); Chief Staff Office Campaign in Matabeleland (mentioned in despatches, brevet Col.); promoted from 13th Hussars to command of 5th Dragoon Guards, 1897. *Publications* Pig-sticking or Hog hunting 1889. Reconnaissance and Scouting 1890. Vedette 1890. Cavalry Instruction 1895. The Downfall of Prempeh 1896. The Matabele Campaigh 1896. *Recreations* Pig-sticking (winner of Kadu Cup), polo, big game shooting, hunting, yachting, stage-managing, acting, and singing, painting and etching. *Address.* 8 St George's Place, S.W. *Club.* Naval and Military.

Besides the biographies a lot of general information is given, such as The Members of Parliament—Lords and Commons, The Cabinet, Government Officials, Details of Army and Navy, Lists of the principal British and American Newspapers and Magazines with their editors, and a host of other information which is often wanted.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

Amongst the books which are the direct outcome of the war, and which will have a good sale in consequence, is "From Capetown to Ladysmith," by the late C. W. Steevens, whose book, "With Kitchener to Khartoum," was read by everybody. As the price is only 3/6, subject to the usual discount at Brown's, there is sure to be a very large demand for it. Another cheap line which will go well is an edition of Fitzpatrick's "Transvaal from Within" at 2/6. Judging from the sale this book had at 10/-, it will have a fine run at 2/6.

To those who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of special evening papers, and who think there is still better reading to be had than war telegrams, we would recommend "The Etchingham Letters," under which title Ella Fuller Maitland and Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., discourse pleasantly of many things. Art and Letters, ancient and modern, home and foreign, Folk Lore, History and Philosophy, Men and Manners, all get their turn and crop up naturally from time to time. While the whole is seasoned with the spice of humour to keep it from getting stale on the palate.

Cyclists may be interested in the "discovery of some new fragments apparently belonging to an apocryphal wisdom-book."

"As a pair of wheels that run truly with a pleasant murmuring, so is the talk of man and wife in an house which is well ruled.

As the noise of a cheap crock which rattleth, so is dissension in the house of a niggard and a sloven.

The inches of our gear are three score and ten; and though there be some so strong that they ride four score, yet is their speed but labour and sorrow at the day's end, when they fetch their wind short upon an hill.

Blessed is the damsel whose cruse of oil faileth not, and who looketh to her own tires; and behold, he that taketh her to wife shall prosper.

Three things are plagues to a wheelman—yea, and a fourth is abominable: a boy which leadeth an unruly horse, and a swine which strayeth in the road, and a rash woman among traffic which regardeth not the right hand or the left; but the most grievous is a County Council which scattereth heaps of stones in the highway and saith, It is well mended.

My son, beware of inventors which promise marvellous things with their mouth, lest when thou puttest thy trust in their many inventions thou be overthrown in stony places.

Take heed unto thy riding in strange boroughs, and fall not into transgression of their by-laws, lest thou be worsted in striving with them that swear valiantly before the judgment-seat.

Of two manner of people thou shalt have a care, and flee from the third as an host of the heathen: a deaf man which walketh in the darkness, and children which run violently out of school at noon-tide, and a constable with girded loins who lurketh after sunsetting."

Here is Dicky's description of his first flash of lightning and first thunder-clap:—"I saw an angel go into Heaven and bang the door after it." From babes and sucklings such as Dicky to the legal profession is a far cry, but the following item from a solicitor's bill is good, and we give it for the benefit of such of our legal friends as do not know how to charge:—

"To rectifying error caused by our own carelessness, 13/4."

Extensive Alterations at 83 Union Street.

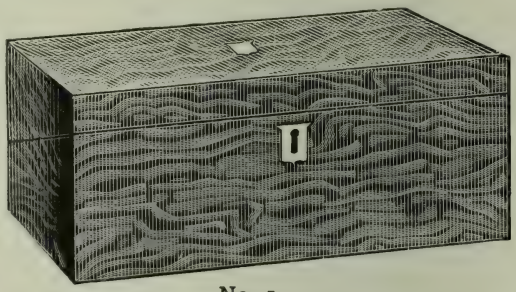
	S.	D.		S.	D.
STATIONERY CASES, ...	3	6	for	2	8
Do., ...	5	0	for	3	9
Do., ...	6	0	for	4	6
Do., ...	7	6	for	5	8
WRITING DESKS, ...	11	0	for	8	0
Oak and Walnut, ...	12	0	for	9	0
Do., ...	15	0	for	11	3
Do., ...	21	0	for	16	0
Do., ...	23	0	for	17	3
Do., ...	31	6	for	23	9

DESKS and WORKBOXES.

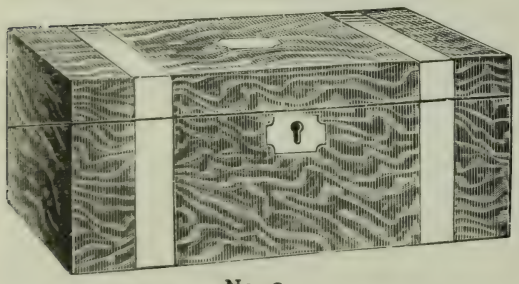
LADIES' DESK AND WORK BOX COMBINED, Polished Walnut, Fancy Inlaid Straps, Satin-fitted Tray and Leather-faced Desk, 24/-

Workboxes, similar in style, but without Desk, from 7/6 to 21/.

25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT.



No. 1.



No. 2.

POLISHED WALNUT DESK (Style No. 2) with Brass Straps, Brass Name Plate, Velvet-faced, 12/-, 13/6, 13/6, 15/-

Same style, polished inside, Leather, faced with Gold Embossed Edging, 13/6, 15/-, 18/-, 21/-, 22/6.

Also Handsome Presentation Desks up to 63/-

A. BROWN & CO., 83 UNION STREET.

They Have Said! What Say They?

OR

Descriptions of Aberdeen and its Folk.

1295-1898.

XIV.

[John Leech or Leitch ('Leochæus') *fl* 1620 was, it is believed, an elder brother of David Leech the poet, and thus doubtless connected with the family of Carden, Cheshire. He graduated at King's College, Aberdeen, in 1614, and the description he gives below is taken from one of his epigrams (*'Epigrammatum libri quatuor'; London, 1620*), in which he describes the difficulties that beset him as a student of philosophy in the "city of the twin towers."]

1620.

"Where the Dee and the pearl producing Don, with its less direct course, seek the German Ocean: where twin cities, rising in twin valleys, the one famous for its commerce, the other for its learning, seem as if they touched the sky with their twin towers, and on that account are deemed to be the more under the protection of high heaven, there the land of Mar saw me when a youth pouring over the deep lore of old Aristotle."

XV.

[Arthur Johnston, 1587-1641, born at Caskieben, was the fifth son of George Johnston, of Caskieben. He studied at King's College and received the degree of M.D. at Padua, in 1610, and after travelling through a great part of Europe, settled in France, where he acquired great distinction as a Latin poet. He died at Oxford in 1641. The first of his epigrams given here is included in his "Parerga and Epigrammata" printed by Raban at Aberdeen in 1632; while the second as well as that on Old Aberdeen appeared for the first time in the collected edition of his works by Mr. William Spang, minister of the Scottish Church at Campvere, Middelburg, 1642. The translations here given are those supplied by the Rev. John Barclay, minister at Cruden.]

1632.

"Whoe'er thou art, that *Rome* dost magnifie,
And her extoll as people fondly do,
Entitling her the Earth's delight and Queen,
Compare with her the City *Aberdeen*;
A City which doth neighbour with the Sea,
To which the Ocean's waves do constantlie
Flow up as Handmaids; yet, ere they approach,
They stoop as fearing too far to encroach.
From lofty hills both Cities view with pryd
The little Brooks which through the Vallayes glyd;
Both from their stately and their thundering Tower
Defye with threatenings all unfriendly power.
Rome of her *Fabii* and unconquer'd Hosts,
Of *Scipios* and of great *Cæsar's* boasts.
This City of her *Menseises* great worth,
Of *Cullens* and of *Lawsons* here brought forth,
And *Collisons*, all men of great esteem:
Of these she boasts, these doth her Glory deem.
If bigness may 'mongst Praises reckned be,
Rome is indeed of greater bulk then She;
But in all Gifts and Ornaments of mind
Rome may her Equalls in this *City* find."

1642.

NEW ABERDEEN.

"*New Aberdeen* enrich'd by Dee's clear streams
All praise from ancient *Cities* justly claims;
It's blessed with Churches famous in all lands,
And Temples framed by no mortal hands.
Muses alse famous as once *Rome* did grace,
Have hallowed a *House* into this place,
A *College* may be seen not far from thence,
Where Learning fixed hath its residence.
The *Mercat-place*, where men resort for gain,
Is stretched out into a spacious plain;
There you the stately *Judgement-House* may view,
Whose *Battlements* are of a *Starry-Hew*;
There *Palaces of Peers* you may espy,
Whose *Lofty-Tops* approach unto the sky,
And *Towns-Mens-Houses* there you may behold,
Which garnish'd are and shining like the Gold.
What need I further the *three* Hills to name
Which as three *Bulwarks* fortifie the *Same*.

Like these on which that *City* doeth stand,
Which once as *Head* did all the Earth command.
The *Wool-man-hill* which all the rest outvyes
In pleasantness, this *City* beautifies :
There is the *Well of Spa*, that *healthfull Font*,
Whose *Irne-hew'd* Water collloureth the *Mount*,
Not far from thence a *Garden's* to be seen,
Which unto *Jameson* did appertain ;
Wherein a little pleasant House doth stand,
Painted (as I guess) with its *Master's* hand.
Dee doth afford of *Salmon* wondrous store,
The Neighbour-Sea brings up into the Shore.
The Riches whereof *Egypt* makes her boast,
And *Indian-Treasures* came into this Coast.
A *Bridge* doth reach along the River *Dee*,
Wherein *seven double stately Arches* be :
Who built this *sumptuous-Work ?* if ye would know,
The *Myter* which is carv'd thereon doth show,
But let the *Vulgar sort* these things commend,
The *Citizens* to praise I do intend.
If all these things with them compared be,
They do deserve no praise, no memorie ;
That *Martiall-wind* which oft appeared hath,
That golden Vertue and unstained Faith
Which lodges in them all, these joyntly doe
Concur to raise their Name and Fame on high.
They are a courteous People and a Kind,
Men of aspiring Spirits, and noble Mind ;
Riches which doth the baser sort enslave,
They have them ; but they them as servants have.
If Worth have place, of *Cities* this may be
Entitled *Queen*, and claim *Sov'raignitie*.
All other *Cities* Mortalls bear ; but *This*
Of *Demi-Gods* and *Hero's* Parent is."

1642.

THE OLD TOWN *(vulgarly called)*

OLD ABERDEEN.

A *Pious Bishop* dwells and rules in thee,
Don makes thee *Prosperous*, and the neighbouring *Sea ;*
Don by a wondrous *Bridge* is overlaid,
Of one *Arch*, which the *Gods* belike have made ;
Such was the *Rhodian Coloss* work of old,
Where *Ships* with *hoised Sailes* to pass were bold.
Near this the *Salmon* swim, and *Snares* are set
For them, and they are catcht in every net.
In thee an old and stately *Temple* stands,
The Rest demoisht are by *Stranger's* hands ;
That *Temple* with two Towers doth rise, which be
(As *Pharo's* guids) to *Travellers* at *Sea* :
Phœbus and *Pallas Palaces* not far,
From that fair *Temple* to be viewed are.
Buildings fit for these *Guests* and over them
There is a *Gilded-Cross* and *Diadem*.
An *Holy Bishop* rais'd this *Fabrick*, which
The *King* did with fair *Revenues* enrich,
And *Rome* which doth by words her bounty show
Did *Names of Honour* upon them bestow.
So many *Greeks* (who ruined *Troy* by force)
Did not brake forth out of the *Trojan-horse ;*
As that brave *House* of Learning hath brought forth,
Of *Shyning-lights*, and *Men* of *greatest Worth*,
Thou dost not need thy *Praises* should be sung
Thou *Noble Town* by any *Stranger's Tongue* :
Since by this *People* who reside in *thee*,
Thyne *Honour* fitly published can be.

XVI.

[Thomas Tucker, *fl* 1650. In furtherance of a resolution in 1652 by the English Parliament for incorporating Scotland into a Commonwealth with England, Commissioners were appointed in 1655 to proceed to Scotland and inform themselves as to the state of the country, its government, commerce, etc. Tucker was in this connection sent to Scotland as Registrar to the Commissioners of Excise, and the description is taken from his report as to settling the customs and excise. The comparisons he draws sometimes between the two countries are rather unfair to Scotland. The report was printed by the Bannatyne Club and "Early Travellers in Scotland."]

1655.

"The port of Aberdeene lyes next northward, being a very handsome burgh, seated at the mouth of the river Donne, and is commonly called the new toune, for distinguishing it from another toune hard by, of the same name, but more antiquity lyeing at

the mouth of the river Dee, some a mile distant from the new toune, and is the cheife academie of Scotland. This being now a place more for study than trade, hath willingly resigned her interest that way, unto the new toune, which is noe despicable burgh, either for building or largenesse, haveing a very stately mercat place, sundry houses well built, with a safe harbour before it for vessells to ride in. But the widenesse of the place, from the inlett of the sea comeing in with a narrowe winding gut, and beateing in store of sand with its waves, hath rendred it somewhat shallowe in a greate part of it, and soe lesse usefull of late than formerly. But the inhabitants are remedyeing this inconvenieneze, by lengthning theyr key and bringing it up close to a necke of land, which, jetting out eastward, towards an headland lyeing before it, makes the comeing in soe streight. At the end of which formost neck of land there is a little village called Footie, and on the other headland another called Torye, and both nigh the harbour's mouth, and lyeing very neere unto the place where the ships usually ride (being forced to keep some distance from the key, because of the shallownesse of the water), have given opportunity of much fraude in landing goods privatly, but prevented of late by appointeing the wayters by turnes, to watch those two places narrowly, when there are any shipping in harbour. The trade of this place (as generally all over Scotland) is inwards from Norway, Eastland, Holland, and France; and outwards, with salmon and pladding, comodityes caught and made hereabout in a greater plenty than any other place of the nation whatsoever.

"In this place there is a collector, a checque, and three wayters, some of which are still sent into the member ports as often (which is but seldome) as any opportunity is offered or occasion requires. Those are in number: Stonehive, a little fisher towne, where formerly goods have been brought in, but not of late, because hindred from doeing soe by the neigbourhood and priviledges of the burgh of Montrose; Newburgh, where sometimes a few deales and timber are brought; Peterhead, a small toune, with a convenient harbour, but spoyled of late by stresse of weather; Friselburgh [Fraserburgh] and Bamffe, where in like manner, something now and then is brought in from Norway, but theyr onely trade is coasting, except that from the latter of them some salmon may happen to be shipped out. The vessels to this district belonging are, viz.—

		Tons.
To Aberdeen * nine, viz, ...	1	80
	1	70
	1	60
	3	50
	2	30
	1	20
„ Frazerburgh, four, ...		20
„ Peterhead, one of ...		20

XVII.

[Richard Franck 1624?-1708, was educated at Cambridge and ultimately became a captain in the Parliamentary Army, and it was in this service as a trooper, that he first made his acquaintance with Scotland. It was probably in 1657 or 1659 that the tour was made which appeared under the title of "Northern Memoirs calculated for the Meridian of Scotland, &c., &c., 1694." The work is printed in the form of a dialogue between Arnoldus (Franck) and Theophanes, a friend. The style is bombastic and stilted, yet he speaks without the strong bias that marks the writings of some. The volume was edited by Sir Walter Scott in 1811 and Franck's grandiloquent style Scott found only equalled by that of Sir Thomas Urquhart.]

1657.

Arn. And this is that famous Aberdeen, whose western suburbs are guarded by the hills; as are those levels more easternly saluted by the ocean.

Theoph. Is this that Aberdeen so generally discours'd by the Scots for civility?

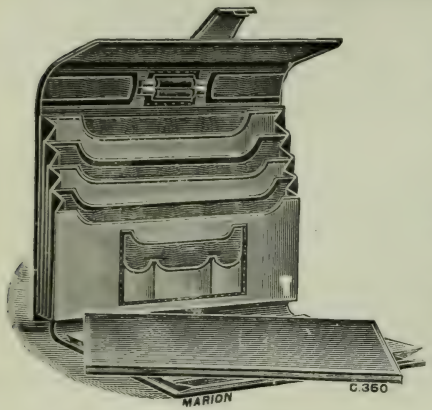
Arn. Yes, and humanity too; for it's the paragon of Scotland.

Theoph. Why do not you call it by the name of a city.

Arn. It matters not much for that, since the general vogue of a town serves as well;

* The number of vessels assigned to other ports was—Dundee, 10; Montrose, 12; Kircaldy, 12; Ainster, 10; Brunt Isle, 7; Glasgow, 12.

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Writing Cases, 10/6 to 42/-

Combination Dressing Case AND Jewel Box.

Combination Dressing Case AND Writing Case.

Writing Cases from 2/6 to 42/-

BIG DISCOUNTS OFF EVERYTHING



Tuck Purses, 1/- to 10/6.

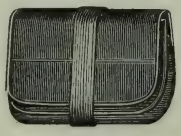
PRESENTATION PURSES

In all the Best Leathers,

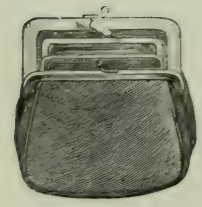
7/6 to 17/6.

Combined Purse and Card Case, 3/6 to 7/6.

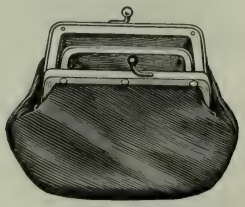
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A. BROWN & CO., 83 Union Street, Aberdeen.

however, it's a corporation, and that's enough; and I'm convinced it stands in a cultivated country, that never knew the force of sterrility; whose banks are bathed with the glittering streams of Dee, and her walls shaded with fertil corn fields, promulgates plenty; for heaven, by the law of generosity certainly has bless'd her; for here the sun so moderates the cold in winter, that it seldom or rarely freezes her sands, whose increase is multiplied from the generous breasts of the ocean. And from whence both mariner and merchant accumulate treasure, because to drag it forth from the solid deeps of the sea; when at other times they import their goods into remote countries.

Theoph. But the harbour, I fancy, that's somewhat too strait; and the entrance, as I conceive, much too narrow; however, it's examined secure enough.

Arn. Peradventure it is; yet these rocks at the entrance terrify the pilot, as her harbour when entered exhilarates the passenger. Now the buildings of this city are framed with stone and timber; facing the sun, and fronting this pleasant harbour; the streets also are large and spacious, and the walls strengthened with towers and buttresses of stone. So that nothing, in my opinion, remains defective to compleat them happy; for if not to waste by an overpluss, they can never pine away by a want.

Theoph. I fancy this place situate in a pleasant part of a country, and so was that relique of antiquity we but newly past by, when approching the suburbs of this flourishing city.

Arn. You do well to remind me, for I had almost forgot it; that was Old Aberdeen; things that grow ancient, grow out of fashion; however, it's the mother city of New Aberdeen, and a university to boot, wherein stands an old weather-beaten cathedral; but of that I have little to say, since others before me thought requisite to erect each public places for private devotion, when this present generation conform themselves, by contracting their congregations to lesser now.

Theoph. Is this Old Aberdeen an old university? why then a sophister may pick up as much ethicks and politicks as will serve him to stuff out a pair of lawn sleeves. Cathedrals in sane countries influence the inhabitants, as planets, you know, have government over the vital parts.

Arm. You must have a slash at the gown, I perceive; but what think you of the church in new Aberdeen (that's no cathedral) where the magistrates sit under the soveraignty of the mace, and every merchant in his particular pew; where every society of mechanicks have their particular seats, distinguished by escutcheons, suitable to their profession; so that confusion seldom or rarely happens amongst them, in quarrelling for places; where strangers are unsuspected for informers and intruders, and the civillity of the people such that no man is left destitute of a seat to sit on, but everyone entertained answerable to his quality?

Theoph. This is something like; for it far exceeds the custom of England, where a man may stand in some churches till his feet are surbeat, yet nobody proffer him a remove, or a stool to sit on.

Arn. But this is not all neither; for here you shall have such method in their musick, and such order and decorum of song-devotion in the church, as you will admire to hear, though not regulated by a canter or quirister, but only by an insipid parochial clerk, that never attempts further in the mathematicks of musick, than to compleat the parishioners to sing a psalm in tune.

Theoph. You have consisely characterized Aberdeen, with her inhabitants; but what have we here? Cawses uncartable, and pavements unpracticable, pointed with rocky stumpy stones, and dawb'd all over with dingy dirt, that makes it impassible; and the fields, as I conceive, are ten times worse, because o'erspread with miry clay, and incumbered with bogs that will bury a horse.*

Arn. For better, for worse, we must through it, if intending to climb the southern elevations. Now at the foot of this pavement there's a small little harbour which they call Steenhive, but I take the liberty to call it *stinking hive*, because it's so unsavory; which serves only for pirates and pickeroons;

*The causeway through the Findon Moss.

but it bravely accommodates the Highlander for depredations.

* * * * * *

Arn. You are in the right on't, but the road I fancy runs not so rough as it did; nor are my apprehensions of England so remote as they were: both the way and the weather favour our designs in this southern expedition; for England's our prospect, now propound you the object: and as we ride along to the town of Montrose, signify your opinion of the flourishing Aberdeen.

Theoph. You impose a little too hard upon me: I can scarcely express my opinion of a place, but I must be sentenced too much to commend it. On the other hand, should I lessen or impair their civilities, then you challenge me to reflect on our civil entertainments. This dilemma I am driven to. However you cannot deny, but acknowledge, that Aberdeen is sweetly situated, and under the government of well-regulated magistrates: no complaint of poverty, nor luxurious superfluities; where the houses are fill'd with hospitality, not with prophaneness; their streets and allies cleanly swept and paved, and their church and state-house very curiously kept, after the best methods of the Scotish mode.

SPEAKING OF CHARGES.

Miss Etchingham, writing to her brother apropos of a discussion on Tennyson, says – "We have no Tennyson here, and curiosity drove me to the bookseller and brought me back again the richer by a fat emerald-green volume and the poorer by 7/6." Now if Miss Etchington had only known she could have bought the same book for 5/8 from Brown's Bookstall. *Verb. sap.*

PROPHETIC!

We found the following in a London paper published about five years ago. How does it suit the new Post Office that may be built in Aberdeen some day?:—"Who is the author of the phrase 'Make haste slowly'?" "I don't know. It was probably somebody who was engineering a contract to build a new Post Office."

THE LAY OF THE GROLIERITE.

W. D. Ellwanger.

The love of maids, the love of maids,
'Tis sunshine when they smile;
But if they frown, how black the shades
Which shroud my heart the while.

The maids I love, the maids I love,
How pride doth hedge them in!
They hold their favor far above
My humble wit to win.

The maids I love, the maids I love,
Whoe'er would win such prize
Had need be harmless as the dove,
And, as the serpent, wise.

So not for me is love of maids,
Be they or kind or cold:
The love of maids, 'tis not for me,
Though I be young or old.

The love of books, the love of books,
It passeth love of maids;
It doth not fade with fading looks
Like love of them—the jades!

The books I love, the books I love,
A gracious proffer make:
They hold a hoard of joys, whereof
They bid me freely take.

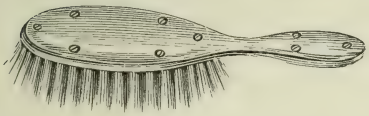
The books I love, the books I love,
They spread their welcome wide:
Not I alone may take thereof,
But all the world beside.

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Cyclists' Map,
1/, or on Cloth, 2/,
Is the Best Map of the North Eastern Counties of Scotland.
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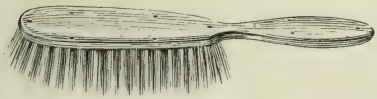
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BRUSHES.

HAIR BRUSHES.



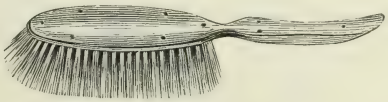
Broad Oval Hair Brush, Fine Bristle, 3/- to 4/-
Extra Fine Long Bristle, 4/6 to 7/6.



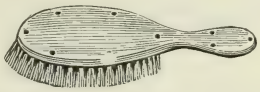
Long Oval, Fine Bristle, 3/- to 5/-



Curved Handle, Narrow Oval, 3/- to 5/-



Curved Handle, Fine Long Bristle, 4/- to 6/-



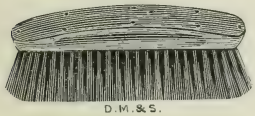
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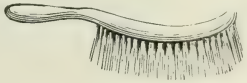
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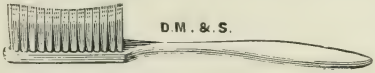


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No. 63. DECEMBER, 1900. PRICE ONE PENNY.

"ALADDIN."

THIS is not the first time "Aladdin" has done duty at pantomime time in Aberdeen. Away back a bit, I can remember a production of "Aladdin" which, if it could not compare from a spectacular point of view with the pantomimes of to-day, had at least a "book" of some literary pretensions; and the actors and actresses stuck to the lines in that "book," and did not dare to gag with impunity! But things have changed since then—for the worse. Even at the risk of giving away my age—a grave consideration for one on the dark side of forty—I don't mind owning up to the fact that the time I'm writing about was in the dear old "stock" company days, when the villain was killed twice every night and three times on Saturday, a time when most of the company remained together, a firm concrete body, for at least a season; a time when the small boy who patronised the gallery talked in awed whispers of Barry Sullivan to a companion on the street. Indeed the tragedian rarely got his whole name. "Barry" he was designated for short; and we had but one Barry! The interest that citizens took in the play-actors of that bygone age was of a personal character; and the criticism liberally and verbally vouchsafed to the members of the company was also of a personal—very much so—character. On the other hand, however, when an actor was spotted giving of his very best for the benefit of the audience, the motley crowd was not slow to manifest its thorough appreciation. But, you will say, what has all this to do with an old-time production of "Aladdin" in panto. form? Gently, my reader, have patience with your garrulous old friend! Besides, if you will not allow me to tell the story in my own way—well, there might be no story! This is characteristic of old age.

Well, the stock company at the Theatre Royal the season "Aladdin" was put on at Christmas time—and, mind you, we had our pantomimes at the right season in those good old days—could really be spoken of as a happy family. The greater proportion were of course married people. The low comedian was quite a young chap—Harry Fiddes, by name, although of course again that wasn't his real name any more than Lottie Vane was his clever little wife's. They had only been married two years before, but they were a devoted couple; and the public testified to the cleverness with which both got through their work. A comedian then *must* be able to sing, just as a comedienne had to be able to either sing a song, dance a jig or hornpipe, or take old woman's place on an emergency. Oh, it was not all beer and skittles! Harry was cast for the widow's part, while his better half took the title-role in the panto. proper. Then when the harlequinade came on these two were clown and columbine respectively. A jolly hard night's work, but you never heard

DEUTSCHE . . .

LITTERATURE.

ALLEN FREUNDEN einer guten Unterhaltungslecture beehren wir uns hiermit anzuzeigen, dass sie bei uns stets eine reichliche Auswahl der besten Nummern von

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these two complain. All through the Christmas time I'm speaking about now, though you had gone to the theatre every night, you would never have guessed but that those two people were the happiest and jolliest in the whole wide world. And so they were till the second week of the panto., and then came the first real trial in their married life. The baby boy who had come only a month or two before lay sick at home in their small but neatly furnished "digs." The poor wee mite got worse and the doctor shook his head sadly, but uttered no word of comfort. What hours those were to the father and mother when they had to leave baby in charge of the kindly old landlady, and keep their audience at the "Royal" laughing till well on to midnight every night. The mother's heart was torn with conflicting emotions as to her duty to her child—for after all actors and actresses are very human. But of what avail? She could not stay away from the theatre. Their lodgings, however, were not far off, and during that fearful week to these poor mummers, when Aladdin had a wait of ten minutes she wrapped herself up in a loose cloak and made a run for home just to see if her heart's idol was any better! A kiss and a hurry-scurry back to the theatre and Aladdin was himself again. And Widow Twankey, too, when not on made hurried dives out from behind the scenes with no more disguise than a shawl thrown over "his" head and performed a similar errand home twice nightly. Then the long, weary vigils by the side of the little one after the performance, for play-acting folk have soft, fond hearts, just like other people, aye, even like those who would not enter a theatre! This had gone on for nearly a week when the crisis came. That night, for the first time, close observers might have noted a nervousness about Aladdin, and an excitement foreign to Widow Twankey, but what had an audience, who had met to be amused and to be made laugh until its sides ached, with the hopes and fears, the griefs and pains associated with the domestic life of their favourite comedian and his equally popular wife? "That night," the doctor said, "would decide for ever whether their darling was to live or die." God, how the pantomime dragged to these sad hearts. Would it never end?

Harry Fiddes had returned to the side-wings after his second visit for the night, looking half-stunned, for he did not know how to break the news to his wife. At last they both stood beside each other on the stage, and Lottie was vainly trying to discover, without asking the momentous question, if the crisis at home had been reached.

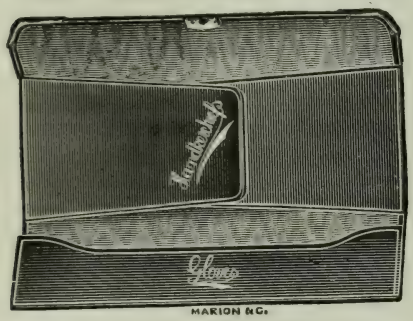
"Is he any better?" she whispered.

"Much better," came the answer, slowly, reluctantly, but encouragingly, she thought. And the pantomime dragged on. Then the hurry and bustle of the quick changes into clown and columbine's costumes; and with a "Houp la! Here we are again," the clown ran in front of the now fully developed transformation. Then scene after scene of the harlequinade, with the clown funnier than ever, the columbine more graceful. But what was that which caused the columbine to look more eagerly into the face of the clown? He was going through his part with a feverishness she had never noticed before. His eyes glistened with unshed tears, and he made bold attempts to prevent any one from noticing anything unusual. A great fear struck a chill in her heart, and she began to ask herself the meaning of his words —"Much better." "Ah, no, no, it could not be that the child was dead. God could never, never be so cruel." The minutes that followed till the curtain was rung down seemed like years, years of hopelessness and despair.

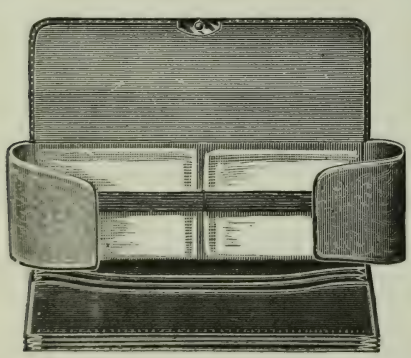
"Harry, Harry, what does it mean, tell me?" was her unrestrained cry, as they walked off to their dressing rooms. "You said he was 'much better,'" she continued, on the verge of hysterics. "He is *much* better," was the hoarse ejaculation, issued from Harry's lips, while his hand clasped that of his wife's. "He is dead," said the poor little woman. "I do not need you tell me now, Harry," she added in a hard, constrained voice. The iron-hard bitterness of a great sorrow was entering her soul and seering it very sorely. No other word was spoken till they knelt one on either side of the tiny cot wherein lay, like a waxen figure, all that their

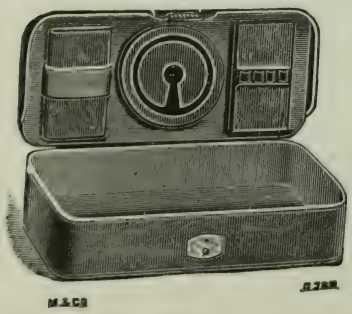
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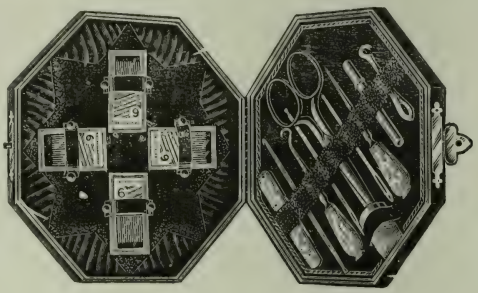
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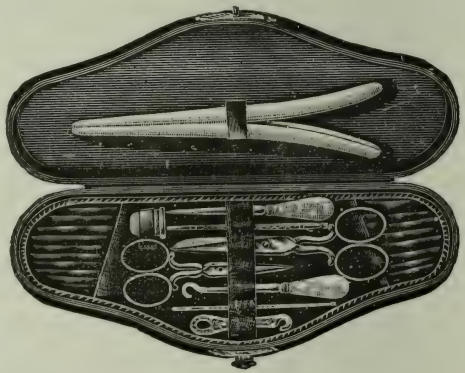


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hearts were bound up in. And these two prayed—aye, they were but play-actors, but their petition was none the less sincere because of it. Their cry, at first bitter and complaining, changed to a meek submission to that great Will that binds up and tenderly heals broken hearts.

Next day they committed the little atom, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," in one of our local cemeteries; and a little stone marks the spot where the "only son of Harry Fiddes and Lottie Vane" rests quietly under the friendly shade of a tree. That night "Aladdin" was played, again to a crowded audience, who laughed at the clown's antics, and admired the dapper boyish figure of Aladdin, as much as any audience before had done.

* * * * * *

My story may not be well told, but it is true, for I knew the "principals" well, although it was some time after till I gleaned all the details. "Aladdin" is indelibly fixed in my mind, and this incident in the lives of two people, although it happened many years ago, was the cause.

THE POEMS OF LEOPARDI.

Done into English verse by J. M. MORRISON, M.A.

(*Messrs. Gay & Bird, London—3/6 net.*)

THIS book has just been issued by the firm of Messrs. Gay & Bird, Bedford Street, Strand, London, so well known for their artistic productions, notably for the beautiful *Bibelot* series. It is the work of our townsman, Mr. J. M. Morrison, M.A., recently appointed Modern Language Master at the Grammar School. It is especially interesting as being the first literal poetical rendering in our language of the greatest Italian classic of the nineteenth century. The completion of such a task must have involved no ordinary labour and difficulty, considering the admitted intricacies of Leopardi's most classic style and language. Indeed, we are assured that one of our leading authorities on the Italian language admitted to Mr. Morrison that he had undertaken a task "*enormously difficult*," but had produced a version which was "*no unworthy representative of his great original.*" To still further substantiate the difficulty of such a work it may be pointed out that it is a good many years ago since Dr. Garnett, late Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, and editor of "*Literature of the World*," wrote in the article on Leopardi for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* that the task of translating Leopardi's Poems was one never likely to be adequately accomplished in English. But as this task had been carried out in other European languages, notably in the fine editions of Germany's great poet and novelist, Paul Heyse, and of Georg Brandes, it seemed to Mr. Morrison that the work should at least be attempted, if only to introduce to a wider public in this country than can read it in the original the beautiful, majestic verse of the great Italian poet. Mr. Morrison spent over four years on the continent acquiring the "three languages," and, therefore, by virtue of this special opportunity, came well equipped for his task.

The author of the Poems, Giacomo Leopardi, was born in Italy in 1798, and died there in the 39th year of his age. From his earliest years he suffered from weak health, and the course of study that his father, Count Leopardi, a narrow but erudite bigot who never understood his son, or appreciated his genius, allowed him to pursue, fatally undermined his constitution. The young Leopardi, through his unrestricted studies in his father's library, became a self-taught prodigy of learning, who at the age of sixteen had mastered the ancient classics and the modern European tongues as well. It cannot be doubted it was these fatally prolonged studies, sapping a constitution that would never have been robust, that laid the seeds of that gloomy outlook on human life and destiny associated with Leopardi's name and work, which we call *pes imism.* For, if Schopenhauer is the apostle and philosopher and analyst of pessimism, Leopardi is the exponent of its less anatomical, and the poet

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of its more imaginative side. Not that Leopardi does not hold a distinguished place as a thinker and philosopher, in his Poems as well, but more particularly in his well-known *Operette Morali*. The chief characteristics of this philosophy Mr Morrison has summed up in his Preface on the life and work of Leopardi. He says :—" These dialogues on philosophy are characterised throughout by the same pessimistic view of life and human destiny as runs through his *Canti* (Poems)—the conviction that all is vanity, that life is an empty thing and death desirable ; that man's best efforts are vain, and human nature as a whole addicted to and content with cringing and sloth and vileness. He is the only true man who has emancipated himself from the vulgar illusions of pleasures and the things of sense, and has lifted himself up to the calm, clear height where intellect reigns supreme and sole. But Leopardi's is never a whining, puling despair ; we are never offended by it ; we feel that his was a loveable nature, as indeed his best friends have told us. Whilst we pity his sad, unhappy fate, we feel sure that under happier auspices and with better health and more congenial environment, his genius would have postulated a saner and less one-sided view of life, and that though it could not have embraced a more perfect expression and classic form, it would have taken a more expansive range."

The chief characteristics of Leopardi's style are his classic elegance and dignity of diction, the magical music and easy vigour of his versification, and above all, perhaps, the stately majesty and solemnity of his matchless blank verse. Mr. Morrison has retained Leopardi's metres throughout.

Lest any one should think Leopardi's pessimism was a weak, invertebrate, puling, and an enervate plaint, it should be noted that his mind, aghast at the inefficacy of human effort and the inscrutable untowardness of Fate, was never overwhelmed by his deep-rooted persuasion of the utter vanity of all things, but rather was spurred to heroic endurance and unconquerable resistance in the teeth of all his bitterest disappointments and disillusionments.

The indomitable spirit and the dauntless energy of the man are abundantly shown in the noble patriotic odes with which he opened his poetic career, and which at once won him recognition amongst the greatest writers of Italy. When Napoleon was sweeping over Europe like a scourge, and humbling it to awe and terror in his meteoric flight, it was Leopardi alone who called down-trodden Italy to the remembrance of her heroic past, and stirred her dry bones to re-invigorated life. The effect of these odes flying like wild-fire through the land, and nerving each patriotic breast to rouse himself and shake off the foreign yoke, was profound and far-reaching.

In his first ode " *To Italy*," after contrasting his country's former glory with its present degradation, he breaks forth :—

Does no one fight for thee ? Bring arms !
A sword ! Alone I'll fight and die for thee !
Grant that my blood enflame,
O Heaven, Italian breasts to dare be free !
Where are thy sons ? I hear men's shouts, the clash
Of arms, the noise of wheels, the trumpet flare,
In foreign lands afar
Thy children battle wage.
Hark, Italy ! I see, methinks, the flash
Of swords, as through the mists the lightning glare,
And swaying horse and foot in throes of war,
And smoke and dust o'erhead.
Does't please thee not ? those trembling eyes of thine
Dar'st thou not to the doubtful issue bend ?
Why on those plains is shed
Young Italy's rich blood ? Ye powers divine !
For other lands Italians hurl their spear.
O hapless wight, who warring meets his end,
Not for his fatherland, and for his wife
Beloved and children dear,
But at the hands of foes
Of foreign states ; who, dying, cannot say,
" Sweet country mine, the life
Thou gav'st me, lo, to thee I now repay ! "

We have only dipped into Mr. Morrison's translations so far. We should like to go on with quotations exemplifying Leopardi's profundity of thought and felicity of expression in the midst of his gloomy outlook on life, but space fails us, and we can only refer our readers to Mr. Morrison's sympathetic rendering. We cannot promise them *popular* verse, but we guarantee them food for reflection on the sterner, deeper mysteries of life and death.



ABERDEEN HARBOUR.

A TRIO OF AMUSING BOOKS.

To come upon a book in this vale of tears which is witty and amusing, is like finding an oasis in the desert. You experience a feeling of rest, and you rise refreshed to continue your way, with a little less of the pessimistic *fin de siecle* mood weighing you down. We would advise you next time you have a fit of the blues to get *A Lunatic at Large.* It will do you more good than a bottle of What's-his-name's Elixir of Life, and only costs 4/6 net at Brown's Bookstall. The hero of the story is a gentleman who, on account of a temporary aberration of intellect, is confined in a lunatic asylum, and from which he escapes. At the time of his escape he is perhaps as sane as most of us, but as he has forgotten who he is, and still has what might be described as a screw loose, his adventures are of a most laughable kind. A good test of the quality of the book is that, although published about a year ago, it is still selling, and will probably keep on selling more and more, which is in marked contrast to some of the popular novels of the day, which rush for a few months and then fall as dead as a stone. *A Lunatic at Large* will have more staying power because the fun is genuine.

Another of the three oasis which we have come upon lately is *The Bath Comedy*, by Agnes and Egerton Castle. Scene, Bath ; Time, Middle of Last Century ; Characters, Might have stepped out of Congreve's dramas—the whole being permeated by an air of powder and patch, silk stockings and ruffles, swords and sedan chairs. The action never flags, the dialogue is brisk, the plot is sufficient to hold your attention without worrying your brain. So when you have the hump, get a copy of the book, get into your easiest chair before a cheery fire, and let the world go hang. You'll feel all the better for it next morning. Cash price 4/6, at the little bookshop you know.

The third of the series of *livres amusants* (see our French advertisement on page 46) can be taken in homœopathic doses. It is a sort of English Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences of Scottish Life The late Bishop Walsham How, being a man of humour, jotted down many amusing incidents which occurred to him during his long professional career. After his death these stories have been collected and published *pro bono publico* in a neat little volume, which may be had at the moderate price of 1/11 cash. You'll find a stock of them at Brown's Bookstall.

Our reading of late has been distinctly of a frivolous nature, more calculated to amuse, refresh, and cheer our exhausted spirits than to edify and instruct. In consequence of this tendency we looked out another book, which turned out to be very amusing. It is called "The Descent of the Duchess," is written by Morley Roberts—good man—and costs, if you come to the right shop, the moderate sum of one shilling and eleven pence.

As we go to press, we have received one of the last works which we are likely to see from the delightful pen of the late Robert Louis Stevenson. "In the South Seas," being an account of experiences and observations in the Marquesas, Paumotus, and Gilbert Islands in the course of two cruises on the yacht "Casco" (1888) and the schooner "Equator" (1889). We have not yet had time to read it, but dipping here and there between the leaves we have seen passages which lead us to anticipate a treat in store. Cash, 4/6.

HAVE YOU NOTICED

Our advertisements in the "furring" languages in this number of the "Bookstall?" Some of our friends have insulted us by asking who wrote them, as if the Editor could not write them himself! More than that, if you want anything, from an advertisement to a sermon, written in any of the European languages, we are ready to do it for you. And if you want to convert the heathen to your way of thinking, we might do a bit for you in Hindustani, or Somali, and a few of the other Pagan tongues. We don't do it for nothing, you know, but we do it very cheaply. You'll see the scale of charges on page 38.

Books for review should be addressed to The Editor of *Brown's Book-Stall*, 83 Union Street, Aberdeen.

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ON CENTENARIANS.

Some time ago an old man was entertained by his friends on the occasion of his hundredth birthday. One of the friends in the course of his remarks said to the centenarian—"Well, you've got through one century, but you haven't much chance of seeing the end of another." "I'm not so sure of that," replied the old man. "At any rate I'm beginning this century much stronger than I began the last."

In this respect he was like our esteemed contemporary *The Dundee Advertiser*, which begins its second century on 16th January, 1901, and begins it much stronger that it did the last. We hope its progress will be proportionately great during the 20th century. To celebrate its centenary it issued with its number for 4th December an illustrated supplement which is of much interest both to the antiquary and the general reader. Although the rise and progress of Dundee is described and very fully illustrated in a manner which does the publishers credit, the interest of the record is by no means confined to Dundee. The account given of the various literary men who have been more or less closely connected with the newspaper during its long life is of interest to all Scotsmen. One item of information which was new to the writer is of particular interest to "Brown's Bookstall." The first printer of *The Dundee Advertiser* was James Chalmers, printer, of Aberdeen, and father-in-law of Alexander Brown, the founder in 1785 of "Brown's Bookstall."

This interesting chapter of 19th century history would have had a better chance of being preserved if it had been issued in a smaller form. Its unhandy shape dooms it to a speedy dissolution, which is a pity, for local histories become more interesting as time goes on. At this season of good wishes, we say good luck to *The Dundee Advertiser*. Long may it flourish.

MELANYL

MARKING INK,

THE BEST

IN THE WORLD.

They Have Said! What Say They?

OR

Descriptions of Aberdeen and its Folk.

1295—1898.

XIX.

[Thomas Kirke, 1650-1706, was the son of Gilbert Kirke of Cookridge, near Leeds. In May, 1677, he started on a three months' tour in Scotland and kept a journal of his wanderings from which this description is taken. He published anonymously a coarse satire, entitled "A Modern Account of Scotland . . . Written from thence by an English Gentleman, 1679," but it is of no value, being splenic and unfair. The journal was printed as an appendix to "Letters addressed to R. Thoresby," the antiquarian and a distant relation.]

1677.

"On Tuesday 12th [June] we left Montrose and in our way we saw eight or ten men upon the waste with a piper with them, which proved to be a wedding. A little further we came by a poor cottage where lived a parson that preached for dry fish. We passed by Dunnoter Castle Stonehive, where we rested, and very fortunately met with one Sir James *Keith, who was very civil to us, and gave us instructions for our journey, and letters to several persons: he is something ancient, and has eat no flesh nor fish, nor drunk anything but water for many years. From thence to Aberdeen, but by the way we got soundly wet a mile before we came at the town: we crossed the river Dee over a bridge of seven arches.

Wednesday, 13th, we saw a mountebank on the stage near the Tolbooth, wherein are several Quakers, one whereof a week ago stripped himself naked and took dirt in his hands, and walked through the streets, saying that shortly all the actions of men should be like that dirt; and to cure his raving he was secured in prison; a young woman in the town being asked what she thought of this frolic replied that, if she had the same impulse that he had, she would willingly have walked naked along with him hand in hand. These Quakers never ceased preaching to people, and loudly reprehended the folly of the fool on the stage, whilst he made them a return with a whining and grinning face. We went to the New College, formerly called Greyfriars, and saw the library, consisting of a few books and two or three mean old mathematical instruments. This College is a small, poor place: in the chief place of the court is an inscription in old characters in form following—

They have said!
What say they? Let thame say.

They gave this account of it.—That after a gentleman had purchased the place, the people thought he had profaned it, and they talked to that purpose, but he valued it not, but says, let thame say. From thence we went to the church wherein are two distinct churches, both of them large and well seated, the best that I have yet seen in Scotland.

Thursday, 14th, we went to the old town, about a mile more north, on the river Don: here is the principal College, much exceeding the other: there is one piece of new building in it seven stories high, and four rooms and studies on a floor. We were treated by Mr. Middleton, the master of the College. We saw the Cathedral Church, not far from the College: it has been built in form of our churches, the steeple in the middle, and two small steeples on the west-end, but the choir is all pulled down to spoil the form of the cross from the church to the tavern. A scholar who was with us showed us a smooth black stone like a ring; it was two inches over, and as thick as one's little finger: he said it was found in a raven's nest, and if one take a raven's eggs and boil them and lay them in the nest again she will fetch such a stone as this to recover them again.

On Friday, 15th, we rested, only viewed the town a little; it is a pretty place and good entertainment; the wine is a mark a pint; it lies near the sea, but I think it is not very considerable for trading.

*Probably Sir James Keith of Benholm, son of the 5th Earl Marischal.

On Saturday, 16th, we left Aberdeen, and took a footman along with us as a guide through the north ; we had the company of one Mr Merris.

* * * * * *

Tuesday, 10th [July], we rode [from Keith] thirty miles over great mountains through great rain, and about eight o'clock we dried ourselves in Aberdeen. Here we took up our rest till Monday, the 23rd July. We had small diversions here : billiards and butts took up some part of our time, and two mountebanks that were there, employed some other part. We met with small civility from the town ; only the Sheriff, Mr. Forbes, was very civil to us : he is a person of great worth, esteemed the learnedest man in Scotland ; he was formerly a regent of the New College here, and was made a choice of to make a speech to the King, which he knew not of till past midnight, and the King came by five in the morning* ; yet he came off with so great applause that His Majesty promised he would prefer him ; he likewise entertained the King (as we were informed) with a kind of play, which he dictated to the actors extempore, a thing very wonderful. He has travelled most part of Europe, and has the languages, and is master of a profound memory. He has been Sheriff here above twelve years, and he will undertake to enumerate all the particular trials that have been before him orderly, and tell the chief points therein ; he will dictate to four penmen, and write a discourse himself all at the same time ; in short, he is a very worthy gentleman, and has been a very good fellow, but the gout does now make him cautious.

In this country are many hares, for the Sheriff told us that 2500 hare skins were entered in their custom book this last year. While we stayed here we had the fortune to see Meldrum, who was very merry with us.

Monday, 23rd July, we bid adieu to Aberdeen ; the Sheriff, Mr. Elphinston their collector, and one Mr. Seaton accompanying us, and gave us a treat at a little house on the South side the great bridge ; the Sheriff rode three or four miles with us and parted ; the other two went on further.

* Charles II. visited on 7 July, 1650, and 25 February, 1651.

XX.

[William Douglas, Advocate in Edinburgh, admitted 25th June, 1661. Little is known regarding him beyond that he married Rachel Clark, and died on 21st May, 1675. The verse here given was printed in Baillie Alexander Skene's "Memorialls for the Government of the Royall Burghs in Scotland," Aberdeen, 1685.]

1685.

Apelles *stareing long*, did look upon
The *Learning*, *Policy*, and *Generous Mind*,
Of that *brave* City, plac'd twixt Dee and Done;
But *how to Paint It*, He could never find :
For still He stood, in judging *which* of *Three*,
A Court, A Colledge, or a Burgh, It be.

XXI.

[Sir Robert Sibbald, 1641-1722, Physician and Antiquary, born in Edinburgh, and founder of the College of Physicians in that city. Author of many works, including a Natural History of Scotland. The description given below is taken from the letterpress written in Latin which accompanied Slezer's "Theatrum Scotiæ," published in 1693. A second edition was published in 1710 with an English translation of the descriptions, and that without the consent of Sibbald. The result was a quarrel between him and Slezer.]

1693.

NEW ABERDEEN.

Aberdeen is twofold, the New Town and the Old. They are distant the one from the other about a mile. *Abredonia* seems to be the same which Ptolomy calls the City *Devana*, placed in the province called Texale, upon the mouth of the river Dee ; for *Aber*, in the old British tongue, signifies or denotes the mouth of a river, and *Deva*, or *Dee*, is the name of the river upon whose mouth the city is situated. But New Aberdeen is the capital of the Sheriffdom of Aberdeen, and the seat of the Sheriff for trials of causes. It is placed at the eastern corner of the shire, where it is wash'd with the German Sea. This city very much exceeds the rest of the cities of the North of Scotland in bigness, greatness of traffick, and beauty ; it enjoys a wholesome air, and abounds with well-bred inhabitants, and has a large revenue from its salmon

fishing. The old city seems to have been placed upon a bank of the sea; because it is the common opinion that the Monastery of the Holy Trinity, which is thought to have been formerly the palace of King William, is situated on the very creek of that sea, and not far from it are the ruins of an old Prætorium. In tract of time the inhabitants seem to have filled several neighbouring little hills with houses, and now the city is chiefly built upon three of those hills, and the greatest part upon the highest. It hath an excess by an ascent every way. The exterior parts thereof are spread out upon the plain as suburbs in many places.

That there was a mint heretofore in the city; appears by silver coyns there stamped with this inscription—*Vrbs Aberdeæ**, which are yet preserved in the closets of the curious.

The streets are paved with flint, or a very hard stone resembling flint; the houses beautiful both within and without, are four stories high or more, and have for the most part gardens and orchards belonging to them, so that the whole city, to those that approach it, gives the resemblance of a wood.

At the west-end of the city a little round hill adjoining offers itself to sight, from the foot of which breaks forth a fountain of clear water, and in the middle of the same another spring, flowing down to the foot of the hill, bubbles out, and sends forth a stream as rapid as a torrent, but the spring itself is easily distinguish'd, both in colour and taste, from a torrent. It is called the Aberdonian Spaw, because both in taste and quality it comes very near to the Spaw water in the Bishoprick of Liege. This water is cold to the touch.

Doctor William Barclay, a Physician, has written a treatise concerning it.

In the High Street there is a church of the Franciscans worthy to be taken notice of, built of free-stone; a work begun by Doctor William Elphingston, then Bishop, and finished at the charge of Gavinus Dumbar, Bishop of Aberdeen, about the year of Christ 1500.

The said Bishop Gavinus Dumbar hath also got himself immortal honour by a famous bridge of seven arches laid over the river Dee, about a mile from the city, built very firm and durable of free-stone, which in more places than one by inscription testifies its author or builder.

But the great ornament of the city is its College, called the Mareshallian Academy, as founded by the Earl Marshal, George Keith, in the year 1593, which the city of Aberdeen hath very much adorned with several additional buildings. It has besides a Primary Professor, who is called Principal, four Professors of Philosophy, a Professor of Theology, and a Professor of Mathematicks. There is also a famous Library founded by the city of Aberdeen, supplied by the gifts of learned men, and furnished with divers Mathematical Instruments.

Add to these the school-house founded by Dr. Dune, which has one head master and three ushers under him. There is also a school for musick.

The Cathedral Church, nominated from St. Nicholas, its patron, is built of free stone and covered with lead, has a steeple resembling a pyramid, and covered likewise with sheets of lead to a considerable height. It was divided formerly into three churches, the bigest whereof was called the Old Church, the other the New Church, and the third the Arched, named the Arch of the Lady of Mercy. This Cathedral is propt with pillars of free-stone, and has three bells of a vast weight, which by their quick and continual sounds divide the half-hours. The body of this church is adorned with a tower and pinacled steeple. Here is kept the Court for the publick trials of the townsmen, and the County Courts, where is also a Prison and a Work-house. Besides these there is an Alms-house for the maintenance of the old people of Aberdeen that are come to decay, with three Hospitals founded by several persons. And adjoyning to the Custom-house lies the Port or Wharf.

OLD ABERDEEN.

Aberdeen the Old is situated a mile to the north of the New Town commonly called *Bon-accord*, it hath its name from its situation, being placed at the mouth of the Water of Don. The name of the river sufficiently

* This is a mistake. The inscriptions are Villa-Aberdon, Aberdene, Aberden, Abirden.

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shews that the Picts who inhabited this part of the country were of a Scythian descent, for the river, which by the Latins is called *Danubius*, by the Germans is called *Dundve*, by the Polonians *Dunaum*, by the Turks *Tuna*, being of the very same name with our Don.

The river is remarkable for the multitude of salmon and perches which are taken in it. About half-a-mile from Old Aberdeen it hath a bridge of one single arch, which is both large and stately, it is made up for the most part of square hewn stone, both the ends of it being fixed on rocks. By its crooked winding it breaks the force of the stream, so that nature itself seems to have made way for its situation. A little below it Don enters into the sea.

Above the bridge two miles is a heap of stone artificially cast in the mouth of the chanal for the easier catching of the salmon. It is the Bishop's seat, and hath a Cathedral Church commonly called St. Machars, of a large and stately structure, being built of hewen stone by the several Bishops of that See. It anciently consisted of two ranks of stone pillars, another cross church and three turrets, the greatest of which, was the steeple, which was set upon four pillars of vaulted works. In the church likewise was a library, but about the year 1560 it was almost wholly destroyed, so that the ruins do now only remain.

But the chief ornament of this town is the King's College, placed on the south side of the town, conspicious beyond the rest of the houses for the neatness and stateliness of its structure. 'Tis inferior to no college in Scotland. One side of it is covered with slate, the rest with lead: the church and turret or steeple are of hewen stone. The windows were of old remarkable for painted glass, and some reliques of their ancient splendor do yet remain. Here is a fine momument of Bishop Elphingston. The steeple besides others hath two bells of an extraordinary bigness. The top of it is vaulted with a double cross arch, above which is a king's crown, having eight corners upheld by as many pillars of stone, a round globe of stone with two gilded crosses closing the crown. In the year 1631 it was overturned by a storm, but shortly after was built in a more stately form. It was begun by Bishop Forbes, continued by William Gourdon, Dr. of Physick, and helped on by the largesses of several nobleman and gentlemen of that country. Close to the church there is a Library provided with many books, much enriched by those which Dr. Henry Scougal, Professor of Divinity there, and the Right Reverend Dr. Patr. Scougal, Bishop of Aberdeen, his father did lately bequeath to it.

This College was founded by Bishop Elphingston, Anno Dom., 1500, and the greatest part of the work was likewise built by him; but King James the IV. assumed the patronage of it to himself, whence it is called the King's College. In it there is a Primar or Principal, a Professor of Theology, a Professor of the Civil Law, a Professor of Physick, a Sub-Principal who is also a Professor of Philosophy, three other Philosophy Professors, and a Professor of the Languages. This College and that in the new town make up one University, called the University of King Charles.

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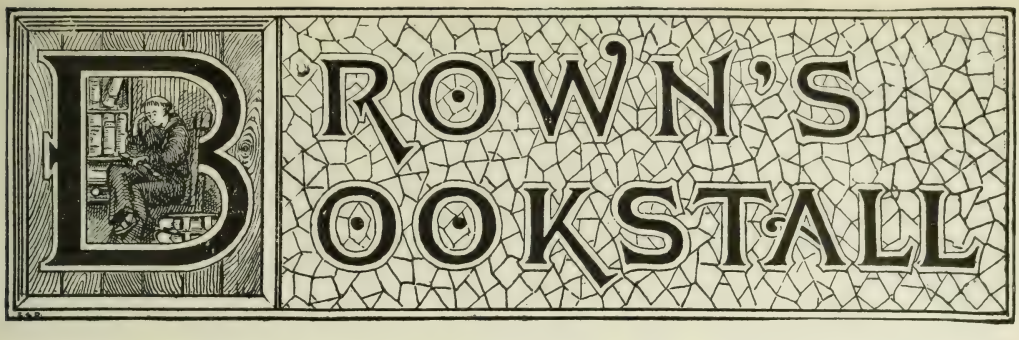
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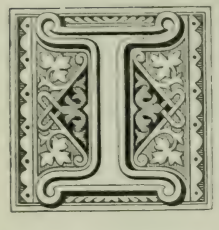
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JIM'S HOME-COMING.

By FRANK CLEMENTS.



DO not know anything more depressing, more wretched or dispiriting than waiting, on a cold, stormy, wintry night, at a small country station for an overdue train. The experience was once mine. It was at a station that stands solitary, with nothing but moorland all around it, in the northern Highlands of Scotland. Frequently trains are snowed up on this route, and in some instances the passengers have to remain on board for from anything from 12 to 24 hours ere they are rescued. The occasion I refer to was the first time I had been in the quarter, and in my ignorance, and without making special enquiry, I had very stupidly left the train I travelled by two stations in front of the one I wished to reach. On finding out my mistake, I eagerly enquired when the next train passed that would take me to my destination, and was told that in thirty-five minutes a train was due.

I impatiently traversed the interior of what by courtesy was named the waiting-room, for more than an hour, being evidently the only passenger likely to get on the missing train when it came. There was no fire in the room, and the only light was obtained from a wretched oil lamp, suspended from the roof. The whole interior aspect was dismal in the extreme. To add to my other discomforts, I had just finished smoking my last pipeful of tobacco, and was inwardly recommending the engine-driver of the late train for immediate promotion right off from the engine on to the platform when the distant sound of wheels on the snow-bound road, ghost-like, arrested my attention. The stillness of the clear frosty air, as the sounds became more audible and distinct, jarred somewhat sensitively upon my ear. Presently the tread, tread, crunch, crunch of a horse's feet, and the creak, creak of ungreased wheels, together with the rattle of chains, caught my ear. For want of anything better to do I listened for further sounds, and in a few seconds I heard a "Woa" from a human voice, and immediately thereafter the vehicle came to a stand-still. A listless curiosity drew me to the door of the waiting-room, where I was met by an elderly man, with a hungry, hunted-like, wistful look upon his face, who, staring at me not unkindly, asked in a quavering voice :—

"Is the train in yet?"

"Not yet, but I wish it were here now," was my rejoinder.

"I hope there's nae accident," was my companion's immediate exclamation, and as he spoke his features assumed a paler and more pitiful expression.

"Oh, I don't think so—possibly lost time on the journey, that's all, likely," I replied.

There was a pause, during which the old man stepped into the light of the waiting-room and began to pace nervously up and down the floor. I followed, and he reopened the conversation at the point, as it were, where it had been broken off.

"You'll be a stranger in these parts," he began, "an' ye winna ken our Jim. I've come to meet Jim, he was to be wi' this train."

"Oh, I see," I replied, for want of a better answer.

"Ay, ay, he's coming hame again, an' I'm richt gled. He was a fine laddie; some wilfu', maybe," and the ghost of a smile stirred his countenance at the recollection.

"Ye see, he was a' that we had, his mither an' me. An' I sometimes think I was gey hard on him when he was at hame, but there was three mouths to fill an' little to do't wi'. He had to work hard as well as me, an' he didna like it. He was aye plyterin' amang books an' readin' ilka spare meenit he had; an' the Lord only knows he hadna mony spare meenits mair than I've had mysel'."

"So," I said, "he got tired and ran away, I suppose."

"Na, that wisna it exactly. He forgot himsel' ae day an' said some nasty things to his mither an' me, an' I got in a rage an' ordered him oot o' the hoose, an' never to darken my door again. Ye see, he was

ambitious, an' didna care for farm life. He wintet to be at the college or some way away frae hame. That a' happened sax year syne, an' I've never seen him since. God knows," he added solemnly, "I didna' mean a' that I said that day, but I couldna' help it."

He looked at me enquiringly as if he expected I was to say he was to blame in the matter.

"I don't see that you could, although you were, perhaps, a little hasty with the headstrong lad," I remarked.

"I ken I was. I saw that the meenit Jim left, but the ill was dune." With a long-drawn sigh, he added, "His mither never got ower't, an' she dwined awa', an' in less than twa year after he gaed awa' I buried her i' the kirkyaird."

The recollection was too much for him. He hurriedly took out his coloured handkerchief and blew his nose, noisily, and as he replaced it in his pocket another of those sad smiles flitted over his face as he said :—"But he's comin' hame, an' we'll mak' it a' up again, An' I can hear him sayin' 'Father, say nae mair aboot it; it's a' bye, let's forget it.'" The poor, old-worn, fast dimming eyes filled and glistened with unshed tears, and the nether lip trembled convulsively.

"There was a letter cam' yesterday frae a doctor at the Infirmary to say that Jim had had a bit o' an' accident, but he wad be hame the nicht wi' this train. So I've brought the cairt filled wi' strae an' some blankets an' a coverin' an' the auld mare Jinse 'll traivel quaetly hame wi' him, an' I get him in owre his ain bed again. Sax lang, weary years sin' he sleepit there afore. Hech, howe! I wish the train wad come, tho'," he continued, showing more impatience than he had yet done.

"I thocht it was your word, Robbie," said the owner of a cheery face and round head surmounted by a railway official's cap, which at the moment was thrust in at the waiting-room door.

"Here's a telegraph ta' ye; the lassie got it afore she gaed till her tea, she said, but it's sic a bit awa' your plaicie, an' there was naebody gaun your way."

"Read it," was all the old man said as he passed the missive to me; "I canna see wantin' my glesses."

I tore open the envelope, unfolded the telegram, and with that sorrow-stricken face looking over my shoulder, I read :—

From Royal Infirmary,

To Robert Connor,
Shannoch.

James Connor died late last night. Body will be sent by 6·10 train to night. Letter follows.

Dr. Marshall.

I turned expecting to see the poor old soul faint and fall down. He reeled and staggered a little at first, like a drunken man, but he braced himself up with an effort as he put out his left hand to take back the form. With the other hand he took off his battered hat and raising his eyes reverently, said in an almost inaudible, broken whisper :—"God's will be done! But I did think I wad see my laddie alive again. Puir Jimmy!"

A shrill whistle outside made us turn and walk out on to the platform, where through the darkness we could see the head-light of the engine as the train rounded the curve at the distance signal. In a few seconds the brilliantly-lighted train came steaming up to the platform, the brakes were promptly applied, and the line of warm looking compartments, more comfortable-like than ever by contrast with the dreary surroundings, was brought to a standstill.

Hurriedly bidding the bowed old father wait at the front of the train, I made for the van, where, with the aid of the friendly porter and the station-master, I assisted in carrying poor Jim's body out and on to the crofter's cart.

I shall never forget the look the stricken man gave me, as with the now unrestrained tears streaming down his weather-beaten furrowed cheeks, he shook me by the hand, and endeavoured to utter the broken thanks that refused to come to his dry and parched lips.

As I got on board the train, I watched him slowly mount the cart, lift the reins off the

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mare's back and drive away. The next moment the guard's whistle sounded, his clear ringing voice, directed to the engine-driver, cried out "All right," and the train began to move.

I saw for an instant, as it were, between me and the faint sky-line, the slow moving cortege, with its sorrow-laden living and, let us hope, truly repentant dead till it disappeared from view in the sable darkness. Jim's home-coming was nearly over, and the old mare moved gently along with her motionless burden.



A USEFUL NOVELTY.

On looking over our stock of Diaries, when they came in this season, we found a stranger among them. This was the Scots Law Diary. It seemed a useful book, but, as we did not know about Scots Law, we took the opinion of counsel, and append his interlocutor.

The Scots Law Diary and Engagement Book for 1902, compiled and published by Messrs. George Waterston & Sons, Edinburgh, is undoubtedly one of the most complete and compact of this class of publication. It is a veritable "*multum in parvo.*" In addition to the usual diary, in which the days and dates are printed in fine bold type, there are handy spaces for addresses and memos always wanted by the business man, and particularly by the lawyer; while at the end there is a most useful "Cash Book," and a valuable abstract indispensable to the busy man. But it is in the department of legal and general information that this publication excels. The Lawyer will find concisely laid out before him in well arranged paragraphs under prominent headings quite a mass of information that a Lawyer always wants to know. The completeness with which this work has been compiled will be readily seen when it is mentioned that all requisite information is given about the Supreme and Inferior Courts, including Courts of Justiciary, Chancery, Sittings of same, Law Officers, King's Counsel, Time Limits, Appeals and Reclaiming Notes, Indices of the principal Acts of Parliament affecting Scotland, of Text Books of Scots Law alphabetically arranged, and a List of References to Cases decided under the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1897.

Then, in general information, Astronomers will find the Eclipses of Sun and Moon accurately noted. Those fortunates who have Bank of England Stock will get the exact dates when their dividends are payable; Public Holidays in all parts of the kingdom are conveniently noted; Information about the Universities, Postal and Inland Revenue Departments; all about the Royal Family; and last, but not least, a delightful Chinese Puzzle (with a key) of how to find the day of the week of any date for the next 110 years, which alone is worth the money. When, in addition to all these recommendations, is added that the price is only 2s. 6d., and that it can always be had from A. BROWN & Co., Market Arcade, or 471 Union Street, we are sure all will hasten to provide themselves with a copy of this really marvellous publication.

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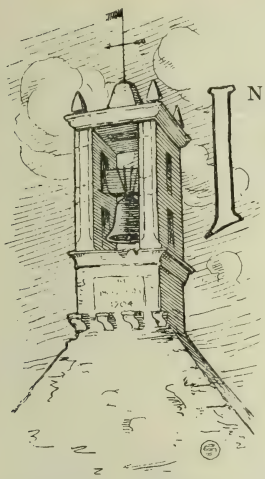
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To those, and there may be many, who ask, "But who is St. Fittick?" it may be necessary to explain that St. Fittick is the patron Saint of the Torry district. The keynote to the book is given in the opening sentence—

> "In a quiet hollow, brown and green and golden as the seasons of verdure pass, within reach of the sea foam, blown landwards when a south-easter fills the bay with crescents of surging white, stands the old Church of St. Fittick; roofless are the walls within which the voice of living man has long ceased to plead and to urge, but within and without are gathered the worshippers of old; the clamour of the bell, still musically sonorous from its quaint belfry, rouses them no longer, their last sin is committed, the final word of grace is spoken, and in silence they wait till the dawn of a last day breaks on yonder bay that frets and murmurs at the hollow's mouth, as it murmured in their ears in the quiet Sabbaths of yore, when their psalms mingled with the eternal chant of the sea—of that sea which is itself a graveyard to their people, for the lives of the dwellers by the shore, whose work is on the waters, are wrapped in an atmosphere of tragedy."

Round this old kirk the writer gathers the history, the traditions, and the folk lore of the district, grouped under such headings as "The Well," "Tullos Vale," while, as might be expected in an account of the inhabitants of a seaboard parish whose "traditions are of wrecks, and the events of whose lives are dated from disasters," "The Bay" and "The Wrecks" are not forgotten.

Added to the charm of the writer's style, and the poetic imagination which brings vividly before the mind's eye the scenes of long ago, the artist has been brought in to represent the scenes of to-day. There are over a score of pictures of places of interest, not to mention the head pieces, tail pieces, and initials, which have all been specially drawn for the book by some of our best local artists, while several old and rare engravings have been reproduced.

From the "Rhymes of St. Fittick," which are added to the volume, we take this poetical description of the kirkyard :

> "——the brave old belfry, faithful yet,
> Stands sentinel by these poor vestiges,
> And when the sun is high protects their place
> With kindly shadow; or throughout the night
> Takes from the busy wind a secret speech
> And, in each cranny, whispers of the hands
> That raised it long ago and cherished it;
> While from the rock the dirging sea
> Eternally condoles."

When we say that the book was produced at the Bon-Accord Press, it is supererogation to add that the get up of the book is in keeping with the contents. The paper and printing are worthy of the matter, and are suitably clothed in a tasteful cover. Altogether the book is one which every one interested in Aberdeen should possess.

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1295—1898.

XXII.

[William Smith. A regent in Marischal College from 1693, till deprived of his office in 1717. The laudation here given is taken from his "*Oratio in qua inclytæ Academiæ Marischallanæ Abredonensis nobilissimus parens et benefactores, &c., commentorantur,*" published at Aberdeen, 1701.]

1701.

"Aberdeen is a notable town; and, in writing of its praises, I would be engaged most pleasantly,—if ability or time were within my grasp. But when I would commit myself to the great multitude of its praises; whither may I turn my faltering steps, or at what point begin? or what form of language can I adopt? Aberdeen! a name worthy of the tragic pen of a Sophocles or the eloquence of a Tully.

For, if antiquity may give ornament to a town, Aberdeen has it, in which it may take precedence to all others, for Camden bears witness from the works of Ptolemy that the town called by Devana or Deuana was in existence more than 1600 years ago.

If we think upon the beauty of Aberdeen, it is boundless, and it dazzles the eye and imagination of all with its most pleasing picture. Unparalleled in the architecture and splendour of its public and private buildings.

The purity of its worship must be reverenced, and has stood alone, spurning from it idolatry and filthiness as well.

The great richness of the county and the very abundant supply of all things for food and raiment, that to speak of these things alone I could fill my speech. And turning from its most healthy constitution, ponder upon the most excellent management of the town, and it will easily snatch the prize from the grasp of all other cities of the realm. Yea, I may be bold to say that no city or state in the world is blessed with a more fair or perfect administration.

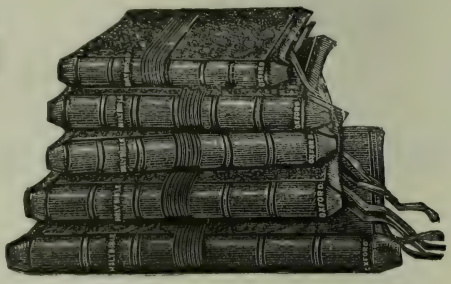
If we consider the large heartedness and justice of its Provosts, and the chaste body of the very sagacious Council, for many ages back, you will reckon them most honourable, to whom Rome her very self could have been entrusted for rule, and to whose reputation men would bow in reverence. If, finally, you would enquire about the bravery of Aberdonians and their warlike spirit, there are the battles of Inverurie, Harlaw, Pinkie, and many others in which they fought, the numerous sieges they have endured, the countless wounds they received, and the excellent deeds they performed on every battlefield of their fatherland. So think on them and ponder.

Nor did Aberdeen excel more in the din of battle than in the peaceful arts; it has always been most fruitful in the production of great intellect and illustrious skill of its inhabitants, and by the advancement of every instruction, even of religion: by the success of its great men, art and knowledge has been distributed over the world. Even ancient Athens does not hold itself as before it. How great is the number of the learned that lived there. How many most excellent Divines, Lawyers, Doctors, Philosophers, Mathematicians, Poets, and, finally, Men most skilled in all the Fine Arts and Languages could I present before you. Thus, to let me borrow the words that Cicero once said of Antioch, of Aberdeen—"May she be always in truth noble, famous, rich, and my greatest wish is that she may be endowed with men most cultured, and them endowed most abundantly with the liberal Arts."

XXIII.

[Colonel Alexander Forbes, 1715-1746, was the seventh son of Sir William Forbes of Craigievar by his wife, Margaret Rose. The extract here given is taken from an old poetical effusion, entitled, "Don: a Poem," which was republished, with additions by Colonel Forbes, in 1742.]

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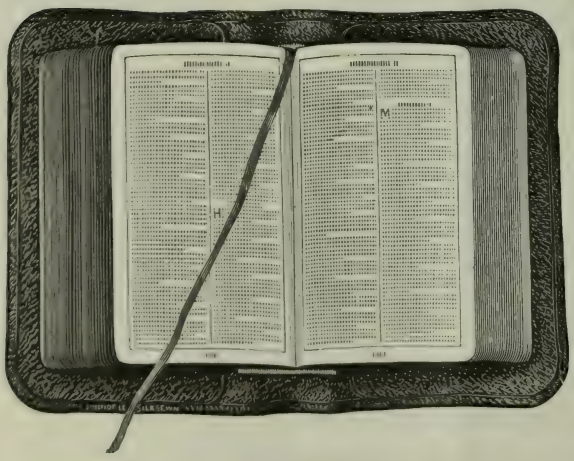
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1742.

Now through the city as you pass along,
Observe the thrifty nymphs, active and strong;
See with what art they work the finest lace,
And with what care they every figure trace.

.

Next view our churches, tho' of *Gothic* form
Where all their worship due to Heaven perform ;
Something that's great and noble in them shine,
Ent'ring their domes you're struck with awe divine.

.

Two royal colleges you here will find,
To form our youth and cultivate the mind ;
Few brighter geniuses our isle has known
Than some those Universities have shown.

.

Dear Hugh, the ancient city thus you see,
Most beautifully plac'd 'twixt Don and Dee ;
To raise their fame, and traffic to pursue,
The great King Gregory did them endow
With royal grants, as their old records shew,
By merit gain'd eight hundred years ago.
To grace the city, and their trade protect,
King William did a palace here erect ;
Here that great monarch often took delight,
Charm'd with the various objects in his sight,
Of trading vessels which the harbour fills,
Close by the point where ends the Grampian hills,
By Ptolemy Devona it was named.
For beauteous nympths and hardy sailors fam'd,
None in our isle more skill can justly boast,
Who better know to shun each dang'rous coast,
Where oft unskilful seamen have been lost."



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OR

Descriptions of Aberdeen and its Folk.

1295—1898.

XXIV.

[John Macky. This description of the city is taken from "A Journey through Scotland in Familiar Letters from a Gentleman here to his Friend Abroad." Printed for J. Pemberton, at the Buck and Sun, and J. Hooke, at the Flower-de-Luce, both against St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, 1729. The first edition was published in 1723, and the second in 1729. The greater part of the description is taken without alteration of any kind from Sir Robert Sibbald's description already given, and that portion is not repeated."]

1723.

From *Stonehive*, in eight miles of a very stony bad Road, I arriv'd at the fine city of *Aberdeen*. This city hath not only a great Air of Trade, but the people are very polite. The ladies are more conversable, dress better, and of easier access, than in most of the other towns: they have their Consorts of Musick, where Strangers are always well receiv'd. The Market-place here is much larger than at *Dundee*, and may be as large as that at *Nottingham* in *England*; but the streets are up hill and down, as at *Newcastle*.

This City gives Title of Earl to an ancient Branch of the Family of *Gordon*, who were old Barons of *Haddo*. This Earl's Grandfather was beheaded at *Edinburgh* in 1644, for holding out the Castle of *Haddo* for the King against the Parliament's Army; and his Father was created by King *Charles* the Second, Earl of *Aberdeen*, and constituted Lord-High-Chancellor of *Scotland*; and he himself is one of the sixteen Peers of the Parliament of *Great-Britain*.

* * * * * * *

In King's College there is a Primar or Principal, a Professor of Theology, three of the Laws, thirteen of Philosophy, an Organist, and five singing Boys, who were Students of Humanity. There are since added three more Professors of Philosophy, a Professor of the *Oriental* Tongues, and one for the Mathematicks. While Episcopacy lasted the Bishop of *Aberdeen* was always Chancellor, and had the Power of conferring Doctor of Divinity; the Official or Commissary was Vice-Chancellor, and they chose a Rector yearly, who, with four Assessors, was to enquire into Abuses, and make a Return of them to the Chancellor for a Reformation. King *James* the Sixth bestow'd upon this College the Rents of the *Carmelite* Friars of *Bamf*, and two Chaplinaries. King *Charles* the First gave it out of the vacant Revenues of the Bishoprick an Endowment for eight Bursars, from whence it is call'd the *Caroline* University: and King *Charles* the Second, by Advice in Parliament in 1672, gave the Benefices of vacant churches in several Dioceses for seven years. There are many other Benefactors, whom we have not Room to mention.

The Election of the Rector, Dean of Faculty, Professor of the *Oriental* Languages, Professors of Philosophy, Janitors, etc., is by the major part of the Masters; but the Principal, and the rest of the Prebendaries, are chosen not only by the major part, but also by four *Procuratores Nationum*; but the Principal in all elections has a sort of negative Voice. The Procuratores Nationum are four, and derive their Power of voting in Elections from the Scholars of the four Provinces, which are—1. *Provincia Aberdonensis*, containing the Shires of *Aberdeen* and *Bamf*; 2. *Provincia Moravinensis*, including all the counties to the North of *Spey*; 3. *Provincia Angusiensis*, containing *Angus* and *Merns*; and 4. *Provincia Louthian*, all the rest of Scotland. A Professor of the Civil Law, a Professor of Physick, a Sub-principal, who is also a Professor of Philosophy, three other Philosophy Professors, and a Professor of the Languages. This College, and that in the new Town, make up one University, call'd the University of King *Charles*.

In the Reign of King *Alexander* the Second, there was a *Studium Generale in Collegio Canonicorum* here, where there were Professors, and Doctors of Divinity and of the Canon and Civil Laws; so that many

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learned men were bred in this place, before it was an University, which was A. C. 1494, when King *James* the Fourth, and *William Elphingston* Bishop of *Aberdeen*, procur'd from Pope *Alexander* the Sixth a Bull for erecting an University in this Place, with as ample Privileges as any in *Christendom*, and particularly as those of *Paris* and *Bononia*. These Privileges were afterwards confirmed by succeeding Popes and Kings: And because King *James* the Fourth did assume the Patronage of it to himself and his Successors, it was call'd the King's College. He bestow'd upon it the Rents of the Hospital of *St. Germains* in *Louthian*. Bishop *Elphingston*, who built most of the Fabrick, furnish'd the Great Steeple with ten Bells, and gave many costly Ornaments, Hangings, Book, etc., to the College.

The first Endowments were for a Doctor of Divinity, who was Principal; a Doctor of the Canon Law, a Doctor of the Civil Law, and a Doctor of Physick. The other Endowments were for a Professor of Humanity, to teach *Latin* and *Greek*; a Sub-principal, to teach Philosophy; a Cantor, a Sacrist, six Students of Divinity.

* * * * * * *

The *Marshal* College here was originally a *Franciscan* Monastery, and when turn'd to a College had so small a Revenue that it must have sunk had it not been for the Liberality of the Benefactors. The first was the said Earl, who gave for maintenance of the Professors some Lands near *Aberdeen*, and at *Bervy* in the *Merns*. Most of the Edifice was built by the City. Sir *Alexander Irwin* of *Drum* gave 1000*l Sterling* toward the maintenance of poor Scholars; and in 1641 King *Charles* the First gave part of the Revenues of the vacant Bishoprick of *Aberdeen* to this College. A Professor of Physick is lately added to it.

XXV.

[Thomas Pennant, 1726-1798, traveller and naturalist, was born at Whitford, Flintshire. He matriculated at Queen's College, Oxford, in 1744. Pennant, in 1754, made a tour of Ireland, but kept only an imperfect journal for the reason as he states "that such was the conviviality of the country." In 1771 he published his "Tour in Scotland," describing the journey made in 1769. Starting from Chester he visited the Fern Islands, and had "the hardihood to venture on a journey to the remotest part of North Britain." A second tour was undertaken by him in 1772, on which occasion he had as companions the Rev. J. Lightfoot, the botanist, and Moses Griffith, the artist, whose drawings afterwards were reproduced in the "Tours." Dr. Johnson's opinion regarding the "Tour in Scotland" is contained in his reply to Bishop Percy—"He's a Whig, sir; a sad dog. But he's the best traveller I ever read; he observes more things than anyone else does."]

August 7th—9th, 1769.

"Lay at a mean house at Banchorie. The country, from Bollitir* [Ballater] to this place, dull, unless where varied with the windings of the river, or with the plantations. The nearer to Aberdeen, the lower the country grows, and the greater quantity of corn; in general, oats and barley; for there is very little wheat sown in these parts. Reach Aberdeen, a fine city, lying on a small bay formed by the Dee †, deep enough for ships of two hundred tons. The town is about two miles in circumference, and contains thirteen thousand souls, and about three thousand in the suburbs. It once enjoyed a good share of the tobacco trade, but was at length forced to resign it to Glasgow, which was so much more conveniently situated for it. At present, its imports are from the Baltic, and a few merchants trade to the West Indies and North America. Its exports are stockings, thread, salmon, and oatmeal; the first is a most important article, as appears by the following state of it. For this manufacture, 20,800 pounds worth of wool is annually imported, and 1600 pounds of oil. Of this wool is annually made 69,333 dozen pairs of stockings, worth, at an average, £1 10s. per dozen. These are made by the country people, in almost all parts of this great county, who get 4s. per dozen for spinning, and 14s. per dozen for knitting; so that there is annually paid them £62,329 14s. And besides, there is about £2000 value of

* Speaking of the hard features of the women of Braemar, Pennant says, "but the *ne plus ultra* of hard features is not found till you arrive among the fish-women of Aberdeen."

† The bridge lies about two miles south of the town, and consists of seven neat arches.

stockings manufactured from the wool of the country, which encourages the breed of sheep much; for even as high as Invercauld, the farmer sells his sheep at twelve shillings apiece, and keeps them till they are four or five years old for the sake of their wool. About 200 combers are also employed constantly. The thread manufacture is another considerable article, tho' trifling in comparison of the woollen.

The salmon fisheries on the Dee and the Don are a good branch of the trade: about 46 boats and 130 men are employed in the first; and in some years 167,000 lb. of fish have been sent pickled to London, and about 930 barrels of salted fish exported to France, Italy, etc. The fishery on the Don is far less considerable.

The town of Aberdeen is in general well built with granite from the neighbouring quarries. The best street, or rather place, is the Castle Street: in the middle is an octagon building, with neat bas relievos of the Kings of Scotland, from James I to James VII. The Town-house makes a good figure, and has a handsome spire in the centre.

The east and west churches are under the same roof; for the North Britons observe economy even in their religion: in one I observed a small ship hung up, a votive offering frequent enough in Popish churches, but appeared very unexpectedly here.

In the churchyard lies Andrew Cant, minister of Aberdeen, from whom the Spectator derives the word to cant; but, in all probability, Andrew canted no more than the rest of his brethren, for he lived in a whining age*; th eword, therefore, seems to be derived from canto, from their singing out their discourses.

In the same place are multitudes of long-winded epitaphs; but the following, though short, has a most elegant turn:

Si fides, si humanitas, multoque gratus lepore candor;
Si suorum amor, amicorum charitas: omniumque Benevolentia spiritum reducere possent,
Haud heic situs esset Johannes Burnet a Elrick, 1747.

* In Charles the First's time.

The college is a large old building, founded by George Earl of Marechal, 1593. On one side is this strange inscription, probably alluding to some scoffers at that time:

They have seid,
What say thay?
Let Yame say.

In the great room are several good pictures. A head of the Founder. The present Lord Marechal when young, and General Keith, his brother. Bishop Burnet in his robes, as Chancellor of the Garter. A head of Mary Stuart, in black, with a crown in one hand, a crucifix in the other. Arthur Jonston, a fine head, by Jameson. Andrew Cant, by the same. Gordon of Strahloch, publisher of the maps; and several others, by Jameson.

In the library is the alcoran on vellum, finely illuminated.

A Hebrew Bible, Manuscript, with Rabinical notes, on vellum.

Isidori excerpta ex libro; a great curiosity, being a complete natural history, with figures, richly illuminated on squares of plated gold, on vellum. A Paraphrase on the Revelation, by James VI., with notes, in the King's own hand.

A fine missal*

There are about a hundred and forty students belonging to this college.

The grammar school is a low, but neat building. Gordon's hospital is handsome; in front is a good statue of the founder; it maintains forty boys, children of the inhabitants of Aberdeen, who are apprenticed at proper ages.

The infirmary is a large plain building, and sends out between eight and nine hundred cured patients annually.

On the side of the great Bleachery, which is common to the toun, are the publick walks. Over a road, between the Castle street and the river, is a very handsome arch, which must attract the attention of the traveller [bridge over Virginia Street].

* There is also a very curious silver chain, six feet long, found in the ruins of the White Fryers; at one end is a round flat plate, in the other a spear-shaped appendage.

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A BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

NORFOLK PARSONS AND BISHOPS.—A stranger travelling in Norfolk asked a countryman the way to a particular place, and was directed to go along a road till he came to a "parson," and then turn to the right, going on till he reached a "bishop," when he would be close to his distination. "But I may walk a long way," said the traveller, "without meeting either a parson or a bishop." The native replied—"I see you don't belong to these parts. Here we call a sign post a 'parson,' because he points the way to others but does not go himself, and a broken down post a 'bishop,' because he neither points the way nor goes himself."

ARITHMETICAL MISUNDERSTANDING. — At an examination in mental arithmetic, an Inspector of Schools said to a little chap—"If I had three glasses of beer on this table and your father came in and drank one, how many would be left?" "None, sir," at once replied the youthful Babbage. "But you don't understand my question," retorted the Inspector, who proceeded to repeat it. This he did several times, always receiving the same unwavering answer. At last he said—"Ah, my boy, it is clear you don't understand mental arithmetic." "But I know my father," answered the boy.

ABERDEEN LINGO. — The following question, relative to three clerks in H.M. Register House is said to have been put by the late Dr. John Stuart to his brother official (Sir) William Fraser—"Fat's the name o' the *chappie* that sits opposite the *chiellie* beside the *carlie?*"

PASSING THE SALT.—In an English restaurant one gentleman asked another to pass the salt, when the latter indignantly inquired—"Do you take me for a waiter?" "No, sir," replied the other, "I took you for a *gentleman.*"—From *Seton's Budget of Anecdotes*, 5/- net. at BROWN'S BOOKSTALL.

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On the east of the town is a work begun by Cromwell, from whence is a fine view of the sea; beneath is a small patch of ground, noted for producing very early barley, which was then reaping.

Prices of provisions in this town were these :—Beef (16 ounces to the pound), 2½d. to 5d.; mutton the same; butter (28 ounces to the pound), 6d. to 8d.; cheese (ditto), 4d. to 4½d; a large pullet, 6d. or 10d.; duck, the same; goose, 2s. 3d.

Cross the harbour to the granite quarries that contribute to supply London with paving-stones; the stone lies either in large nodules or in shattery beds, are cut into shape; and the small pieces for the middle of the streets are put on board for seven shillings per ton, the long stones at 10d. per foot.

Visited Old Aberdeen, about a mile north of the new, a poor town, seated not far from the Don. The college is built round a square with cloisters. The chapel is very ruinous within, but there still remains some woodwork of exquisite workmanship. This was preserved by the spirit of the Provost, at the time of the Reformation, who armed his people and checked the blind zeal of the populace. The library is large. The most remarkable things are, John Trevisas' translation of Higden's Polychronicon, in 1387; the manuscript excellently wrote, and the language very good for the time. A very neat Dutch missal, with elegant paintings on the margin. Another, of the angels appearing to the shepherds, with one of the men playing on the bagpipes. A manuscript catalogue of the old treasury of the college.

Hector Boethius was the first principal of the college, and sent for from Paris for that purpose, on an annual salary of forty marks, Scots, at thirteenpence each. The square tower on the side of the college was built by Cromwell, for the reception of students; of which there are about a hundred belonging to the college, who lie in it.

In Bishop Elphinston's hall, who was the founder, is a picture of Bishop Dunbar, who finished what the other left incomplete. Forbes, Bishop of Aberdeen, and Professors Sandiland and Gordon, by Jameson. The Sybils, said to be done by the same hand, but seemed to me to be done in too different a style to be his; but the Sybilla Ægyptiaca and Erythræa are in good attitudes.

The cathedral is very antient; no more than the two very antique spires and one isle, which is used as a church, are now remaining.

From a tumulus, called Tillie Dron, now covered with trees, is a fine view of an extensive and rich corn country; once a most barren spot, but by the industry of the inhabitants, brought to its present state. A pretty vale bordered with wood, the cathedral soaring above the trees, and the river Don, form altogether a most agreeable prospect.

Beneath are some cruives, or wears, to take salmon in. The owners are obliged by law to make the rails of the cruives* of a certain width, to permit fish of a certain size to pass up the river; but as that is neglected, they pay an annual sum to the owners of the fisheries which lie above, to compensate the loss.

In the Regiam Majestatem are preserved several antient laws relating to the salmon fisheries couched in terms expressive of the simplicity of the times.

From Saturday night till Monday morning they were obliged to leave a free passage for the fish which is styled the Saterdaye's sloppe†

Alexander I. enacted "that the streame of the water sal be in all parts sua frie, that ane swine of the age of three zeares, well feed, may turne himself within the streame round about, swa that his snowt nor taill sall not touch the bank of the water."

"Slayers of reide fishe or smoltes of salmond, the thirde time are punished with death. And sic like he quha commands the samine to be done." Jac. iv., parl. 6, stat. Robert III.

Continue my journey: pass over the bridge of Don; a fine Gothic arch flung over that fine river from one rock to the other; ride for some miles on the sea sands; pass through Newburgh, a small village, and at low water ford the Ythen."

* Cruives, etc., shall have their hecke two inches wide, that the fry may pass. Rob. I.

† Alex. I.

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A NOVELTY.

Amongst these diaries which may be of interest to our legal friends is the Accountants' and Solicitors' Diary. It is done either with two or with three days days on a page, and seems to us to be so well arranged that no lawyer using it can miss an appointment, nor his client escape the fee. It is a combination of day book and diary that ought to be seen by those interested, as well as the Scots Law Diary, which appeared last year for the first time. Call early to see the variety, because owing to the demand some patterns run out of print early in the season. BROWN'S BOOKSTALL, The Market Arcade, 99½ Union Street, Aberdeen.

A HARDY ANNUAL.

Little did we think when about twenty years ago we read "Bootle's Baby" with delight, and hailed the advent of a new popular writer, that in the following century we should read the 18th Annual from the pen of this most prolific author. We count seventy-seven works by John Strange Winter advertised in this Annual, and yet this seventy-and-seventh is a very readable story with which to while away an hour or two by the fire these dark nights. It is entitled "Connie the Actress," and is well worth the nimble ninepence which it costs at BROWN'S BOOKSTALL.

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Can any of our readers explain how the Granite City came to be called Aberdeen 'Awa? One of our friends suggests that is it a corruption of *Aberdeenois*, as the inhabitants would probably have been called by their friends the French.

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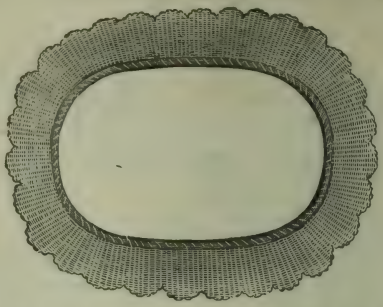
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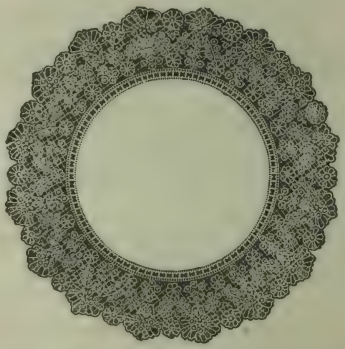
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MORE LOCAL REMINISCENCES.

REV. DAVID MILNE AND GILCOMSTON CHURCH.

I DO not think that in any former paper I referred to the fact that I was born a good few years ago. That my birthplace was situated in the Mutton Brae—now, alas! a memory of the past—and that I was baptised by the minister of Gilcomston Church. Gilcomston Parish Church, or, as it was wont to be familiarly called, the "Chapel o' Ease," is, as everyone knows, situated and was built on a feu on the lands of Gilcomston. Ere it was endowed it was simply Gilcomston Chapel, and its first minister was an Irishman—the renowned, celebrated, and ever-to-be-remembered Dr. Kidd. The church, which faces Summer Street at the lower end, was, when built (in 1771), a very plain-looking edifice. Gilcomston at the time was really a suburb of the new town of Aberdeen, and at some little distance from what was then the centre of the town. Dr. Stark, in his life of Dr. Kidd, describes the edifice, not too accurately, as follows:—"A large, square-built, plain building, with galleries on both sides of the pulpit at one end, and a gallery at the other, with a 'cock loft' above it to accommodate the increasing congregation attracted by Dr. Kidd's powerful preaching." But there was really another gallery that ran from side to side of the church directly behind the pulpit. This was known as the little gallery, having two rows of seats, and was reached by means of a sort of spiral staircase. Many of the better class members of the congregation in later years occupied pews in this gallery. If you add to this more or less uncomfortable pews covering the whole floor space of the church, two "boxes" on either side of the pulpit—one of which was used as the "christenin'" seat, while the other did duty for the minister of the church when he had a "strange" minister preaching—an elder's "roon'," i.e., a seat where the elders sat along with the collection bag, and an oblong pew for the choir, you will have a notion of the appearance of the sitting space of Gilcomston when I first made my *debut* there nearly 50 years ago.

I am tempted to go somewhat into detail, because the congregation of to-day, with the exception of the older fogies, might care to know something about their church as it was, and try to draw a comparison. I think it might also be well to say that the walls were bare of all ornamentation, save what a coat or two of yellow ochre, distempered, if I recollect aright; and that the pews mostly had doors affixed to them, painted in a choice, not to say sensitive, yellow. The windows had lozenge-shaped panes of glass, and the heating apparatus consisted of a big fire, or furnace, situated at the back of the church in the south-west corner immediately

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behind a big iron screen. On Sundays, when the fire did not happen to burn brightly or when the vent was requiring to be cleaned out—which was not infrequently—it was somewhat difficult to decipher faces from the other side of the church for the smoke which permeated and wreathed its artistic curls all round their heads.

So much, then, for the building. When I was introduced to the pastor, I am told I was somewhat diffident and had actually to be carried to him. I, however, received my name with characteristic grace and modesty, calling forth high praise from the gentleman who poured "little drops of water" on my noble forehead. That gentleman was the Rev. David Milne. Mr. Milne, in 1845, succeeded the Rev. George Jamieson (Dr. before his death, which occurred recently), and came from Cluny to Aberdeen. It is perhaps characteristic of the traditions of Gilcomston that the church has always been fortunate in having good ministers. I say good in the sense that they have all been popular and have all done noble work, each in his time. Mr. (lovingly and endearingly called "Davie") Milne was a short, thick-set man, had clean shaven face, with the exception of a fringe of whisker running round from ear to ear, and, if I mistake not, was the last of the old school of preachers who never entered the pulpit without wearing black silk gloves on his hands. His sermons, or discourses, were short, pointed, and invariably contained many quotations from the Sacred Word. He never preached more than 20 minutes—sometimes little, if any, over fifteen minutes. He was hurried in his utterances, somewhat abrupt, one would say, but he drove his truths home with a directness born of consideration of men and their failings and foibles. In reading the lesson for the day he would almost at every clause of the verse stop and put its meaning in clearer language more suitable to the intelligence of the majority of his audience. I remember one Sunday he had considerable difficulty evidently in getting his hearers to grasp the meaning of "trust in God." He tried the word "faith," and that not altogether satisfying him as being entirely applicable, he burst out in his earnestness, "Brethren, you all know what it means to 'lippen' to any one! Well, then, you just 'lippen' to God and he will never leave you, never forsake you." I have seldom heard a more expressive word spoken from any pulpit. Have you, my reader?

I could not have been more than 10 years of age when I for the first time in my life acted as best man at a marriage. The officiating clergyman was Mr. Milne, and decorated with a huge white rosette pinned on to the right side of the breast of my jacket, and affecting a delicately bright blue tie, I jumped into a cab and was driven to his residence in Carden Place, at the corner of Albert Street. My excitement was keen, and alighting at his house, I opened one half of the iron gate and literally ran all the way up the footpath and rang the bell for all I was worth in the matter of strength. The door opened quickly, and I shall never forget the look of astonishment depicted on the good minister's face as he asked me my business with him. "I've come for you to the marriage." "Eh! what's that? Are ye the best man?" "Ay," was my laconic response. "All right; run away down and I'll follow ye." He came after me with his peculiar short, shuffling footsteps, and we both entered the cab. About halfway back to the "bride's house," Mr. Milne somewhat startled me by saying: "Stop the cab: I've forgotten something." This I did, and the next injunction was even more startling. "Tell him to drive me home." I gave the instruction, and sat down to await further developments. When we reached the door once more he said: "Just you wait till I come out again." I had not long to wait, for in a twinkling back he came carrying in one hand his snuff-box and in the other a turkey red pocket handkerchief. In his astonishment at the youthful appearance of the "best man," he told me he had come away and forgotten these indispensables. That these articles were necessary may be gathered from the fact that in later years it was no uncommon thing for him to enter the pulpit, give out the first psalm, and while it was being sung quietly return to the vestry for the "hankie" or snuff-box, or both, and re-enter in time to say the first prayer.

Mr. Milne was an extempore preacher—he denounced "paper folk," as he called them. After giving out the text, which he generally did from memory, he would open the big Bible at the middle, where he kept a double-sized sheet of oil-proof paper for the purpose of catching the "snuffy draps." At the conclusion of the oration the sheet was carefully wiped with the hankie afore-mentioned, and the Book reverently closed. Mr Milne was strong in formula, and had Rev. Jacob Primmer lived in those days it is possible he might have had something to say as to Mr. Milne's set forms. For instance, he had one form, and one only, for the marriage service; one, with occasional modifications, for funerals, and two for baptisms. With reference to the latter there hangs a tale. A young couple were present to have their first olive branch named in view of the congregation, and there were so many that day that the christening seat was filled to overflowing by the time the ceremony was timed to take place. The father was a very modest young fellow, and in place of sitting on what might be termed the stool of repentance to be gazed at during the whole service, he took his seat in the "forebriest." Ere he could get downstairs to take up his position in the pillory, the Rev. David was heard to ask in an aubible whisper, "Where is the father of this child?" That was enough in itself to make the poor young fellow look foolish; the clergyman's next sentence almost made him take leave of his senses. "As to my certain knowledge, sir, this is not the first time that you've been here before, I need not detain the congregation or you with a lengthened dissertation as to the duties involving upon you as a parent —" He got no further, for the trembling father had the courage to blurt out this was the first time he had "been there before." "Why didn't you tell me, then?" was the query put to him. "You can sit down till I am through with the others. Are there any more that have not had any children baptised?" The state of mind of the congregation can be better imagined than described, but "all's well that ends well," and the case just instanced proved no exception to the rule.

Mr. Milne was dearly beloved by his people, notwithstanding his unruly and at times bad temper. He, however, was a generous foe and quick to forget any of these outbursts. True, he occasionally preached some scathing outbursts upon unwitting members who had incurred his displeasure, but, take him all in all, his disposition was frank and kindly, though veiled by a brusqueness that, to those who did not know him, appeared rude. That he loved his flock was testified to by the fact that he left the greater portion of his estate to the poor connected with Gilcomston parish. The interest on the sum thus left amounts, roughly speaking, to between £400 and £500, and so long as the "Milne Fund," which is, of course, managed by trustees, exists the name of David Milne will not be forgotten among the poor. Sums of not less than £1 are distributed annually to each needy applicant every Christmas Day, the only stipulation being that none of the beneficiaries shall be in receipt of parochial relief. Mr. Milne married late in life, had never any family, and was predeceased by his wife. He died in August, 1879.

If this is not what one might call a Christmas story, it has at least a Christmas application.

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I said in my haste, "All men are lawyers." And, from the number of solicitors, advocates, and notaries-public now to be found in practice, the saying is not perhaps so hasty after all. For this small but necessary colony Waterston specially provides, and A. Brown & Co. do their level best to sell the Scots Law Diary, and the Accountant and Solicitors' Diary. Some have two days to a page, and in other cases three days go to the page. Arrangements are in course of completion for regulating the traffic, and the first-aid of the police will not in any way interfere with the crowds of buyers. Come early. Come often. Buy every time, and, for purposes of reference paste the address inside your hat:—BROWN'S BOOK-STALL, the Market Arcade, 99½ Union Street, Aberdeen.

WHAT HO!

SOME time ago a picture appeared in PUNCH showing two Cockneys inspecting a picture in a foreign gallery. One of them exclaims in the choice English of to-day, "What ho! What price that?"

The exclamation being overheard by the polite attendant with an imperfect knowledge of English, he informed 'Arry that the picture "is not by Watteau and it is not for sale."

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Apropos of pictures, THE ART ANNUAL for this season, which is just out, is a remarkably good number. It deals with the works of John Macwhirter, R.A. There are several coloured illustrations and a great many reproductions in Black and White of the principal works of this favourite artist. Price 2/6.

Our juvenile friends have their wants well attended to and their tastes consulted this season. Our old friend Nister is again to the front with his Annual, a rare combination of story and picture, And for 2/8 there is not better value going. Another Annual which only requires to be seen to be appreciated is Grant Richards', and parents who wish to buy 3/9 worth of pleasure for their offspring will make a point of seeing this volume.

Amongst the many new book of stories and pictures for the rising generation we might call special attention to the following—"Dickydidos" illustrated by Will. Kidd, price 2/8. "Tim and the Dusty Man," by Mrs. Ernest Adams, the author of several popular children's books. The present volume is quite up to the usual standard (2/8 net). "How they went to school," by Rosamond Praeger, gives a pictorial history of the adventures of two children in the course of a morning. It will appeal to children of all ages (price 2/- net).

An edition de luxe has now appeared of what has now become a nursery classic, viz., "The Story of Little Black Sambo." It is needless to describe the matter, because not to know "Little Black Sambo" is to argue yourself unknown But we may say that the volume is very well got up, with enlarged illustrations and gilt edges, and makes a nice gift book (2/8). The smaller edition may still be had at 1/3.

A BOOK TO READ.

To those who have read "John Splendid" and "Doom Castle," it is unnecessary to say read Neil Munro's latest book, "The Children of Tempest," because they will know quite well that there is another treat in store for them. To those who have not yet read any of these books we can only say, "Lose no time, but read them all." THE ACADEMY, speaking of the "Children of Tempest," says it is "a book which no true lover of modern literature can afford to leave unread." Call early at BROWN'S BOOK-STALL and secure a copy—cash price, 4/6.

A QUESTION:
ORGANIC OR INORGANIC?

SOMEWHERE about the year 1860 the Session and Managers of St. Nicholas Lane Secession Church got from Mr. Paterson, of the Cape of Good Hope, some of whose relations were members of this church, the offer of an Organ to be used in their worship. His residence abroad had obliterated his provincial ideas and made him cosmopolitan. But although this congregation were Burgher Seceders—that is, those who accepted the Burgher Oath, in contradistinction to the Anti-Burghers, who, for conscience sake, declined to swear that they would uphold and maintain the religion as presently professed in this Kingdom, viz.,the Church of Scotland; yet there were not a few amongst them who, consistently as it would seem, objected to any kind of innovation either in doctrine or practice; holding that their worship, according to their old standards—the Confession of Faith, and the Shorter Catechism (Question No. 50, which requires "the receiving, observing, and keeping *pure and entire* all such religious worship and ordinances as God hath appointed in his Word")—and these were in no jot or tittle to be altered from what was ordained by the Westminster Assembly, 1643, which fixed the canon of faith and practice for all time coming and binds all future generations!

So the voices of the objecting old and venerable members were heard, and for the sake of peace were respected, and the offer of the organ declined with thanks. The following effusion, circulated at the time in manuscript—for I have never seen it in print—seems worthy of preservation. It may be mentioned, in order to explain some of the allusions, that their second minister, Henry Angus, ordained in 1816, was Moderator of the United Presbyterian Synod, 1851, and died in 1860; while his assistant and successor, J. M. McKerrow was ordained, 19th October, 1839, and left for Birmingham in 1867.

EPPIE RONALD'S LAMENT.

Ye staunch Auld Seceders,
Wha cow'd the invaders
O' the faith, were your labours in vain?
What would be their reflections
To see the deflections
O your sons in St Nicholas Lane?

Things are come to a pass
Here since Angus and Glass
And Dick shone as living epistles,
Whaun there's need to eke
The dull forms o' the week
The aid o' a kistfu o' whistles!

Doxologies chantin'
An' Litanies rantin',
O, waes me! it's come to a pass
Whaun honest U.P.'s
Maun fa' doon on their knees
To hark to an ill mum'led Mass.

That ance fruitfu' field—
What noo can it yield,
But dockens and sourocks and thistles?
Whaun the spring win' that blows
Its buds to unclose,
Is the blast frae a kistfu' o' whistles.

'Tw'd hae stirred Maggie Watt
To cry "What's this you're at?
That's the en' o' you're braw paraphrases!
Wi' yer hymns and new tunes,
An' yer bellows blaiwin' loons,
An syne say 'that's singin' His praises!'"

O' whaur's Eppie Ronald?
Far's gweed Lizzie Donald?
Margaret Smith wud hae set up her bristles
Had she been to the fore
She'd banged out at the door—
"Gae wa' wi' yer kistfu' o' whistles!"

True and stern Betty Brake,
Wad hae gien you a quake,
Shu'd she'd hae seen sic innovations;
An' afore she'd rung in
To your kist whistle din,
She'd hae heedet anither Secession.

Noo, good Robert Stevens,
Help awa' wi' this grievance,
Or you'll blaw the kirk up in a bleeze;
An' hae sair to regret
Whan the folks tak' the gait
An' set aff to the Mod'rats and Frees.

An' I'll tell ye beware o'
This Jamie McKerrow—
He'll lead you in strife and disorder,
An then aff he'll pack
Wi' his kist on his back
Playin' "Jamie's awa' ower the Border."

The author of this *jeu d'esprit* was George Davidson, bookseller, a clever rhymster, author of "St. Swithin" and

several ballads. His information regarding the recalcitrant members was derived through Mrs. Davidson's intimate acquaintance with several members of St. Nicholas Lane Congregation.

An answer to this by the late Mr. John Forbes Robertson, the art critic, who was connected with the congregation, appeared in print soon after, and is here given.

AN ANSWER TO "THE ORGAN BLAST OF AN AULD SECEDER."

The Sons of Zion will gather and guard
Against those who abase or upbraid her,
But Heaven preserves frae *sic friens* as wad sing
The sour song o' "An Auld Seceder"!

And what would he think wham ye lately bore
Throu' the streets of your sorrowing city?
He'd only have smiled his beautiful smile
Of unspeakable Christ-like pity!

For his soul throughout all its earthly years
But sighed and shrunk at your tuneless groaning.
Oh! it would have lep't with a nobler life
At a nobler music's intoning.

And full well knew he that the organ's roll,
Of all means which the God-lit mind has given,
Was the noblest sound on which we could waft
The voice of praise to the gates of heaven.

It swells on the soul like the last grand trump
Through the world's far arches loud and ringing;
It sings like the silver souch of his wings
When an angel is mercy bringing.

Then how could you sing such a sorry sang,
Or your brain for such rhymings belabour,
When brawly ye ken how the Bible speaks
Of psaltery, sackbut, and tabor?

And why lightly cite the familiar dead—
The lonely widow, the matchless maiden?
Oh! that is indeed an unhallowed sang
That wi' naething but sneers so laden.

Awa' wi' your sneers, awa' wi' your sang,
An' awa' wi' your whining palaver;
It is nae "a kistfu' o' whistles" ye sing,
But a kistfu' o' clishmaclaver.

Yet *Secession* was ance an undaunted cheil,
Ye wouldna mint at wi' scaith or scorning;
He lichted us through a gruesome nicht,
But noo it is glorious morning.

And *united* we march, a valiant host,
Each band with its chosen chief before it;
May the light of love beam on ilka path,
And the joy of music roll o'er it.

And ye who rank under the hope-blest flag
Of that gentle chief, Greatheart McKerrow,
Be loyal and a' the wiles o' the South
Will ne'er pu' him o'er the Yarrow.

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SIR THOMAS URQUHART OF CROMARTY, KNIGHT.—1653.

THE gentle reader of *Brown's Bookstall* will, I fear, think I am greatly daring in writing under such a familiar, though vague, heading, in the columns of the publication where originally appeared the series of papers that ultimately, with many additions, formed that unique book "Aberdeen Awa'"—a book that has been read and admired and laughed and wept over wherever Aberdonians congregate—and that's just everywhere—at home and abroad. In another place, under a different title, the writer has published several random papers, and he was much encouraged and helped to persevere by the author of "Aberdeen Awa'," and so when the "Chief" of the *Bookstall*—he is a combination of Editor and everything else to his contributors—ordered me to take up my pen and write, I could not choose but to obey, and just hope that, peradventure, a shadow of George Walker's literary mantle, now hung on a peg, may fall upon me.

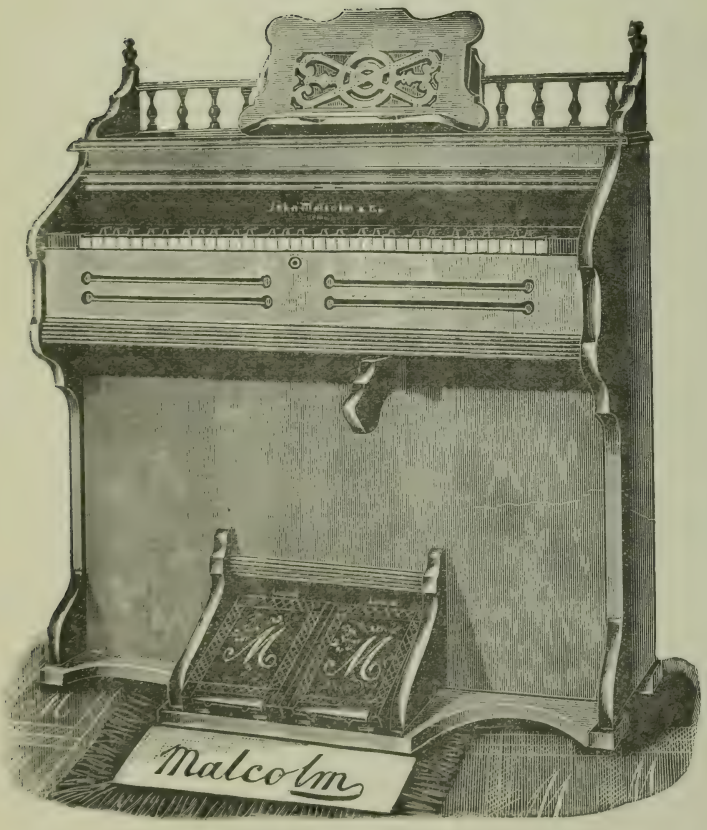
In the contemplated "round about papers" (thanks be unto Thackeray for the phrase) in these pages I may "wander at will o'er mead, moor, and hill," maybe even beyond the proverbial Twal' Mile Roun'; but at anyrate I will go up and down all manner of city ways—especially byeways—and that both literally and figuratively. And as, gentle reader, in our journeyings together, we will generally be going nowhere-in-particular, it matters not how we loiter and linger on the way, or indeed whether we ever arrive at all. And I here emphatically endorse the warning that the author of "Tom Jones" gives in the opening chapter of that delectable work (the which I note that a lady author recommends to the attention of the "Young Person.") Says Fielding—"Reader, I think proper before we proceed any further together, to acquaint thee that I intend to digress through this whole history as often as I see occasion." In fact, the only settled plan that will appear in these papers will be the entire absence of any such thing as a plan at all.

For myself, I have generally found the most enjoyable part of a walk was when I rested on some fell dyke—dry, warm, and soft by preference—as I did recently on a sunny Sunday forenoon a little be-east of the Covenanters' Faulds and gazed my fill at the rich stook-laden fields all around, the ancient brig below, and the rippling river stretching from the bend beyond Hilldontree (where the old south road begins to breast the steep Tollo Hill) away east to the much discussed Wooded Bank beyond the railway Viaduct;

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and town-ways over God's Acre at Allenvale and Arthur Seat (a prettier name far than prosaic Duthie Park) to the sky-pointing crop of towers and steeples between me and the northern horizon.

Both ends of my river view gave me food for thought—and the thoughts were somewhat bitter. Upwith I missed on the south bank the dwarf wood and shrubbery that erstwhile fringed the water side, and for no earthly reason imaginable, was but recently cut down by the unimaginative owner thereof. At the other end I was reminded how sordidly the shareholders of the Land Association had treated their fellow-citizens regarding the Wooded Bank, and how greedily they had used the advantage given them by the unconcealed desire of the public to retain the bank in its ragged foliaged naturalness. How different would the late James Walker—who was chairman of the Land Association for many years—have regarded his trust as between his company and the citizens. And, after all, the threatened disfigurement of the bank could have brought to the individual members but only the dust of a farthing or so each. Ah, well, I understand that at the long last the bank is saved, and let the Town Council see to it that the improver is not given a free hand among the trees, puny as they are, as was done in Union Terrace Gardens, where the prime evil was the wanton and needless cutting down of most of what remained of the primeval wood in the Corby Haugh.

Some fifty odd years ago the Wooded Bank was the scene of a tragedy. One Sunday morning the horse (partly unharnessed) and gig of the contractor who was executing the heavy rock cutting for the Scottish North-Eastern Railway between the Bay of Nigg and the Cove were found on the road opposite where now stands the Prison. At the foot of the cliff, at the water edge, the contractor himself lay stark and stiff. He was a rough, boisterous man, and by no means a favourite with his workmen. The railway navvies of the time were a wild, intractable, and dangerous lot, and many among them would not have hesitated to take vengeance for any real or imagined wrong done them. The city and district were greatly excited for long regarding how the victim came by his death, and no end of theories were suggested; but whether it was a foul murder or an accident was never ascertained. For a considerable time thereafter the Wooded Bank was a favourite place of pilgrimage with school lads on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons—for there were then two half-holidays in the week, not a whole one as now. The boys took good care, however, to leave the spot before the evening shades prevailed, for it was believed by them that a shade of another kind then walked there.

Speaking of the navvies, it may be said that for years a colony of them put up in a dismal rookery in Loch Street, where now stands Bain's Stables. The name of the close I cannot remember, but it was known familiarly as Little Ireland or Little Hell. And it was one of the sights of the city to go to Loch Street about pay day and witness the grim fights that the colony indulged in at these periods of financial fulness.

There was an amazon, Ketty or Betty by name, who was always in the forefront of these engagements, helping her goodman for the time being with hands and feet and tongue. Her Geordie was a good-natured desperado, and always ready for a tulzie. I remember him one Saturday afternoon on the Links polishing off four opponents, one up another down, as though he was on piece work, Ketty the while dancing and whooping round the combatants in the highest of glee, calling attention to Geordie's prowess. The men were stripped to the waist. They undressed generally in a hurry. Coat and vest (the last generally a long and highly coloured garment reaching to the thighs) were cast, the shirt seized at the back of the neck, and a vicious tug did the rest—the shreds generally serving as a belt. There was little or no science; the combatants usually clutching one another by the hair, and pommeling away anyhow till one or the other went to grass; and the reviving process, if any, was

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equally primitive. There was little cricket on the Links that Saturday afternoon—for the belligerent groups came and went as long as daylight lasted. Towards the end of the fighting I remember Geordie gave a lad a resounding cuff on the ear, saying, "That's for you, Tom. Ye're to blame for the whole thing."

Ketty floated about the town till about ten years ago. She was as ugly as sin, and there was no mistaking her evil face. Once on a time I rescued her in the Netherkirkgate from some tormenting lads. By feigning she was more than usually decrepit, she inveigled one near enough to administer to him a resounding whack from her staff. I complimented her on her activity, and said she was as spray as when queen of Little Hell. Betty caught on at once to my meaning—and to my hand as well—and wanted to know if I was an acquaintance. A distant acquaintance, I confessed to—it never was nearer than the width of a street—and I got at least as many blessings for my sixpence as there were farthings in the coin.

What about fighting Geordie? Ah! she liked him best of the whole lot of them. He never laid a finger on her unless he was fou. Let me see now. He died, he died—said she, after a mental struggle—she thought in fifty-nine, in the Infirmary, after an accident. The boy Tom? Oh, Tom was a laddie of Geordie's by "anither 'oman"—but he was kind to her when he had anything to give. The police were always after him (and occasionally after her also, I fear) and he 'listed. "He's deid; it was oot in Gibberyalter lang syne," said Betty, "an' if it hadna been for the drink, he micht a been a general, for he wis an awfu' fechter, wis Tom. I've seen him lay twa policemen on their back at aince. A lassie o' Tom's deid in the Poor Hoose last month. She lost a leg, peer thing, by an 'income'—an' it's weel she's awa', for she micht ha'e lived itherwise tae be auchty-three like me." Betty tried to wheedle my address from me—for there were many gentlemen gave her something at their doors, she said. However, I did not desire to have Betty on my "At Home" list, and dodged the enquiry. Would I then speak to her when I met her on the street. I promised—and sometimes kept my promise. With a brazen leer in the end, she asked for "tippence to drink yer honour's health," as she wanted the sixpence for her lodgings in "the Victoria." What an epitome of life truly was that bundle of rags and dirt and humanity that hobbled away from me towards the nearest bar that would serve her. They make a Zola-like list indeed, do fighting Geordie, Tom his boy, and Tom's lassie, and Betty, and the "ither 'oman."

UU S.

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A NARROW ESCAPE.

SOME two summers ago I was spending a holiday with a friend at a little fishing village in the north of Scotland. One fine afternoon, when the waves were dancing and sparkling in the sunshine, we went for a sail, but at sunset the wind fell away, and instead of a spanking breeze we had a dead calm. This delayed us so long that we missed the flood tide, and as the river mouth which we had to make to reach our haven was well guarded by sand-banks, over which the surf was now breaking briskly, we had a lively time crossing the bar, with the result that we got home soaked to the skin, and our boat half-full of water. However, our kind old landlady was waiting us, and after giving us a good caulker of "Johnnie Walker," the sovereign remedy against chills, she sent us off to change our clothes while the supper was being prepared. Naturally, everything in our pockets was soaking. I had amongst other things my

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in morocco case, which I always carry. When I took it out it seemed to be in pulp; and I thought it was irretrievably ruined, and would be of no further use. However, I laid it out to dry, and was pleased to find the next morning that although the book part (which I could replace for the modest sum of 9d.) was rather the worse of the sea water, the morocco case was as good as new. And although I have carried the same case for three years, it looks as if it would last another three years and then be a good case.

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"OTHELLO" IN DIFFICULTIES.

IT must have been somewhere towards the end of '64, or the beginning of '65, that an amateur organisation, known as the Shakespeare Dramatic Society, held sway in Aberdeen. Several of the ruling spirits were apprentices in a well-known engraving and lithographing establishment in Broad Street. We were choke-full of enthusiasm and enterprise, from the foreman down to the errand boy, and, as an illustration, I may parenthetically mention that the famous rope-tying trick of the Davenport Brothers so fascinated the staff of this Broad Street workshop that they, as a rule, held at least one seance a day. We knew as much about how to unloose our bonds, after we had been "roped in," as the cow who jumped over the moon, but one or two of the employees by the carelessness of those deputed to do the "tying up" were actually, through sheer strength, able to release themselves, after struggles lasting from fifteen minutes to half-an-hour.

But, even the most alluring of enjoyments come to an end, and the Davenport trick followed suit. Two of our number had most successfully tied up the foreman and deposited him in an unused closet, which did duty for the "cabinet." There he remained for over the prescribed half-hour, vainly endeavouring to undo the bonds. Presently, and amid some excitement, our employer paid an unexpected visit to the workshop. He enquired about "Charles," the foreman, but could get no satisfactory answer. At last, however, the noise made by the "unfortunate" caught Mr. Hughes' ear, and he quickly "nosed" his way to the closet door and opened it.

"There are certain things too sacred for the human eye to gaze upon," and the foreman felt the truth of the adage when his employer looked down upon him. No fowl could have been more effectually or successfully trussed. But let us ring down the curtain! That was the last performance of the Davenport trick at No. 30 Broad Street.

What on earth has all this to do with the Dramatic Society?—I hear some one say. Well, not much, perhaps, but—well, now for the amateurs. Many a long winter night was spent "practising" "Othello." Why certainly! Nothing short of Shakespeare could, would, or should satisfy the members of a society who had, without leave or licence, adopted the Bard of Avon's name. I daresay the cold, callous public who witnessed the one and only "performance" of "Othello" given by "us" had very probably called us ambitious, and perhaps had said other equally nasty things about the Society, but sheathed or encased in our histrionic armour we were invulnerable!

I occupied the humble, though onerous post of prompter. Our Othello and Iago were both fellow-apprentices of mine, and now that I come to think of it, I fear that a good deal of the time that should have been devoted to perfecting ourselves in the business to which we were indentured was really taken up by informal rehearsals of the play. The "practisings" proper were held in a room in Longacre, which by courtesy was designated "the hall." There were, certainly, other halls in Aberdeen, but these dwindled into insignificance when compared with this palatial habitation of the Knights of the Buskin. I know not for what the room was principally let, but several somewhat dilapidated forms constituted the entire furniture. Stage there was none; but so many "square feet" were each night carefully mapped out and traced, in the plentiful supply of sand covering the floor, by the aid of a piece of chalk.

It has frequently occurred to me since what a lot of tips we amateurs could have given professionals in our day! For example, in the matter of entrances and exits alone,

how much could we have taught them! But, hold! enough. Interpreters of Shakespeare's plays did not, in those days, deign to use any kind of sitting accommodation during the performances. This noble resolution—shall we call it?—was inflexible, both in professional and amateur circles. At the end of every sentence spoken by either one or other of two of the actors, places were changed from left to right, or right to left, as the case might be, the distance traversed being from five to six paces. Each exponent either executed this graceful walking exercise with his arms folded high over his chest, or with one arm hanging elegantly and uselessly by his side, while his right hand was thrust picturesquely into the upper portion of his costume. The effectiveness of these varied movements was never lost upon an audience. The less intelligent the audience happened to be the more striking was the pose.

In our case, the chalk mark at once indicated the exact position the artiste had to occupy while he fretted his little hour upon the "boards." When five or six Richmonds were in the field, it became a difficult matter as to who the chalk marks belonged, or who belonged to the chalk marks. These were, however, trifles, and although it sometimes took from five to ten minutes, ably assisted by the free use of fists, to settle the matter definitely, the doubt was ultimately "ironed out. I have seen resource to "mangling," but that only happened once in a new moon.

My place should of course have been at the wings, but as our wings were at the moment in the house—I mean stage-carpenter's hands, I generally stood anywhere, somewhat in the style of a referee at a football match, as near as I could be consistently, to the principals, book in hand. Swearing was then a fashionable accomplishment, in which, however, I was not an apt pupil. It was a kind of hall-mark in our Society, and let me add that swearing in Scotch is a much more virile, not to say convincing feat than the most intricate attempt in English. But we had precedent handed down direct from the best professionals. Although none of us had even a nodding acquaintance with Barry Sullivan, G. V. Brooke, or Charles Dillon, had we not heard over and over again, and did we not accept it as an axiom that, all these celebrities indulged in the "fashionable accomplishment" while going through the play, both at rehearsal and public performance?

If the reader will now place his hand in mine, I shall endeavour to carry him safely through part of a rehearsal of "Othello" as it obtained in the days of the Shakespeare Society. Let us take

Act IV.

Scene I. Cyprus. Before the Castle.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. Wull ye think so?

Remember, my dear reader, it is a Scotsman, and an Aberdonian at that, who speaks; and do not forget, also, that Othello belongs to that ilk too.

Othello. Think so, I—ago!

Iago. What,
To kiss in private?

Here the rehearsal is interrupted to allow the members to criticise. "Here, Jock," shouts a gruff voice, "try an' speak better English, min." This addressed to Iago. "It's nae 'Wull ye,' ye blankety-blank eediet. Ye should say 'Will you.' An'," turning to Othello, "havenaw I tell't ye afore that ye shouldna ca' yer chum 'I—ago'; it's 'Eeago.' Ye're a bonnie like pair o' scare-craws. Man, a'body wid lauch like tae kill themselves an they heard ye slauchterin' Wullie that wye. It'll be a blank fine show this." And so on *ad. lib.* by the membership all round. But, what need is there to give further example?

The "practisings" continue, and at last the bills are printed for the "performance of Shakespeare's sublime tragedy." The hall has been engaged, a place in Concert Court, Gallowgate. There was a "bit" of a platform, which, eked out at the sides, constituted the floor of the stage. But the proscenium and scenery had all to be provided, which was a ticklish matter. The Society could not boast of funds; the members were as poor as church mice; and "tick" was out of reason, even

though it had been available. But, by dint of begging and borrowing the stage was at last furnished complete, and a very tender, decrepit looking structure it was. The dress rehearsal passed off without incident of any kind, and then the fateful, eventful night came round.

Othello played in a frock coat with the tailsangled and looped up back and front. Some gilt paper decorated the buttons, and a Militia staff-sergeant's sash was fastened round the Moor's waist. His face was artistically painted by means of some lamp black and grease, and he wore a pair of brass curtain rings in his ears, purely for ornament, I presume. A pair of white duck trousers tucked gingerly inside the long, brown paper leggings or "uppers" of the military boots—so-called; and an imitation seal-skin turban, with a feather stuck in one side, constituted the complete costume of Othello. I may mention that the outsides of the leggings were nicely "done up" with black-lead and polished bright.

Iago was also appropriately dressed in a velveteen jacket, buttoned close up to the neck, a pair of ordinary tweed trousers, with the legs cut off close up to the knee, giving them the appearance of a small boy's knickers. A pair of ribbed, ploughmen's hose of a light grey colour, and a Glengarry cap, with the strings stowed carefully away inside, and a "clour" in the front was worn as the head-gear. Swords and daggers were all made of wood, and covered carefully with the tin linings of tea chests; and, of course, each of the principals displayed several rings on either hand, of more or less intrinsic value. Need I go farther into the matter of costumes, etc.?

On the never-to-be forgotten night everything looked auspicious. The hall was crowded: the audience was not critical, other than to laugh occasionally in a somewhat heartless way when an actor forgot his cue, and my "piping treble" could be heard all over the house prompting him. I certainly do not wish to take more credit for the part I played than what I consider I deserved, but the regular monotony of the prompter's voice, if it did not sound like sweet music in the ears of the audience, was no fault of mine, for, though not seen, I was heard to advantage almost continuously. At 10·30 we were more than half-way through the play, and, shortly after, the "tragedy" came all too soon.

The curtain, which had not been on its best behaviour during the evening, was being raised on the fourth act, when I noted an ominous creaking away up in the "flies" and at the top of the proscenium. Alas, for human ingenuity and guileless credence, with a roar and a crash that were both "seen" and felt, the whole of the front of the stage, dragging with it the cloth, representing, "Before the Castle," fell into the auditorium, followed by clouds of dust, blinding and choking both actors and spectators. Such a climax had never before, and certainly has never since, been reached in "Othello." By a stroke of luck, more than by any display of good management, everything fell clear of the overhead gas battens or the footlights, so that the horror of fire was escaped. There was, however, almost a panic in the house, and what, with the screaming of women and the hoarse shouts of the men, pandemonium reigned supreme for some minutes. At last the risible faculties of a jolly-faced member of the audience, seated in the middle of the hall, drew the attention of the other spectators away from the catastrophe and saved the situation. Only two or three of the principals are on at the opening of the fourth act, and the other members of the company were busily engaged behind the front scene "discussing" sandwiches and beer and stout when the collapse came. "A trembling terror seized their limbs," and there they stood revealed, some in the act of drinking, direct from the bottles, others with their mouths filled with food. So ludicrous was the picture that, after the signal given by the jolly-faced individual, who literally yelled out his laughter in spasmodic gasps, the house took up the cue and on their feet, or still seated, simply roared. Nobody asked their money back—it was a collection—and,

I daresay, everyone considered they had got full value for their voluntary investment. "All's well that ends well," Shakespeare says, and this memorable performance, though it did not finish in orthodox fashion, or according to the book, cannot be said but to have ended well. There were no casualities, no one seemed the worse for his or her experience ; the paper-lined proscenium was so light as to be incapable of breaking bones, even if it had been so minded. So next day the debris was carefully carted away, and thus ended "this strange and eventful history." Yet—

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

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THE AULD SMIDDY END.

AT the Auld Smiddy end where in youth's happy day
A merry band o' bairnies we'd gather at oor play,
I mind the happy faces an' the hoors that we wad spend
Wi' the "bools" an' the "Peeries" at the Auld Smiddy end.

Against th' battered gavel stood mony orra things,
Auld ploos that wantit cooters, new wheels that wantit rings,
An' a pair o' broken harrows that for years had lain tae mend;
There wis muckle claithin' riven at the Auld Smiddy end.

Oh! the auld reekit Smiddy wi' its crackit, crookit tiles,
Wis the maist frequentit biggin' that wis roon about for miles.
In the gloamin' a' the laddies an' lassies they wad wend
Tae the hillock on the green, at the Auld Smiddy end.

There the clash o' a' the Clachan wis discuss't wi' eydent care,
And the bairnies they wad shout till their throats were turnin' sair,
An' when darkness closed the daylicht oot, then ilka body kenned
It wis time tae slip awa' frae the Auld Smiddy end.

When winter happit a' the hills wi' sheets o' frozen snaw,
We a' crap in for shelter ahint the Smiddy wa',
The Smith whiles speer'd us a' inside, a helpin' han' tae lend,
Tae blaw the muckle bellows in the Auld Smiddy end.

Oh! the Auld Smiddy end; I in memory see it noo,
Tho' the place where ance it stood has been riven wi' the ploo.
Noo golden grain is wavin' an' wi' the poppies blend,
Where stood the forge an' studdy in the Auld Smiddy end.

My playmates noo are scattered a' the wide, wide warl o'er,
An' sad thochts aft intrude amang the memories of yore.
But lang's I live, an' till I'm called death's summons tae attend,
I'll ne'er forget the Smiddy an' the Auld Smiddy end.

W. S. *in "The Scot."*

Peel Is., Qld.

THE POET SANG

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REFERRING to the above, we can recommend *The Scot* to any one interested in our Australian Colonies. And we shall be glad to forward subscriptions to Melbourne on behalf of any of our customers. We have annexed from a recent number a poem which we give on another page.

SPEAKING of the Scot abroad reminds us of a very good story heard by Dr. John Kerr late inspector of schools while he was on a visit to Canada. He says, "it is told of Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada, that when on one occasion in Montreal he presided over a large meeting of Scotsmen resident in Canada, the majority of the audience, Lowland and Highland alike, appeared arrayed in the kilt in recognition of the Celtic origin of their chairman. Sir John observing this remarked with characteristic humour that at all other meetings with his fellow-countrymen people were in the habit of taking off their hats to him, but he saw that to night they had taken off——The rest of the sentence was drowned in roars of laughter."

THIS volume of *Memories Grave and Gay* by Dr. Kerr has recently gone into a third and enlarged edition, but the price has been reduced, and it is well worth the 2/6 which it costs. It is specially interesting to all connected with education, but it is a most entertaining volume to the general reader. It is full of recollections and anecdotes about public men, and abounds in amusing stories of school incidents, and of Scottish life and character as encountered by Dr. Kerr on his periodical journeys of inspection. We "lift" the following from it.

"THERE are few children so stupid that their intelligence cannot be tapped if a suitable subject is chosen and a right method adopted. It is told of an inspector that in the examination of a class in easy arithmetic he observed that one boy had not answered a single question correctly. Wishing to discover if the boy was hopelessly stupid he unintentionally set agoing a good laugh against himself by one of his questions. The school was in a fishing village, and the question was on a subject with which he supposed (and correctly as it turned out) the boy was familiar. "Suppose," the inspector said, "there was a salmon that weighed ten pounds, and that it was to be sold at twopence a-pound, what would the salmon be worth?" To this the boy at once replied, "It wudna be worth a curse."

"THERE are few exercises more difficult for the average pupil than writing a paraphrase of a poetical passage, and none in which senseless blunders are so often made. The thoughtless girl or boy thinks that nothing more is necessary than to exchange one word

for another which is found in the dictionary. For example, Milton speaks of the plausibility of Belial's speech, but says, "All was false and hollow," for which the paraphrase given was "All was untrue and excavated."

"I HAVE the permission of a colleague to record one of a totally different type. In the "Lady of the Lake" Fitz-James says to Roderick Dhu—

"Now yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade."

For this the paraphrase given was "If ye dinna gi'e in, by God, I'll kill ye." Distinctly colloquial, but perfectly correct, and probably more like Fitz-James's actual utterance than Sir Walter Scott's Version."

ANOTHER volume of anecdotes, also published by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, is

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A BOOKLET which ought to be interesting to all bookmen, Book Lovers, Book Hunters, and Booksellers is *Bits from an Old Bookshop* by R. M. Williamson. It is good value for the necessary 6d., and will pass an hour pleasantly.

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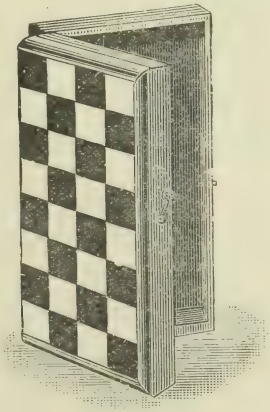
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THE LATE MR. WILLIAM CADENHEAD.

IT is not my intention here to refer at length to Mr. William Cadenhead's life history. His death at a ripe old age is deeply mourned by the wide circle of Aberdonians at home and abroad who knew him as an estimable, patriotic citizen, a loyal, leal-hearted man, and a poet and historian whose writings are to many of them familiar in their mouths as household words. Rather will I refer to a few haphazard happenings during the period since I became acquainted with him, just a little within the middle of last century.

The first time I saw my old friend was at *The Aberdeen Herald's* "Our Annual Trip" in the year 1855. The outing that season was to Huntly, then the terminus of the recently opened Great North of Scotland Railway. It was at first a single line not forty miles long. Mr. Cadenhead had then been for many years a constant and welcome contributor to the celebrated "Poets' Corner" of the *Aberdeen Herald*—among his brother bards being the inspired weaver William Thom, the Inverurie poet; William Anderson (lieutenant of night police), author of "Jean Findlater's Loon," and other "Rhymes, Reveries, and Reminiscences," which have seen two editions; the Rev. James Greig, "The High Priest of the Garioch," writer of that gem of Scottish song, "The Blinkin' O't"; William Carnie, author of "Daavit Drain o' Hirpletillim (my favourite of all this author's creations), and of many another dainty Waif of Rhyme, and eke of two goodly volumes of "Reminiscences," which we all wot of—and there is another volume on the anvil, the hammering of which is "well be-han'." Besides these mentioned by name, there were many another local singer of credit and renown, who at this period contributed to the *Herald*.

I may here state that Mr. Cadenhead's volume of poems, "Flights of Fancy and Lays of Bon-Accord" (1853) and the two editions of Mr. Anderson's writings were printed at the *Herald* Office, 7 Queen Street—most of the pieces in the three volumes having first appeared in that newspaper.

But to return to "Our Annual Trip," for I am off the main line as "'tis my nature to." Among the places visited by the trippers when at the capital of Strathbogie was the then well-known Huntly Distillery, for which Mr. Cadenhead was a representative. The company, as one may suppose, partook of a "wee drappie" of its special product. It was a potent liquor, for I remember a halflin' (can the language boast a more expressive term?) among us, who, having surreptitiously obtained a double portion, was so elated that he essayed jumping over a hay soo. And he accomplished the feat—in a way. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again," and so doing the jumper caught hold of a "stra'-

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rape," and hitching himself thereby to the eve of the soo, he, monkey-like, ran nimbly up the thatch, lost his balance at the apex, and rolled heels o'er head down the other side on to a quantity of loose straw on the ground, and luckily with no other damage than an upsetting of his internal economy.

"That beats even your 'Flights of Fancy,'" said an observer to Mr. Cadenhead. "At any rate it is a fancy flight I won't try to imitate," said he.

By the way, if I mistake not, the distillery buildings at Huntly were the empty mill buildings referred to in George Macdonald's novel of "Robert Falconer," in which the hero encountered his mysterious and erring father. The distillery ceased to be such on becoming the property of the Catholic Church. And that reminds me of a sentence that tickled my fancy so that it forthwith got a place in my common-place book—"People may say what they please about the decay of Christianity: the religious system that produced Green Chartreuse can never really die." That has a pleasanter smack about it than Macaulay's passage about the immortality of the same church in which reference is made to the artistic New Zealander sketching the ruins of St. Paul's Cathedral.

In writing the notice of "Our Annual Trip" for the *Herald*, in this fashion did Mr. Carnie introduce the following poem from Mr. Cadenhead's pen—

The inspiring beverage has not the same effect upon all parties, however. It could not induce our good friend, "W. C." to "shak' a fit," but it soon sent him a-whistling and a-humming, and before he reached the bridge of Bogie, on his return from the distillery to dinner, he handed this song to one of the vocal members of our band, who sung it with appreciable effect when the punch began to circulate, about an hour after :—

Since e'er my lips could lisp a sang,
My heart has been richt vogie,
And yearn'd and yearn'd, and still thought lang,
For ae glint o' Stra'bogie ;
Beside the stream sae famed in verse,
To coup a reemin' cogie,
And drink to ilka bonnie lass
That wons upon the Bogie.

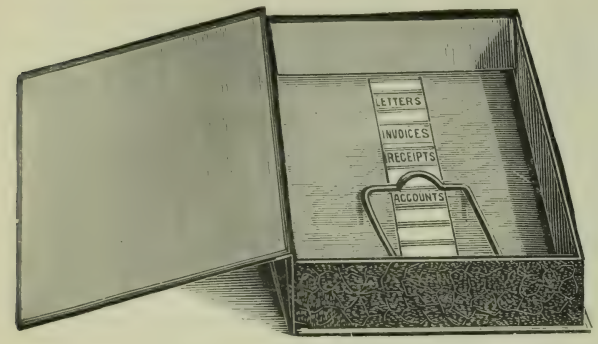
The Bogie, O ! the Bogie, O !
O leeze me on the Bogie,
And a' wha toom upon its banks,
The bicker and the cogie.

I've stretch'd me 'mang the forest trees,
On shaggy Balachbuie,
I've traced the "infant rills" o' Dee
By towerin' Benmacdhui ;
I've stray'd to dream by strath and stream,
On sunny day and foggy,
But aye the thocht that upmost wrought
Was yearnin' for Stra'bogie !
The Bogie, O ! the Bogie, O ! etc.

I've fuddled swats at Highland mills,
Wi' new-mill'd meal o'er-reemin',
I've quaff'd my horn in mountain stills
Dim wi' peat-reek an' steamin' ;
I've brew'd my punch and sung my sang
Wi' mony a roistering rogie,
But something gar'd me aye think lang
To try the browsts o' Bogie.
The Bogie, O ! the Bogie, O ! etc.

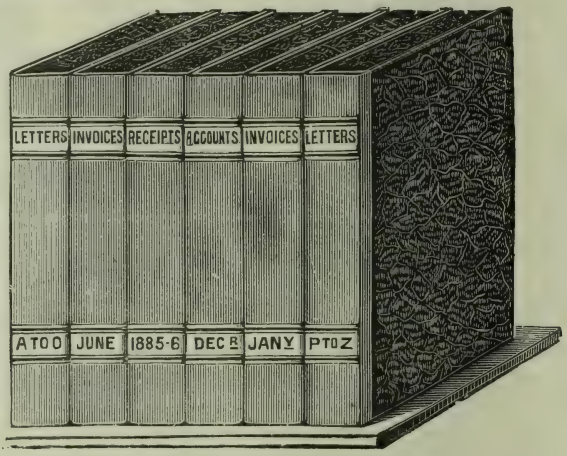
Then here's to Huntly's lordly hame,
And ilka humbler dwallin'—
To ilka man and mither's son,
Whate'er his craft or callin' !
A bumper for the lassies, boys—
Ilk heart-ensnarin' rogie !—
Soon may the maids be matrons a',
And flourish in Stra'bogie !
Lang may they halesome bickers toom,
Lang may they fill the cogie,
And aften may we pree their browsts,
When wandering in Stra'bogie !

Lest I forget, here let me say that such an accident as a lad imbibing too much was of rare occurrence at "Our Annual Trip." We youngsters were then taught to know and keep our places on all occasions, and especially so when the horn was circulating. At these trips, when the dinner—the event of the day—was an accomplished fact, and the toast-list about to begin, the young members of the party at a hint withdrew. None younger than the oldest apprentice (then a position of much importance in every rightly-constituted printing office, he being *ex-officio* "Clerk of Chapel") was present at the dinner aftermath, with its feast of reason and flow of soul. For was not a standing item in the list



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the singing by the peppery publisher of the un-Bowdlerized version of "Maggie Lauder," even unto detailing how that redoubtable heroine of song treated the peer folk and her fadder? It would never, never, have done for juniors to have witnessed the unbending of our publisher in his cups, for he then appeared but human; and to consider him so, even temporarily, would have been subversive of all discipline as understood and inculcated in the counting-house of the old *Herald* office.

The publishing in 1856 of the first edition of the "New Book of Bon-Accord," of which Mr. Cadenhead was the author, was to me an event of very great importance. As I wrote, in referring to this matter in another place—"All know the story of the organ blower who corrected the organist for saying 'I played' in place of 'we played,' and the emphatic way in which he established his claim to musical co-partnership. In like manner I can claim to be one of the 'we's' who produced the original edition of the 'New Book of Bon-Accord,' inasmuch as when a first-year's printer's devil in the old *Herald* Office, 7 Queen Street, I inked the type as the book was being 'thrown off' at the Albion press by the brawny-armed John Stalker, who still survives among us—the only remaining local link between the old hand-pressman and the modern machineman of to-day."

The "New Book of Bon-Accord" influenced me in no ordinary degree. During its slow and deliberate printing at the hand-press I had ample opportunity "between han's" to read and re-read its pages, and to get by heart some of the authors' poems there reproduced. Up till then Aberdeen had been to me a mere collection of buildings among which I dwelt, but with whose highways and byeways, "from the Hardgate to Fittie," I was every whit as familiar as was Jean Findlater's Loon in his day.

Grounded at more than one school in that most excellent volume Simpson's History of Scotland—with its searching series of printed questions at the end of each chapter—I knew well the general history of my country, from the fabulous period some short time this side the Flood down to the accession of Queen Victoria. But it was Mr. Cadenhead's little book that first informed me that my own, my native town possessed a glorious and romantic history with the stirring memories of a thousand years and many more centuries besides. Aberdeen, in fact, has been a place of no little importance since about the middle of the three-figure centuries—and its importance has been cumulative even unto the present day. No citizen ever had a greater love for Aberdeen than had Mr. Cadenhead, and in "The New Book of Bon-Accord" and "The Lays of Bon-Accord" his feelings have found adequate expression, and in these volumes, and in many subsequent pieces of verse his fellow-townsmen will always possess a record worthy of the "braw, braif toon o' Aberdeen."

One of Mr. Cadenhead's earliest pieces was the following acrostic:—

Build (to the Britons came the great decree)
On yon brave isle amid the Northern Sea,
Near where two twin-like streams steal placidly,
A gorgeous city. Let her heavenward towers
Come from Religion's shrines and Learning's bowers;
Crowd tradeful navies in her busy haven;
On her fair shield be "Concord" deep engraven;
Renown her sons; her maids make good as fair.
Deem ye what city rose beneath their fostering care?

It is somewhat amusing to record that the author "lost grip" of the origin of this well-known poem. He informed me that it was written for "The Book of Bon-Accord," issued in 1856, both of us being forgetful of the fact that it is the first piece given among "The Lays of Bon-Accord," published in 1853.

But that's not all. Sometime after I saw Mr. Cadenhead, and was greeted with the remark—"We're a' wrang yet!" He had, however, tracked the illusive piece to its original source at last. The acrostic on Bon-Accord was a prize poem. In "An Almanack for 1842," dedicated "To the Ladies of Aberdeen by their most obedient and humble servant Edward Ravenscroft," there was intimated a series of prizes consisting of one or more copies of the Almanack and Pocket Book for the following year, 1843.

One of the prizes was—"Three copies for the best acrostic on the words "Bon-Accord." Mr. Cadenhead was a competitor, and got the prize. He gave me a copy of the Almanack for 1842 in which the competition was intimated, and from it I gather that our late friend—like so many more at that "season of the year"—resolved to turn over a new leaf on New Year's Day ; and taking his resolution in both his hands, he furthermore decided to



THE LATE MR. WILLIAM CADENHEAD.

keep a diary. And—wonderful perseverance—that diary was actually kept without a break from the first to the eighteenth of the month (a far longer period than ninety per cent. of diaryists uninterruptedly submit to the thraldom they so cheerily begin). Then, blanks till end of month. What then? Another new leaf was turned over, and for two consecutive days the daily journal was kept. Mr. Cadenhead was then in Liverpool, and the entry for Tuesday, 4th January, is of interest in this connection—"Wrote Geo.—Mainly my opinion of the Pocket Book. Evening—Merchant of Venice read. Sketched plan for acrostic. Hard frost."

Every old-boy has some howf of his early days associated with happy memories, and one such gathering place at Poynernook in the brave days of old, some three-quarters of a century ago, Mr. Cadenhead graphically pictures in

OUR AUL' GATE-EN'.

Ah ! min, I think I ken *your* face, that, when ye was a loun,
Ye used to rant and play yoursel' at our en' o' the toun,
Ye used to row your gird wi' us, as noisome as a caird,
Or play at "Burry" o'er the logs in Francie Duncan's Yard ;
Or at the "Hammer and the Block" deal mony a sturdy blow,
Or "Ettie ottie for a tottie, where shall this boy go"?
Ah ! min, ye're sadly chang'd sinsyne ; but a thing's chang'd, I ken,
And naething's suffered greater change than has our Aul' Gate-en'.

You min' how we had used to rin, wi' mony a gleesome turn,
And try an eager race wi' corks a-down the Mautmill Burn ;
And, when some luckless little ship amang the mud wad sit,
How we wad strive to free't at risk o' mony a dreepin' fit ;
Or play about the grassy banks—the grassy banks, ah ! me—
Whaur now's the burn wi' grassy banks about the toun you'll see ?
The Mautmill Burn's a' cover'd up, its course ye wadna ken,
And a'thing's turned heels-o'er-heads about our Aul' Gate-en'.

And, O ! sic joyous fun's we had in sunny days o' June,
When we wad aff to wade the Tide, when skweels came out at noon ;
Or on the Inches rant and sport on ilka verdant spot—
Or fish for bandies, arnits, eels, in ilka wee bit pot—

Or gather wild sea-daisies wi' their pinky blossoms gay—
Or quickly strip and douk oursel's a dozen times a-day.
We heard the auld folks crack o' care—a thing we didna ken ;
There was nae care 'mang louns at least wha dwalt at our Gate-en'.

And duly aye when Friday cam', and brought the Friday penny,
How we wad aff to buy our bools or taps frae Johnnie Mennie ;
Or if the gardeners at the Green displayad their tempting ware,
It aft was mair than heart or wame o' hungry loun could bear ;
The white and sappy neepies—they were as sweet as ony nit ;
And Geordie Deary's grozers—O ! I think I taste them yet.
Or, if the dainty palate sought some sharper taste to pree,
Than Jeanie Milne's sweet ginger rock, say what could richer be ?
Her justice too, to boyish sense, wad settle a' debate—
A bawbee's worth, wi' Jeanie Milne, was just a bawbee's weight.
They say that a'thing's better grown. The *smachry* needs to men',
Before it hae the *gusto* that it had at our Gate-en'.

Ah ! min, it made me young again, and full o' days o' yore,
As just the ither night I pass'd the weel-kent "cellar door."
The "cellar door," ye doubtless min', was aye the meeting place—
The starting-point o' ilka game—the goal o' ilka race ;
The place o' mony a hearty laugh—the scene o' mony a row,
The *hail* at "Shinty," and the *dell* at "Hunty" and "Kee-how" !
It looks deserted now, and sad ; it has nae boisterous corps,
Ready for ony devilry, and rife for ony splore.
My inmost heart cries out, "O ! where is now its wanton train ?—
Stir I one heart amang the corps wi' this auld-farrant strain ?"
O ! if I do, I'm sure it leaps wi' youthfu' bound again,
To think upon the joyous games and rants o' our Gate-en' !

Some little time before his death, I v sited Mr. Cadenhead to consult him regarding some old-time rhymes I was interested about. He was sitting as usual in the old office chair, with the bust (by the Younger Brodie) of his old friend James Adam of the *Herald* looking over his shoulder. His ever-kindly welcome over, the conversation somehow came round to Beattie, the Heckler Poet, and he there and then recited with great vigour and true dramatic effect (for he was an elocutionist of no mean order) that writer's poem "The Alewife Coaxing her Customers." I will not soon forget how graphically Mr. Cadenhead gave the description of the landlady—

> Her sides hang ower her apron strings,
> And in her hand a trencher brings—

as she came "ben the hoose" with a present of Finnan haddies and bread and cheese, so as to induce her customers to bide a wee, and give them a new drouth.

And now our old friend lies by the north wall near the gate in Nellfield Cemetery, and close by also rest from their labours his old friends James Adam of the *Herald* and William Alexander of the *Free Press*. To William Cadenhead, these lines of a seventeenth century poet may aptly be applied—

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like Autumn fruit that mellowed long,
E'en wondered at because he dropt no sooner ;
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years ;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
Till, like a clock worn out with eating Time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

UU. S.

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THE MUTTON BRAE AGAIN.

It always gives us pleasure to get letters from our friends, "both here aboot and far awa'," on the subject of the articles of an antiquarian nature which appear from time to time in *Brown's Book-Stall*. The illustration, which we gave in our last number, was the cause of our getting the following very pleasant letter :—

"In a copy of your *Book-Stall* received the other day I saw with very mixed feelings a little picture of "The Mutton Brae." The scene is one of my earliest recollections. A grand uncle of mine, the late William Paterson, of Jessiefield, built the first two houses in Denburn Terrace, Nos. 2 and 3. No. 1 was built later by a Mr. Jameson, whose son, so far as I know, still resides in Old Aberdeen. My uncle occupied No. 2, and my father, who was in partnership with him (they were tanners and leather merchants) lived in No. 3, and there I was born in January, 1835. My mother's father, a Lieutenant in the R.N., at the time of her marriage occupied the last house of the Row, opposite the little bridge at the foot of the brae. Our neighbour on the other side, No. 4, whom, I recollect, was the late Dr. John Kennedy of Blackfriars Church—latterly he went to London, where he died some years ago.

Living as we did next door to 'Uncle William', his friends were our friends, and among those who came much about the house in their College days were Dr. George Macdonald and Surgeon General Henry Toljamlee Paterson.

I remember well my father saying that when these two houses were put up they were the first on that side of the burn—beyond were green fields !

The sight of the old brae has made me prolix. If any members of your firm can look back as far, they will excuse this letter."

Yours truly,

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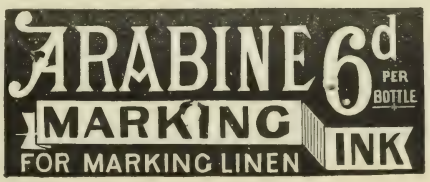
AN EXILE'S LAMENT.

Oh ! I weary, weary sair, for a sniff o' Scottish air,
For the music o' the burnie i' the glen ;
Tae lie in gowany park, list'nin' tae the tunefu' lark,
Pipin' sweetly far abune the haunts o' men,
Juist tae see the dear auld hame, in a strath that I could name,
Whaur the goldies an' the linties twitter'd sweet ;
Juist tae see the hedge-lined road, that in childhood's days I trod,
E'en the vera thocht o't a' near gars me greet.

I wad gi'e a' that I ha'e tae be aince mair on the brae,
That o'erlooked the dear auld farm whaur I was born ;
Whaur my mither used tae sit i' the gloamin' whan she'd knit,
On the form that faither made aneath the thorn.
Whaur I'd play wi' brither Jim, till the sun's bricht rays grew dim,
Baith as happy as e'er mortal bairns could be ;
Ne'er a thocht cam' tae me then that my auld days I wad spen',
Far awa' frae the dear land girt by the sea.

Oh ! I canna ca' this hame, 'twad be libellin' the name,
For my he'rt has never settled here at a' ;
An' the strings are tichten'd sair, as ilk year adds tae my care,
An' the poortith, that prevents me gaun awa'.
Oh ! tae wander thro' the dells, whaur the bonnie Scots blue bells,
An' the heather waft their fragrance o'er the lea ;
Oh ! I weary, weary sair, for a sniff o' Scottish air,
I' the dear auld land sae far across the sea.

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THE MUTTON BRAE AND DENBURN.



HE picture of the Mutton Brae, which appeared in the last number of the *Book-Stall* brings back memories and incidents connected with the district, as they appeared to the mind and eyes of a boy, away back in the sixties. I was born in the Mutton Brae, and later on we removed to Black's Buildings, where our family remained for the long period of over thirty years. I speak of the days when Denburn Terrace was a semi-aristocratic row of houses, with gardens or bleach-greens looking down to the Denburn side. Craigwell Place was a more humble row of working people's dwellings, and was situated close to the lower end of Skene Street. The Corbie Well, with its fine old shelter of trees surrounding it, and culminating in the "Woodie," now Union Terrace Gardens, was then a great resort in the summer evenings ; as were also the Spa and St. John's Wells—the former in Spa Street, opposite to Garden Nook Close, and the latter at Hardweird, at the foot of a brae leading up to Skene Street, and known as St. John's Brae.

But the water that ran in the channel from the Upper to the Lower Denburn's was, perhaps, the greatest attraction for us as youngsters. When I hear and read of the ructions about the filthy state of the Dam of Gilcomston of to-day, I wonder what people would think of the Denburn of my early days. Besides, I can never quite reconcile the polluted Dam of the present time with my first fishing ground. Many a "bandie" and small trout have I caught in Gilcomston Dam. I have eaten some of the trout, and live to tell the tale !

Well, the Denburn used to come trickling down in dry weather in such a small stream that the smallest boy could easily "span" it ; but during and after a spate—that was, as Kipling says, another story. It may be explained that the burn then was uncovered all the way up to the Dam, with the exception of a little bit west of Jack's Brae, if I remember right. It came rippling down at the foot of Cherryvale and the Galleries, and from behind the Grammar School, in all its purity and impurity.

I remember well on one occasion, when the burn was in flood, that a native of Jack's Brae fell into its roaring, seething waters, and ere he reached the grating opposite the foot of the Mutton Brae, was drowned. His dead body was removed from the burn there. Again, not long after, another citizen had the misfortune to slip in at Jack's Brae—the spot seemed to have a fatality about it—and came sailing down full swing. I was in time to be in at the rescue in this case, however. I saw the mass come swaying and eddying in the swollen burn, and made a bee line out at our back gate, where I was lucky enough to foregather with the "scaffie" of our beat. These were days of ashpits, and small houses for the scavenger, in his spare time, to make for his own use, "besoms." Our "landscape artist" had his "studio" at the head of the Lower Denburn ; and in a twinkling he had his grappling hook out, and was racing down the burnside after me. I landed on the grating, over which the water was pouring in miniature waves, sufficient to cover our feet and part of the ankles, and it was particularly slippy to boot. What we set ourselves to do, when I was joined by the scavenger, was to prevent the "bundle," which we now saw to be the body of a man, from being washed *over* the grating, it could not get between the bars. We ultimately succeeded, and, with some assistance, had him removed and carried up the Mutton Brae to Mrs. Ledingham's public-house, situated right at the top, on the right-hand side looking from the burn. First aid, and hints for resuscitating apparently drowned subjects were little known in those days, and so, under the direction of about half-a-dozen residenters, including old "Mattha" Dean's, the sweep ; Broker Christie, the "coffin man" ; Morgan, the barber ; and some others whose names I forget at the moment, the "drownded" man was laid face

downwards on the cleanly sanded floor, and liberally pounded on the back by hands that were big enough to make their impression felt! It was not, however, till the body was raised slightly off the floor and the pounding resumed that the owner began to relieve himself of the superabundance of water he had swallowed in the burn. Half-an-hour after he was able to be sent away home in a cab; but, what struck my youthful mind as being somewhat incongruous was the fact that his resuscitators, each and all, indulged in a dram, but the "rescued" gave as an excuse for not joining in the song of thanksgiving in that particular way, was, because, had it not been for a dram that he had swallowed immediately before falling into the burn, he would "never hae been there"! As to whether it was Mrs. Ledingham's or the burn, or both, I have never been quite able to satisfy myself.

F. C.

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The Donean Tourist.
The Poll Book of Aberdeen, 1844.
The Caledonian Itinerary.
Brown's Bookstall. No. 66. December, 1903.
Scottish Notes and Queries. June and July, 1897.

In an Aberdeen publication of 1842 there appears the following advertisement :—

After the Municipal Elections, in November, will be published, on a large sheet, price Ninepence, or mounted on a roller and varnished, Half-a-Crown, with an Engraving on Steel of the Bay and Lighthouse of Aberdeen,

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Can any of our readers inform us if this was ever published, and if so, where a copy may be found.

IT'S CURIOUS

the ideas that strike different people on the subject of advertising. Some years ago a friend of the *Book-Stall*, now gone to his rest, (may the dust lie light upon him, for he was a genial soul) remarked on looking at our advertisement of Bibles and Prayer Books that it lacked originality, and suggested that we should head it thus—

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES"

And use Brown's Bibles, or

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING"

and buy Brown's Prayer Books.
However, we did not take his advice, but as we still sell that class of goods you might read the advertisement on page 112.

K. J.

Writing in *Scottish Notes and Queries*, says :

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REMINISCENCES:

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The author of this handsome volume is the Grand Old Man of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, loved and revered wherever he is known. He is in his 88th year, and has been in Orders about 63 years. He has given his life and great abilities to the service of the native Church, and, more than that, a personal character which has influenced for their great good all who have come in contact with him. Furthermore, he has served all his ministry in his native diocese of Aberdeen.

His light—and he was one of the most distinguished students of his year—was certainly not set on a candlestick when he was planted down at Monymusk—a little village of perhaps a couple of hundred inhabitants, in a parish with a population of about 900. He accepted his lot, and served, and studied, and reflected, and wrote in that quiet spot till after an incumbency of 56 years he retired in 1900.

The interest of the book will vary in different parts with different readers. To some one part will be most interesting; to others another. To the Aberdeen University man the first part will appeal strongly. If he is anywhere near threescore and ten it will make him feel young again; if he is young, it will interest him as the ancient history of his family would.

There are many good stories in the book. There is pathos in the section referring to careers that were cut short, and instruction in that referring to those which failed to fulfil early promise, and the cause of that failure. The following is probably very true:—"A brilliant university career is due mainly to intellect. Whether it is followed up by a brilliant, or even a moderately successful life career, depends upon 'character.'" That was always Dean Walker's belief.

The friendly relations between the clergy and the Presbyterian ministers in those days are illustrated by anecdotes, such as that recording that John Skinner of Linshart, who when asked on his death-bed where he would wish to be buried, replied, "Lay me down beside Mr. Brown (the lately deceased parish minister); he and I got on well together during life."

We heartily recommend the book as a true reflection of the author's mind, and of the state of things in Church and University at the period it covers. His spirit and nature are reflected throughout. He delights in pointing out the good that came of movements and events, while, as to the harm that they did, he acts as he was wont to do with regard to a brother man—when he could not say some good he said nothing. The reader can see it in his Preface, where, referring to his fellow-countrymen's readiness to "prove their faith and sincerity by a great sacrifice, a 'gran rifuto,'" he goes on to say—"This spirit, as passing events prove, will doubtless continue firm and resolute as ever; yet not exactly the same, but more tolerant, more brotherly, more after 'the mind of the Master,' —witnessing not only for truth and righteousness, but also for brotherly union and concord."

From "The Scottish Chronicle."

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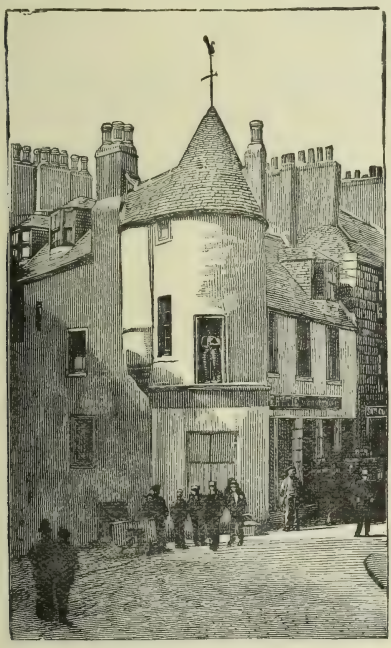
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OLD PRINTS OF ABERDEEN.

We always have in stock, as is well known to many of our clients, a large selection of old prints of Aberdeen and the neighbouring counties—some which turn up frequently, and others which are very scarce. One of our regular buyers, who has a very good collection of interesting local pictures, called our attention the other day to a curious thing regarding the figure on the Wallace Neuk. As shown in a print published about 1840, the sword carried by this figure is held upright, the point extending a little higher than the head. In another it is shown sloping over the left shoulder, while in our illustration,



WALLACE NEUK.

which is from a recent photograph by Messrs. G. W. Wilson & Co., the sword is again vertical, with the point resting on the ground. Can any of our correspondents tell us when or why these changes took place.

AN ADDITION TO LOCAL LITERATURE:

"Old-Time Traders and Their Ways."

This entertaining book on Aberdeen and its folk gives a most graphic description of the manners and customs of the old-time merchants who helped in their day and generation to build up the fame and trade of the Granite City. A life-long dweller within the charmed circle of "Aberdeen and twal' mile roon'," Mr. Cook knows his "human documents" at first hand, and has succeeded in gathering within the pages of his delightful volume a series of pen-portraits of those old-world worthies whose picturesque and unconventional ways have made them an unfailing source of interest to their townsmen of to-day.

Among the many men, manners, and customs that figure in Mr. Cook's book, special mention may be made of those chapters which deal with "Hawkers and Pack-merchants," "Trading in the Forties," "Postal Facilities," "Rhyming Merchants," "Biblical Advertisers," and "Second-hand Book-shops."

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The book, which contains five full-uage illustrations, has been very favourably reviewed by the local and other newspapers, and may be had at 28 Bridge Street, price 1/6 in picture wrapper, or 2/6 bound in cloth ; or 1/8 and 2/9 post free.

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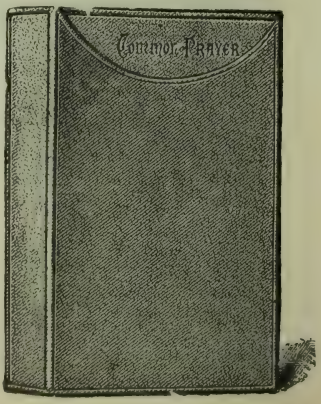
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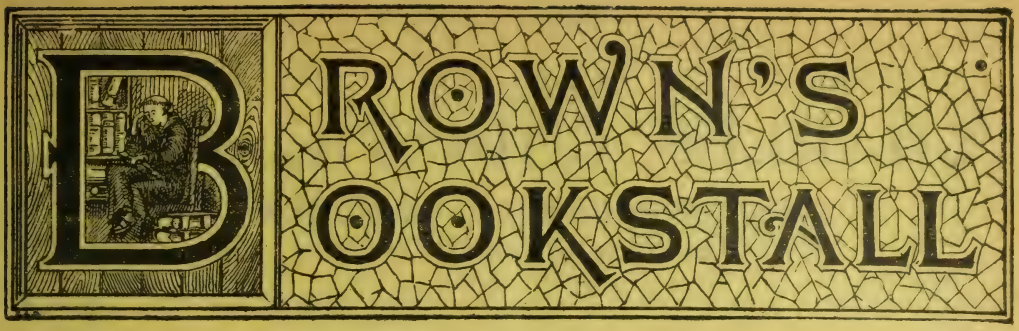
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BROWN'S BOOKSTALL

No. 69. DECEMBER. 1905.

WALLACE NOOK:

THE "STATUE," THE SWORD, AND SUNDRY DIGRESSIONS.



IN the last issued number of *The Book-Stall* the Editor asked if any reader could tell when or why the position of the sword in the hand of the statue at Wallace Nook was changed. I have now by me a baker's half-dozen of different pictures of the well-known corner, and in all those representing periods prior to 1838, the sword that none but our hero and an archangel could wield is held upright—sometimes directly so in front of the face, at other times at an angle over the left shoulder. The date here stated is easily fixed, for all the artists, with true instinct, chose as their point of view a position in the Netherkirkgate from which could be seen not only Wallace Tower and neighbourhood, but the open space of Correction Wynd, St. Mary's Chapel, the *Old* East Church, and, beyond all, St. Nicholas Spire, from which the silver-tongued Lowrie and his sister bell Maria had for so many centuries proclaimed the passing hour. The view then was picturesque to a degree, and even now, when modern, and, of course, very commonplace buildings hem in the tower, there is no quainter corner in Aberdeen than Wallace Nook.

Now the old St. Nicholas Church was demolished in the middle thirties—the new church being opened in 1838—so that the upright position of the sword was maintained till that date, and, as I will subsequently show, beyond it. And here I cannot help making a digression and a lament about the sad fate of the Old East at the hands of our vandal forefathers. It is Longfellow the poet who somewhere in effect says that

> In the elder days of Art
> Builders wrought with greatest care
> Each minute and unseen part;
> For the Gods see everywhere.

They may do so, but fools don't generally see beyond their noses—for otherwise the eastmost portion of the Great Church of St. Nicholas—the Mother Church, as our forbears fondly and truly called the ancient fane—might be standing to this day—"a heritage to all" from the far away period, and from the generations long since passed away, who knew how rightly to build sacred edifices. Undoubtedly the master builders—John Gray and Richard Ancram—built with the greatest care, for the grand old fabric had to be blasted down with gunpowder, as ordinary destructive tools could not prevail against it. Hence it came to pass that the vandals, wearying of their struggle with the honest stone and lime, stopped—sweating, and I'll be bound, likewise



WALLACE NOOK. *From an Old Print.*

swearing—at the adamant roof of St. Mary's Chapel, and on it laid the foundation of the present East Church. The "job" was perpetrated, as the late Dr. Alexander Walker—"may the Lord keep his memory green"—used to say to provide work for that clever young architect, Archibald Simpson, to whose genius Aberdeen is indebted for many of its best buildings.* This "fair white church that in God's Acre stands" is not, however, one of his most successful efforts. Here, however, may be seen in subdued and not unpleasant form the carbuncled towerlets that have recently been reproduced in such riotous profusion in Broad Street.

The illustration accompanying this paper is a reduced reproduction of a well known print—one of the Montrose series—and if the reader examine it with a magnifying glass it will be seen that the sword is held upright, and almost in front of the face. Further it will be observed (and without the aid of a glass) that the East Church shown is the present building opened in 1838. The steeple is the old lead-covered one destroyed in the fire of 1874. The writer has a distinct recollection of the Wallace Statue since about 1847, and from that time to this the sword has been vertical with its point resting on the ground—in fact, well embedded in mortar. Thus it is clearly established that the period

* The villains of this piece of desecration, according to John Ramsay, were municipal and ministerial, and he laments that the "venerable structure was doomed to destruction by Provost James Blaikie and Rev. Mr. Foote." The minister of the East Parish was blamed for being jealous of his brother cleric of the North Parish with his handsome spick and span building, and he could not rest till he was "upsides down" with him in that respect. The pastor of the old East Church bartered away a pearl of great price for a bit of new-fangled silver filigree. But he knew it not—nor did very many of his generation.

in which the position of the sword was changed was sometime between 1838 and say 1847. But I am led to believe the change took place very early in the forties.

So much for the "when." "Why" the change was made is a matter of conjecture, but on this also I can throw some light—borrowed light. Mr. David McHardy, Netherkirkgate, who was "born and brought up" near the Wallace Nook, and has spent the whole of his business existence there, informs me that his late father, the Baillie, was once entrusted with the repair of Wallace. Among the repairs was the renewing of an arm, and that, of course, entailed interfering with the sword, and I have "no manner of doubt whatever" that the worthy Baillie placed the sword in its present position, and "planted" its point in the mortar to ensure additional stability. The statue itself is now embedded in mortar to well over the "queets," which gives its nether end a most comical aspect. Quite recently I endeavoured to have the statue examined at close quarters. McHardy's Bob most gallantly volunteered his services, and mounted the ladder till he was face to face with our champion. To an interrogative "Well?" sent after him, came the dubious answer that the "Hale ricmatick is so frail like, that I'm fley'd to lay a han' on't." As the investigation had been undertaken without leave asked of any one, it was deemed prudent to proceed no farther. "But what of the sword? What is it made of?" was asked; and prompt came the answer from the descending explorer—"Sheet-iron turned in at the edges, and clorts o' paint."

The blade that none but an archangel could wield
Was *light* in his terrible hand.

So, to the best of my recollection, some one sung regarding Wallace's sword, which was also endowed with the virtue of cutting an inch before the point! Wise Baillie! The sword you furnished was so *light* that, like the prudent man you were, you tethered it at both ends to prevent it being blown away. After sixty years of wind and weather, frail thing though it is as swords go, it still bears testimony to your admirable smith work—as does also Sir William's damaged arm, that you doctored so featly, to your capabilities as Davie Do A'thing, the Second, of Aberdeen. And now David III. reigns, a worthy representative of a line of McHardy smiths who have hammered all kinds of iron from a needle to an anchor at the Nook for nigh a century and a quarter.

Next number I will give a few more digressions reminiscent of the nook; and meantime the reader will, I am sure, enjoy the following poem from the late Mr. William Cadenhead's "Lays of Bon-Accord," published in 1853. UU.S.

WALLACE NOOK.

SPEAK! speakna o' intrinsic worth—an auld heirloom may be
O' unco sma' intrinsic worth, and yet be dear to me;
The kin' *memento* that we gat frae some auld-farrant frien',
Is hoarded by wi' jealous care, though hardly worth a preen.
The rashen cap and buckie to the loun a joy can yield
That crown and sceptre ne'er gave him wha doth a sceptre wield;
And Scotland's auld bleak heather hills to Scotsmen are as dear
As to the Indian is the vale, the rich vale o' Cashmere.
Then dinna smile wi' scornfu' smile, if I the truth declare,
That, though I've gaz'd on sculptur'd forms baith classical and rare,
Yet nane wi' stirring thoughts have e'er repaid my earnest look,
Like the rude form o' Scotland's chief that graces Wallace Nook.

When we were laddies at the skweel, and simmer days were lang,
How mony a joyous pilgrimage to spots o' fame we'd gang.
Out by Dee Village, where our thirst at its wee well we'd slake,
Aye mindin' still to leave a preen for ilka drink we'd take;

Then roun' by auld Hugh Jolly's house beneath the trees we'd go,
Or clamber up by Ferryhill to visit the Roun' O;
Or, if some other course we'd tak, our hearts were in a lowe,
To see the bonnie gow'nie banks and braes o' Carden's Howe.
And, O! the marvellous tales we'd tell, the wonders we'd proclaim,
To shame the hincum-sneevie louns wha aye holed on at hame,
Of trees a' loaded doun wi' fruit, that shook in ilka gale,
And a' the glorious "images" o' fairy Cherry-vale;
Of angels on the kirkyard dyke, wi a' their wings outspread,
And tooting on their trumpet horns, as if to wake the dead;
Of houses a' clad o'er wi' shells, stars, diamonds, and the cross,
And a' kin-kin' o' shapes and hues within the "Shelly Close;"
But ae thing still o'er a'thing else our constant notice took—
Sir William's brave aul' statue in the niche at Wallace Nook.

Had we not seen the sword that hew'd the coordy English doun?
Beneath his helmet had we not beheld his haughty froun?
Had we not seen his stalwart limbs encased in doughty mail,
The very sight of which had made a thousand English quail,
When, only wi' the wee bit dog that by his foot is seen,
From an enormous host of foes he rescued Aberdeen,
Although his casque he never closed, nor yet his broadsword drew
(For *we* had mony a tale of him Blind Harry never knew);
And if 't was questioned what we said, why just come here and look—
Sir William, armour, dog, and a', are carved at Wallace Nook.

What tho' it canna boast "the lines o' beauty and o' grace"—
Tho' modish taste turns up its nose when passing by the place;
Yet there is nane wha's patriot heart beats true to Scotland's richt,
But will revere the statue o' her dauntless champion knicht.
Your granite Duke, exalted high, may frown on common rank,
And Commerce' fancied form o'erlook the entrance to the Bank,
And the guid Provost's monument may light wi' marble smile,
What in our younger days was kent as Drum's auld haunted aisle;
But if you want a sample o' the stalwart men o' yore,
Wha, brac'd and girded cap-a-pie, their iron armour wore,
Just speil wi' me Carnegie's Brae, and wi' admirin' look,
Regard the brave auld form that fills the niche at Wallace Nook.

Then speakna o' intrinsic worth—an auld heir-loom may be
O' unco sma intrinsic worth, and yet be dear to me;
The kind *memento* that we gat frae some auld-farrant frien'
Is hoarded by wi' jealous care, though hardly worth a preen.
Let virtuosos doat upon, let connoisseurs revere
Their Venuses de Medicis, Apollos Belvidere;
Let testy politician's fight, wi' mony a wordy blow,
If Cromwell's statue get a place among the kings or no;
Let Edinburgh's "Oldenbucks," frae time's destroying shocks,
For mony towmonds yet preserve the tenement o' Knox;
But, O! wi' deeper reverence still let Aberdonians look
On brave Sir William's statue in the niche at Wallace Nook.

We show in this number a reproduction of an old picture of Wallace Nook, and when you want old original prints of views of Aberdeen come to

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WISE AND OTHERWISE.

You will see that with this number of the *Book-Stall* we give a list of books, mostly second-hand ; some are old, some are rare, and all are interesting, and worthy of the attention of book-buyers. This list, however, only gives a small selection from our stock of second-hand books, which is large and varied. You should call early and inspect it, and call often, as the stock is as changeable as the weather. A book may be here to-day and gone to-morrow, at least that's how we like them to move.

One department that we always keep well up is that relating to local works—books, old engravings of views, portraits, etc., and of these we have got a number of fresh items lately.

Amongst some of our recent purchases we picked up an old volume in which we find the following description of Aberdeen and its people. "A city of great trade, the situation of which is pleasant and advantageous. The people, whom I look upon to be the best merchants in Scotland, have always paid particular attention to that great staple, the woollen manufacture. A capital brewery has also been established, where the proprietors make excellent strong ale and small beer, for which they get ready sale. . . . Upon the whole, this is a thriving town, and daily improving. New, substantial and elegant buildings are adding to it annually. The people have a proper spirit for trade, and are of an industrious and enterprising genius. The male part of the inhabitants are strong and healthy ; the females yield to none of their sex for beauty, and every other requisite accomplishment."

The reference to the brewery reminds us of a passage in the *Aberdeen Journal* of June 13th, 1797, to which a friend lately called our attention.

"Our not having received, previous to the hour of publication, any particular account of what passed in the Camp near the Bridge of Don, on his Majesty's birthday, prevented our inserting any notice of what occurred on that occasion in our last week's detail. The appearance of the line in full dress was beautiful, and the manoeuvres remarkably correct and soldierly. The concourse of spectators from Aberdeen and the vicinity was numerous, who were highly gratified with the firing, and the different evolutions which the troops went through. The Magistrates, with a numerous and genteel company from this City and its neighbourhood, partook of an elegant entertainment given in honour of the day by General Hay. The munificence of the General was also extended to the soldiery ; they drank the Royal Healths, not in that poisonous liquor administered under the name of *Whisky*, but in more healthy and invigorating draughts of Porter. What a pity that these honest fellows in the ranks do not prefer in common, a tankard of sound home brewed ale, to the dram of Whisky, which produces the worst species of intoxication, and the most pernicious effects!"

Query—Was this belauded porter the product of the Brewery above mentioned?

At a book auction we recently bought a bundle of pamphlets, amongst which were several of the booklets published in Edinburgh 40 years ago, and some of which are now scarce. It was in this series that "Rab and his Friends" first appeared, as well as several other productions from the pen of the genial Dr. John Brown. On dipping into one of these, "The Enterkin," we came across the following story.

"From Tweedsmuir we walked by the Bield, the old inn, where the Moffat carriers baited or slept ; and could not help recalling a story worthy of *Humphrey Clinker*. Campbell the poet, in his young days, had walked out thus far, and had got snug into bed after his tumbler of toddy, when there was a knock at the door. 'Come in' ; and behold, with a candle in her hand, stood the pretty maiden—who had given him his supper—in her short-gown and petticoat. 'Please, sir, could ye tak' a neebor into yer bed?' 'With all my heart,' said the imaginative, susceptible poet, starting gaily up. 'Thank ye, sir, for the Moffat carrier's just come in a' wat, and there's no a single ither place.' Up came the huge and reeking man ; exit the dainty little woman."



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AND!
OH!
AND!

Oh! I sigh for the day that could never have
been,
And I cry for the moon that has never been
seen:
Oh! I moan for a flow'r that has never been
known,
And I groan for a fruit that has never been
grown,
Oh! day
And moon,
Oh! flow'r
And fruit,
Why will you not let me press my suit?

Oh! I dream of the love that should ever
seem mean,
And I think of the youth that can ever be
green;
Oh! I know of a life that can ever be slow,
And the glow of a fire that can ever be low.
Oh! Love
And Youth,
Oh! Life
And Fire,
Why will you not then fan my desire?

Dear sigh and groan, then moan and cry—
"Why, Oh! why, will you never die,
Oh! And,
Oh! And?"
Think sweet, and dream; know that the glow
Comes when the summer breezes blow,
Oh!
And,
Oh!
And
That's the first and the last of Oh! And!

G.

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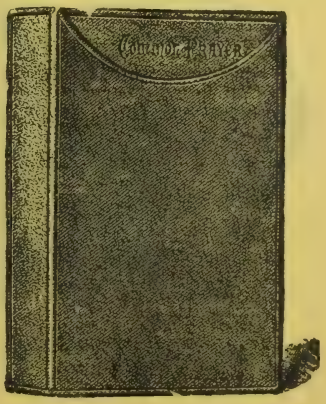
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BROWN'S BOOKSTALL

No. 70. DECEMBER. 1906.

COUNTRY COUSINS IN TOWN.

TO the garden of a learned gentleman in the Aulton there recently came for shelter a brace of pheasants. This set me wondering whether birds and other wild creatures have the means of communicating with one another regarding "soft places" which they may visit with a surety of getting a kindly welcome—just as the wild human tramp leaves "his mark," of warning or encouragement, on walls and doors as a guide for fellow-wanderers who may follow in his tracks. Be that as it may, the pheasants chose aright, for they visited a sanatorium where feathered waifs and straws —derelicts of the ocean gathered on the sands of the bay—are nursed back into health and strength, and if beyond absolute cure, are retained as pensioners.

The incident of the pheasants brought to my recollection other visits made to town by inhabitants of the field and the forest, and the stories I have here set down regarding them may not be without interest to readers of *Brown's Bookstall*. Along with the stories the readers (gentle ones I hope) must, of course, put up with the usual "that-reminds-me" incidents which accompany the adumbrations of this scribe.

A DEER HUNT IN TOWN.

Very early one morning some fifty years ago, a roedeer from somewhere came wandering across Castle Street. It was discovered and chased, and after some doubling round the Duke and the Cross House (so called as the Cross had but recently ceased to house the Post Office), the bewildered deer rushed down Marischal Street. But unfortunately for the visitor a night-watchman, who happened to be awake, appeared in its path. The poor affrighted animal leaped at a bound the parapet of the "Dry Brig" (reason of name obvious) and was killed by the fall on the cruel causeway of Virginia Street.

This deer need not have wandered far to its doom, for as the crow flies, Tyrebagger woods were but some six miles distant, and were then of much greater dimensions than they are now. The writer, when a school-boy, assisted at a deer drive in these woods in the early fifties. The shooting party was from Pitmedden House, away by the Don, and I was lucky enough to be present at a kill by the grieve, and witnessed with fascination and a fearful gusto the operation of gralloching, and the hanging of the carcase by the hind legs upon a bent sapling, there to await the coming of a pony to carry it home. The workers at Tyrebagger and Clinterty quarries were on occasion mighty hunters in these same woods and those of Elrick that stretched away towards Brimond Hill. To my knowledge, the cutting up and division of the spoils of many a chase took place in a barn at



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THE above shows the appearance of our premises in Bridge Street, looking from the south. It also gives a good idea of one of our principal streets. On the right, in the distance, may be seen the dome of the Free South Church, and to the left of that the corner of the Northern Assurance buildings, one of the finest granite buildings in the city. But the building we wish to impress on your notice is the one in the foreground occupied by

BROWN'S BOOK-STALL.

the Red Smiddy. And small blame to the quarriers for augmenting their spare larders with a hunch of venison when they got the chance. There was no gun licence in those days, and I have many a time assisted in making bullets, ostensibly for use at shooting matches at Yule and New Year's Day ; but it was well understood that many a bullet found its billet in something more active and softer than an old barn-door with a rude target sketched thereon.

A HARE HUNT AT GARDEN-NOOK CLOSE.

Like Harry Coverdale's courtship, this hunt was short, sharp, and decisive. Where the hare came from, goodness only knows. All I know is I made its acquaintance in Spa Street, with a crowd behind it—a considerable way behind it. Rejecting my offer to take it to my arms, it sprang down the steps to the Well of Spa, and ran into the crowd it was running from. By a quick double back it got clear of the feet that would have shown no mercy, and disappeared into the Garden Nook Close. After terrifying some gossips there, and making an old lady mix herself thoroughly up with her fraucht of water, the maukin run up and leaped from a fore-stair, and then for a time found shelter among some cellars, giving time for sure the half of Aberdeen to gather in the vicinity ! A mongrel cur soon, however, drove the hare from its refuge, and all over the same ground it went again ; but the steadily augmenting crowd so got in its own way as to ensure pussy's safety from that source. At length, getting a fairly clear run along Upper Denburn, it finally disappeared from the view of the swearing, sweating mob among the fields through which sometime later ran the near-cut Rosemount way, known as the "Incurable Brae," from the Hospital of that name which was first established in that vicinity. So none of those engaged in this chase was lucky enough to reach the preliminary stage of that famous recipe for cooking—"First catch your hare !"

A STRAYED COVEY.

To pass from fur to feather, I may relate that while employed in a printing office with windows overlooking the quadrangle of Marischal College, I was one Autumn afternoon astonished to hear the unmistakable whirr of a covey of partridges. And sure enough I saw alighting on a patch of ground at the north side of the buildings, a score or so of the "little brown birds." For a time they ran hither and thither looking for shelter among the few flowers and stunted bushes that constituted Sacrist Colvin's garden-patch. But after a very short stay, they all up and away, and disappeared over the Town House roof, seemingly en route for the hills of Torry or the safer shelter of Tullos Hill beyond. These birds when coming to town may not have been ten minutes' flight from their breeding ground, as a new city has since sprung up where half a century ago there were "deep waving fields and pastures green."

Speaking of partridges reminds me that through them I, unconsciously, first became a poacher (in a small way, as befitted a small boy not arrived at the dignity of breeches), and became acquainted with the game laws. On the banks of the Blackburn—which runs from Brimond Hill to the Don at Kinaldie—and near the village that takes its name from the stream, I had the good fortune to scare a partridge off a nest containing a baker's dozen of eggs. These I carefully gathered into my Glengarry cap (surely the nattiest headdress a boy could wear, and indestructible forbye), and took them home, proud indeed, you may be sure, of my find. Judge of my astonishment on being seized by my grandmother, and hustled with very scant ceremony into a room, the door of which was promptly closed. Did anybody see me with the eggs, I was asked. No one had, for I had carefully and prudently come by back ways, for fear that if discovered I might have to divide or altogether lose my booty at the hands of the bigger boys in the village. I was told how lucky my quiet home-coming was, for if I had been seen, and the gamekeeper

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told about the matter, my grandfather, grandmother, and myself might all have been taken off to the jail in Aberdeen! This was indeed serious news to me, for was not the jail the direct road to the gallows, and had not a man just been hanged in Aberdeen for only poisoning his wife? After pondering over the matter, and laying the position of affairs before my trusty friend, Jean Simmers, the servant lass, it appeared to me that the sin of lifting partridge eggs mainly lay (no pun intended) in being discovered. "Stuff and nonsense," was Jean's retort about the danger of my being hanged, "and far's the eggs?" They were produced, and the thirteenth cracked for the double purpose of seeing the state of matters within, and to get away from that unlucky number. Thereafter, and at two sittings not far apart, I put myself outside the remaining dozen. This was by no means the last of my egg poaching expeditions, but I thought it advisable ever after to keep all information from my grand-parent, and thus, with the connivance of Jean, I enjoyed a sort of double luxury from my double-dealing with the game laws. My fellow-conspirator is still alive and hearty, and may realise that the way of the transgressor is hard (as I liked my eggs to be) when she here finds her sins have found her out, and that they are pilloried in print after a lapse of nigh sixty years.

Not so very long since, as a friend of mine was going up Great Western Road on a dark evening, a black-cock dropped at his feet. It had apparently been flying low, and come in contact with either the telephone or the tramway wires. The poor bird was stunned and badly hurt; but it fell into kind hands. After a week or twos nursing and the run of the garden, the black-cock one day took wing, and with true instinct seemed to make for the Grampians.

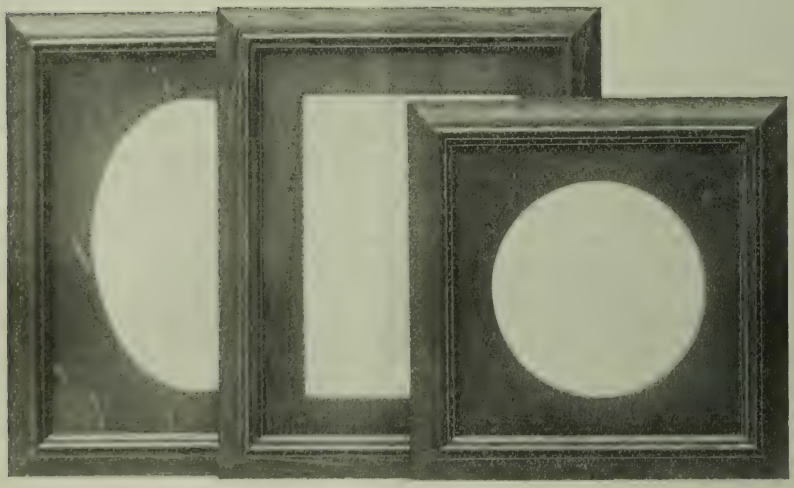
Turning the Turtle.

Mention of the Royal Hotel reminds me of a visitor to that popular establishment which was once the cause of a very amusing incident. Two night watchmen had just left Adelphi Court (where resided some of the leading city merchants, doctors, and lawyers) one guardian crying aloud, "Half-past twal, an' a fine frosty nicht," when he went "heelster gowdie" over something huge and moving on the pavement. Flash went the other's lamp, while he cried—"Jump, Tam, ye deevil, jump, it's a monster partin, an' gin it gets ye by the hough, it will snap it like a rotten carrot!" Doubtless Tam jumped; and the puzzled policemen, lamps in hands, warily examined the monster as it slowly crept along. "I'll tell ye what it is, Donald," at length said Tam, as he rubbed his shin, "its one o' the foreign beasts they mak' broth o' in the Royal. It'll be for the Lords, ye'll see,—there comin' neist week." "Haith they are, an' I'm a witness against a peer man that near han' felled a gauger up country," said Donald; "pit I'm thinkin' yer vricht apoot the pit peestie."

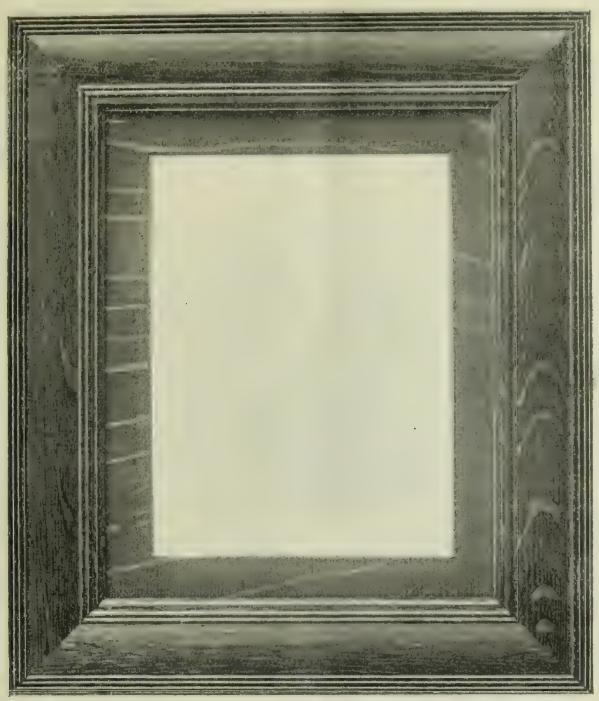
In truth the outlandish thing the policemen contemplated was just a strayed turtle from the Royal lobby, where some of these delectable creatures were occasionally on show before they went to the pot! It had somehow escaped in the dark, and was wisely making its weary way seaward. However, the whole hotel was speedily roused by whacks of the policemen's staves on the door, and Tam authoritatively commanded—"Come oot this very minute, some of ye, an' tak' in yer wild beests; they canna be allo'ed tae stravaig the streets fleggin' fowk oot o' their wits, an' brakin' my shins!" The poor turtle's dash for liberty was arrested, and as it was hustled along with pushful persuasion, Donald hovered round the enemy with eerie shouts and much noisy thumping of the pavement with his staff, for the cateran spirit of his fathers was aroused in him by the "chase," and he felt as if driving some lightly-acquired Lowland stirks hamewith through the Grampian passes. The turtle was laid upon its back to prevent farther wanderings, and when he saw it thus, Donald remarked as he kindly poked it in the "pelly" that it reminded him of a "borse cap with four speens stickin' in't;" while his companion said, "A weel, my dawtie, I maun aloo ye did

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bring my heart into my mou', an' noo when it is oot o' that again, I widna care though I had something ither in its place. What think ye, Mister Robertson?" Dainty, dapper Davie, the host of the Royal, who had appeared in spick and span attire, took the plain hint in good part, and Tam and Donald were stayed with flagons and comforted with a good whang of cheese and bread—and so went their way, rejoicing that they had turned up in the nick of time to turn the turtle.

The glory of the old Royal Hotel departed with the coming of the railway to the north, for David Robertson was the last, as he was the greatest, of the mighty hosts who ruled the north road in the good old coaching days.

A Digression.

It may be explained that the night watchmen were in the middle of last century quite distinct from the day police (see tombstone west side of main path to Town's Churches). The night Peelers were generally oldish men, and their uniform was a thick heavy overcoat reaching nearly to their heels, and a Tam o' Shanter bonnet of huge circumference. They were armed with heavy walking sticks, which many of them found to be a "comfort still" towards the end of the night watches. They did as extras, odds and ends of jobs, such as putting out the street lamps (for which purpose there was a contrivance at the end of their staves), and knocking up folks in the morning. Nevertheless, on occasion they were nimble enough to catch a turtle, or to round-up a benighted traveller clinging to a lamp-post. William Anderson, author of that local classic "Jean Findlater's Loon," was chief of the night staff for many a year, and was a friend indeed to many a convivial and worthy citizen who had dined not wisely but too well.

U.U.S.

BROWN'S FOR BIBLES.

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NOTES.

THE other day we picked up a copy of "The Book of Bon-Accord" in which one can find much information about Aberdeen, and much amusement from the pawky way in which Dr. Robertson tells his story.

By the way, if you are not the happy possessor of a copy of "The Book of Bon-Accord," we can supply a first class copy with illustrations for 12s. 6d. It is now scarce.

But as we say, we took up a copy in one of our moments of leisure, which are not too plentiful in these scrambling days of competition, and found the following which shows that our forebears had a decent amount of leisure:

"Naturally associated with the newspapers are the newsrooms, and of these the city contains two. The principal is the "Athenæum," situated in the east-end of Union Buildings, and commanding, from its windows, a fair view of the Castlegate. The room is spacious, and the supply of papers ample; it is a favourite lounging spot, and its lobby, door-way, and adjacent pavement, serve as a sort of parade. It is, in this respect, the successor and representative of the shop of Mr. John Ewen, goldsmith, which occupied nearly the same site, and was, in its day, very noted as a gossiping-place, owing, in a great degree, to the singular politeness and urbanity of its tenant. More lately the pavement near the Athenæum has been dignified with the resort of the idlers who were wont to frequent the small dusky shop of Messrs. Angus and Son, booksellers, which had the honour of being reported to a Parliamentary Committee, by our present venerable Town-clerk, as "a kind of lounge where gentlemen frequently resort to hear the news of the days, in Castle street." The citizens of Aberdeen seem to have been addicted to strolling in this vicinity from a very early period. Francis Douglas,

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towards the end of the last century remarked the custom, added, "walking so much, no doubt, contributes to the health of the inhabitants."

This "Athenæum" referred to was built by Alexander Brown, the founder of our firm, and occupied by him as a library and newsroom for many years.

After enumerating and critising the various Hotels and Inns the worthy doctor goes on to say. "It may be necessary to inform the stranger that the city affords no respectable Coffee-Room; the attempt to establish one has frequently been made, but has never attained success."

Times are indeed changed when one can go to the "Empress Café," which occupies the premises at 85 Union-street, recently vacated by "Brown's Bookstall," and where one can enjoy the best of coffee and cigars, and discuss the topic of the day.

In fact, to quote our author again, it might be described as one of "those local habitations which court the presence of the stranger, and are the delight of the townsman."

Now that they are widening Union Bridge, it may be interesting to recall the "Encylopædia Metropitana," which in its description of Aberdeen states that "A capacious stone bridge, of a single arch, stretches itself across the Forth near Union Street!"

TWO NEW LOCAL BOOKS.

"The Old Scottish Precentor" is a volume now on sale dealing with the doings of the old worthy from the historical, biographical, anecdotal, and reminiscent points of view. The book is published to subscribers at half-a-crown, is capital value, and is illustrated with a numper of portraits of byegone precentors, and reproductions of old musical MS.

There is a new Old Mortality in the field. Mr. John A. Henderson, who has already been before the reading public as the author of a "History of Banchory-Devenick" and "Annals of Lower Deeside," announces that he is about to publish by subscription "Aberdeenshire Epitaphs and Inscriptions: With Historical and Genealogical Notes." The work will cover ground not touched by the well-known and now scarce volumes by Andrew Jervise. The price will be 15/6, and subscribers' names will be taken by A. Brown & Co., 28 Bridge Street.

CUMBERLAND'S LODGINGS, GUESTROW, ABERDEEN.

THE letterpress by the Editor of "Scottish Notes and Queries,"* which accompanied a brief sketch of the above was particularly interesting (vol., vii., 97), as also is the short descriptive article contained in that scarce local work entitled "Old Landmarks, of Aberdeen," of which there were two editions, viz. :—1885 and 1886. But the following information gleaned from the "Daily Free Press, of Monday, 3rd August, 1885, in an unsigned article which bore the title of "An Interesting Old House," throws new light upon its history and proprietors. As this information is not contained in the latest historical work dealing with this building and history, viz. Mr. Fraser's *magnum opus* "Historical Aberdeen," I am sure the readers of the "Bookstall," will be glad to give it currency in its columns for preservation, as it is interesting in many

*Messrs. A. Brown & Co., established 7th June, 1783, who were publishers of this local antiquarian monthly from September, 1897, to June, 1904, have still back numbers and bound volumes in stock, and will be glad to have enquiries regarding same. Tell us what you lack and we will report.

ways. Says the writer: "There are few houses in Aberdeen around which more interest is circled, historically and architecturally, than No. 45 Guestrow, of late years known as the Victoria Lodging House, now advertised for sale in our columns by Messrs. Murray and M'Combie, on the part of the city's latest benefactor, Miss Elizabeth Crombie Duthie, of Ruthrieston (born in Aberdeen, 1819; died 1885).

The old house Miss Duthie inherited from her brother Alexander, to whom it came from his uncle, Mr. Walter, who acquired it on the death of James Duthie, to whom he was the nearest male-heir. Mr. James Duthie succeeded to his father as heir male "for hasp and staple," his father Mr. Alexander Duthie, of Ruthrieston, had become its owner in 1808 by purchase from Mrs. Thom. The house has thus been in the possession of the Duthie family, for nearly eighty years.

The older part of the house dates from about 1580, but the most attractive feature of the buildings, are its very finely carved mantlepieces and coved ceilings within; and outside, mouldings and carved stones of rare excellence—all, we think, in the part of the house built by Sir George Skene, of Fintray (see coloured illustration in Memorials of Skene of Skene, by William Forbes Skene, D.C.L., LL.D., printed for the New Spalding Club in 1887), from whom it went to Mr. George Skene, at whose death it passed to Mr. David Skene, and by Adies, Keiths, Thomsons, and Thoms, it came to the Duthies, as already mentioned.

In 1745, when it belonged to Mr. Thomson of Portlethen, the Duke of Cumberland took full and free occupancy of the house, and Mrs. Gordon of Hallhead, said that, notwithstanding his promise to respect her property, which she locked up, the Duke consumed everything that would consume, and took away every bit of china, table linen, books, repeating clock, her husband's clothes, and the very night-gowns, shoes, and dresses belonging to her little son.

At the bottom of the ground belonging to the old house, in what was its garden, there is a flight of steps, and beside these steps, which led down in the old time to the Mill Burn, the curious observer will find a large square chest made of massive pieces of granite clamped together at the corners. This is nothing other than the sarcophagus, in which in the days of persecution certain members of the Society of Friends found sepulture. Continuing, the article stated: In drawing attention to this building in this hasty way, we would urge that at its sale some reservation should be made of these old carvings in wood and stone.

We are aware that Messrs. Wordie have confided the care of everything of this sort found in Jameson's old house in Schoolhill to a very safe hand, and we trust Miss Duthie's trustees will do the same in regard to this interesting part of her property.

The above notes are thus supplementary to what was chronicled in the "Bookstall," December, 1899, page 10. It may be added that Mr. George Skene, II. of Rubislaw—1707-1708, had by Catherine Adie, daughter of David Adie of Newark, his wife, the following children:—George, who succeeded him (1709-1757); Robert died unmarried in March, 1709; Janet married John Anderson, Professor in Marischal College; Katherine married Alexander Thomson, advocate in Aberdeen, and died on the 4th March, 1776, aged 73; and Margaret married Thomas Finnie, of Wellbrae. George Skene, III. of Rubislaw (1709-1757) married Helen Thomson, daughter to Portlethen, and step-daughter to his mother, Catherine Adie.

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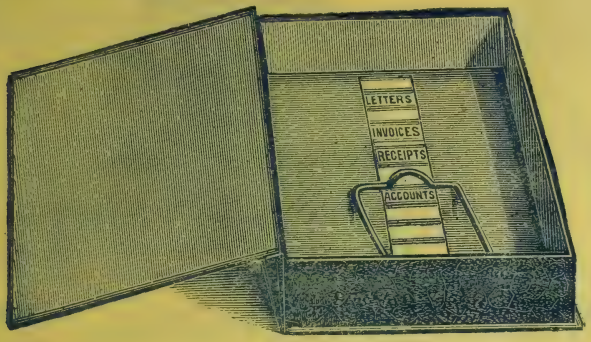
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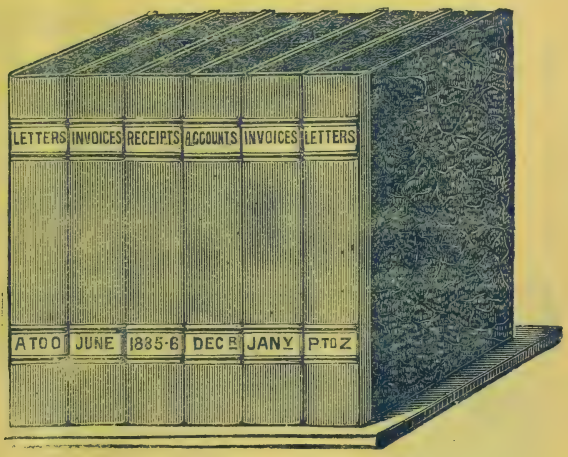
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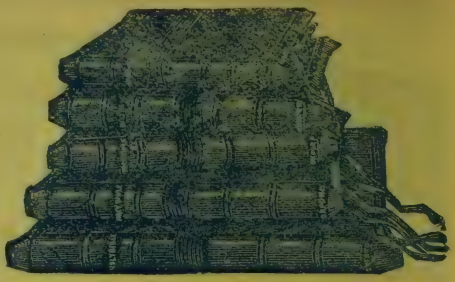
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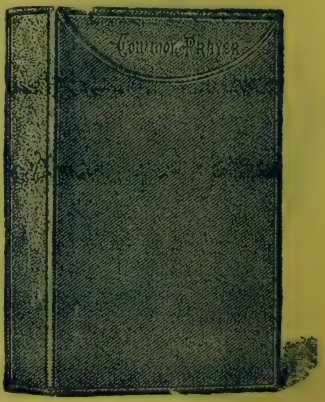
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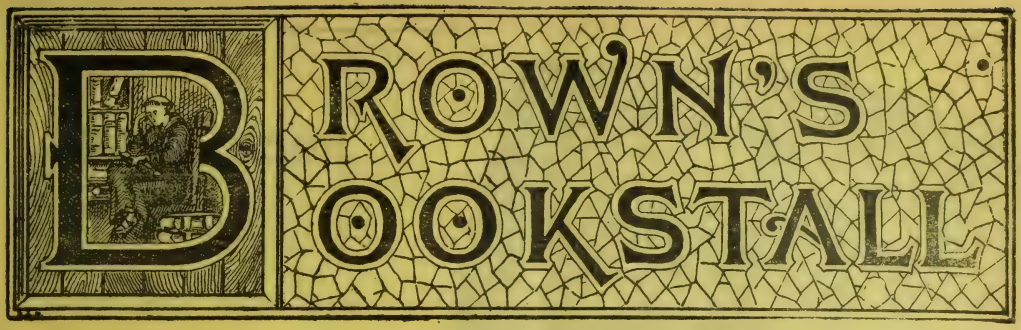
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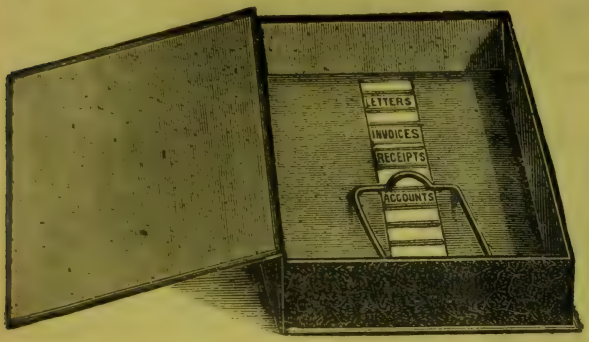
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JAMES MURDOCH, Minor Poet.

Born at Heugh-head, Strathdon, May, 1847.

JAMES MURDOCH, the writer of the appended poems, was author of several poetical effusions, many having been written in the strain of our national bard, Robert Burns. The Backies Birken Braes, to which he fondly refers, are situated in Glenbuchat, Aberdeenshire, and are celebrated locally for their pristine beauty and fine situation of surroundings.

The author, my uncle, was the eldest son of Robert Murdoch, farmer, and his wife Isabella Brodie, and it is well to note that his grandfather, William Brodie, occupied the farm of Backies for several years, and that a branch of the Gordons occupied it at the end of the eighteenth century. James Murdoch, who died in Glasgow, 8th April, 1899, spent many years of his life in Trinadad, having been employed in the sugar trade. During his outward voyage he commenced a diary, in which he narrated not only his experiences and travels, but kept a copy of his compositions. These he intended to print upon his return to the old country—but, alas! a fire broke out at his residence, and his effects, including his MS. poems, etc., were destroyed. I am indebted to Mr. Jonathan Gauld, Edinburgh for the undernoted piece composed at an early period, entited: —

The Backies Birken Braes.

O meet me, Mary Ann, at e'en, where fragrant breezes blaw,
And muse upon the witching scenes amang the birken shaw,
Where birdies sing from bough to bough their sweet enchanting lays,
Where burnies flow, and wild flowers grow, alang the Backies Braes.

Come, Mary dear, and rest ye here, in this gay birken chair,
And view the little weeping leaf that drops the dewy tear,
And contemplate this fairy scene, though often it decays,
It dies, but to revive again, and deck the Backies Braes.

The sun has dipp'd his golden wings amang the dark brown heath,
The bright and gorgeous gilded beams glide o'er the birken wreath,
And cheers the wild romantic dale, while Nature's hand displays
The beauty of the Balloch Vale and Backies Birken Braes.

Here and there along the braes there is yet to be seen
Engraved on the spotted bark the names of those that's been
As we are now in richest bloom, but youth it soon decays,
And we, like them, must meet our doom, and le'e the Backies Braes.

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MILTON.

O, bright, bright, are the evening's beams, and sweet's the pearly dew,
While bonnie is the star that blinks through gloamin's dusky blue,
And captivating is that spell, while lovely is the gaze
Of Mary, lily of the vale, and pride of Backies Braes.

Now, the origin of Backies mentioned in this poem is rather interesting. Macdonald in his "Place Names of Aberdeenshire," page 36, writes as follows:—Backies (Glenbuchat). Laing, in the "Donean Tourist," calls this place Bacaiseach, which, he says, signifies an impediment or obstruction. I know nothing of any such form of the name, and Laing gives no authority.

Baukie (Sco.), "a strip of untilled ground between cultivated ridges" does not suit, the vowel being long. Backie (Sco.), dim. of back, and pl. s., has been suggested, but I never heard the word so used, and do not see the sense of it. Backhouscroft, Haddington, and Bakhouscroft, Kincardine, seem to be close parallels, but these were probably attached to bake-houses. In Aberdeenshire there is a curious custom of calling a farmer by the first syllable of the name of his farm, with *ies* added thus—Drummies, Whities, Edenies, Scurries, and many such-like. These names do not apply to the farms, but to the occupants, and are really nicknames, although no offence is intended or taken. A farmer in Strathbogie once occupied the farm called "Back o' Field," and for forty years was commonly known by no other name than "Backies." Had this man gone into a croft after leaving his farm, it would almost certainly have been called "Backie's Croft." In such way this place in Glenbuchat may have got the name.

Of the lairds who have owned Glenbuchat, none were held so high in esteem as the late James William Barclay, Esq., Member of Parliament for Forfarshire from 1872 to 1892, who died 26th February this year. He wrote me from 5 Clarendon Place, Hyde Park Gardens, London, W., on 27th October, last year, stating he was preparing a book about the glen, and wanted another chapter about the people and any matter worth record concerning the glen and its folk; and I promised to assist. My intended contribution was what the editor of the "Bookstall" has secured for this issue, viz.—an appreciation of one who had an impassioned love of country.

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But as the poet Cowper said "Variety's the very spice of life," consequently no two people have exactly the same taste in gardens

any more than in other things. However, anyone by consulting the 13 "One and All" booklets previously issued can cultivate a garden to suit their particular fancy. The list includes Sweet Peas, Annuals, Salads, Vegetables, Perennials, Manuring, Potatoes, Allotments, Roses, Garden Making, Bulbs, Weather, and Onions.

Dr. Johnson said "Quotation, sir, is a good thing," accordingly, we have adorned our pages with quotations on this occasion. Not that we wish to pose as being on quoting terms with all the authors; no, we simply turned up STOKES' CYCLOPÆDIA OF FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS and in a few minutes collected the lot. This is an entirely new work, gleaning from literary fields hitherto little worked. It contains 5000 quotations and sells at the low figure of 3/6 net. We can't quote it lower, but we can quote it, bound in Half-Morocco, at 7/6, and shall be pleased to send a copy on approval or a detailed prospectus.

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* * * * *

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MY friend of the second-hand bookshop is more cheerful. There are gaps—healthy pocket filling gaps—in the row of novels that decorate his counter with the colours of Joseph's coat. No longer do the bright red-and-blue bindings waste their freshness on the shabby customers who watch for their decline into the coffin-shaped box outside the shop. Their lean fingers may search in vain to-day for any but the veriest outcasts of the publishers' lists. For the great British public of the frock coat and top hat has begun to read again, and his wife and his daughters will no longer wait for the fading of the bright volumes.

I have not seen Mr. Dryasdust so cheerful since the cheap editions of the classics were published, and a second-hand Dickens and Thackeray were eclipsed by the novelty of a World's Classic or a Nelson Series fresh from the printer, cheap as a bright shilling. These cheap editions did not yield much harvest to a second-hand bookseller, and in despair at last he filled his shelves with them. For a time he meditated becoming a first-hand bookseller altogether, but suddenly there was a a turn in the wheel of fortune. The new cheap editions spread the best authors among thousands of people who only knew them by name before. And when they had been well thumbed and appreciated, there rose a demand for better and bigger editions of the great men, and my bookseller came by his profit again.

This, at least, is his explanation of the increased demand for the classics in good print, 8vo, such as the cheapest editions, with all their merits, cannot, he declares, supply.* Here we are on delicate ground, and I see myself attacked by a vast horde of cheap classics if I agree with him that anything could be better. So I give his opinion without comment, and he adds that he does not see why the cheap editions should be jealous of the return to favour of their more sedate predecessors, since they sell as well as ever.

"Then the standard authors are booming in small print and big print?" I asked.†

He admits it, but will not agree that the public, for whom he has a certain contempt, are acquiring a better taste.

"And the more serious books of travel and biography, do they not also sell well?"

"Yes, if the biography is gossipy enough, and contains some Court or political scandals. Anything that concerns the vices of the Tuileries, for instance—there's a book that would sell. Society memoirs are also a safe investment, and political memoirs if they are served up hot, with plenty of personal spice. History is a slow horse—poor old Fyffe, for instance, is nearly dead, and Macaulay and Hume, to go back further, don't sell for their history. Some fashionable or would-be-fashionable folk buy Macaulay for his style. Essays, did you say? Generally speaking, I sell many more essays than I used to. My middle-class reader can't get too much of

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Stevenson or Lamb. 'Men and Books' is a galloper.*

I brought him back to history. "So you don't think people read much history at present?"

"Not dull history," he replied. "But J. R. Green is as good as ever. You can hardly get a second-hand copy of his short history, and the Cambridge history would sell in thousands if it came out in a cheap edition."

"Let us come to the eighteenth and early nineteenth century. What about Swift, Sterne, Fielding, Smollett, Reade, Lever, Jane Austin, and the Brontës?"

"Fielding always sold fairly well, and 'Amelia' and 'Joseph Andrews' are most popular at present. And I find that Swift and Sterne—especially the 'Sentimental Journey'—are also greatly sought after just now. 'Charles O'Malley' and 'Harry Lorrequer's Confessions,' 'Tom Burke,' and 'Tom Jones," all these the cheap classics have revived. And just as many a novelist owes his reputation to Newnes's sixpenny edition, so do Reade and Lever. Swift and Sterne, and many other great writers sell in their thousands now, when they sold only in their tens or twenties ten years ago. But the Brontës and the Austens do not sell as briskly; I think that their style is too quiet for a bustling age. Scott and Thackeray and Dickens were never in greater demand, Dickens particularly. But Scott for the moment outstrips them all.* I really think that sometimes he will run Shakespeare hard. You ask about poetry. Well, modern poetry won't go at all—I mean poetry that is published to-day. But Shelley, Keats, Byron, Longfellow, and Tennyson are all splendid sellers."

At this point his assistant came to ask for some advice about a second-hand edition of Trollope's works. "Another of our old favourites in fashion again, you see," he nodded as he went off to hunt in his topmost shelves.†

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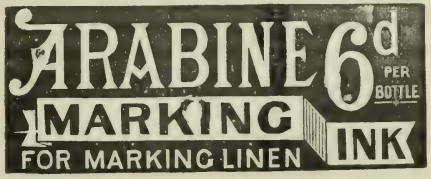
THE Volunteers are once more in the melting pot, and the publication, at this juncture, of Mr. Donald Sinclair's "History of the Aberdeen Volunteers" is exceedingly appropriate.

The title of the volume hardly does the book or the author justice. It is undoubtedly a history of the Aberdeen Volunteers, but it is a good deal more. It is divided into two parts; the first part traces the history of the bands of Burghers, who, times without number, stepped manfully forward on the call of the Provost to guard our "braif toun" from the warlike incursions of our predatory neighbours; and what is more, this is the first time that any account of these interesting times has been given to the public. They are buried in the tomes of the city records, and Mr. Sinclair has made capital use of the material placed at his disposal. Nor is the volume confined to the Aberdeen Volunteers, for it deals also with the Volunteers of the Counties of Aberdeen, Kincardine, and Banff, and two chapters are devoted to these counties, covering the deeply interesting period of the Napoleonic invasion scares. He tells how almost every little community throughout the three counties had its Corps of Volunteers. The lists of Volunteer Officers in the different districts, taken from official records, bring out in bold relief the great part then played by the County gentry. Even that charming sleepy hollow, the "Aulton," had its standing army in these stirring times. There is something quaint and so like the "Aulton" in the quotation given by Mr. Sinclair from the Old Aberdeen Burgh Records. These state quite seriously that the standing army should consist of "four militia souldeurs" and these were engaged for five years. It was found necessary to augment the corps to "twall armed men and ane overseer."

The second and longest part of the volume deals solely with the modern Volunteer, 1859-1907, and unlike the first part, it is confined to the City Volunteers. The causes which led to the rise of the Volunteers and the steps taken in Aberdeen to organise corps are all told in a highly interesting manner. The story of the three Scottish Volunteer Reviews is told, and an appendix to this chapter gives a complete list of all the Volunteers present at the last great review in 1905, a list which cannot fail to be of interest. There is an admirable chapter on the Service Companies who were at the front, and photographs of all the officers of these Companies. The author has done good service to the community in preserving these in so abiding a form. The book finishes with a chapter on the Wapinschaw, and the completeness with which the subject has been handled is shown by the fact that the author takes the reader back to the fourteenth century for illustrations of our earliest Wapinschaw. The list of Queen's and King's prizemen with which the book closes should be of considerable interest to all shooting men.

The illustrations are numerous, and, like the printing, are creditable in every way. The volume, in short, will rank as one of the bests local books, and deals exhaustively with a subject which is probably the only important one in local history which had not already, to some extent at least, been written up ere now. There are only a limited number printed, and as about half of these were subscribed for before publication, the book promises to be one of our scarce books which can be recommended.

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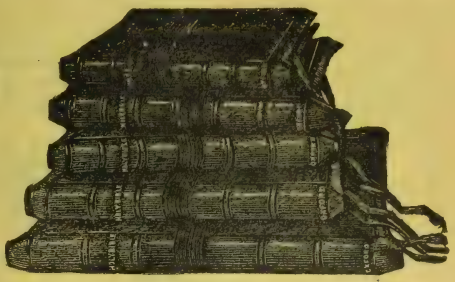
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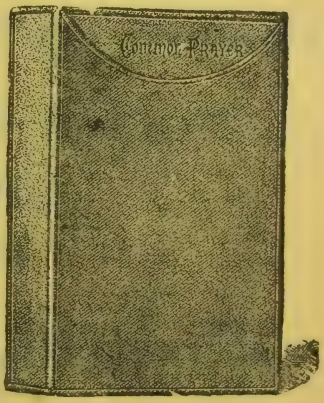
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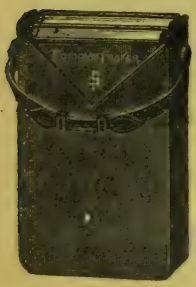
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John Henderson was a native of Banff, where they had excellent lithographers in the old days—perhaps they have still. At anyrate, it was to Samuel Leith, lithographer of Banff, that the Highland Society awarded their premium, away back in the early thirties, for excellence in lithography. It was this same Samuel Leith who was engaged by Lewis Smith to lithograph the Plan of Aberdeen which he published in his "Stranger's Guide" of 1834.

The first place in which Henderson began business in Aberdeen was 44 Queen Street. His first business intimation is interesting, and I quote it:

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This is in June, 1839.

He did not remain very long at No. 44 Queen Street, for at the very next removal term, June, 1840, he removed "to more commodious premises, No. 47, on the north side of Queen Street, exactly opposite to his former Printing Office."

Still he continued to outgrow his accommodation, and in June, 1842, he removed to No. 11 Union Buildings, first floor up, to the rooms now occupied by Messrs. Wight and Aitken, advocates, but just then vacated by Adam and Anderson, advocates (Sir Alexander Anderson's firm) who had removed further up Union Street. Here John Henderson remained for the rest of his days. Not, however, without further extension. At first he had no downstairs shop. In due time, however, the shop now occupied by the Gas Stove Department became vacant, and John took it into his printing establishment, constructing an internal spiral staircase as a means of communication between the two floors.

At this time John lived in Bon-Accord Street, opposite East Craibstone Street, along a lobby, and up a back stair, all of which still stand as when John Henderson was there.

Of the actual date of John Henderson's death I am not quite certain, but I think it was in the early part of 1849. It came about

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in a rather tragic way. He had gone into the shop of Mr. Angus Fraser, grocer (father of Dr. Angus Fraser), at the corner of St. Nicholas Street, and not observing an open hatchway fell down. He never really recovered the shock. His business was carried on for a few months after his death, I believe, by his foreman, Mr. Dakers, lithographer, who is still in business and hale and hearty; and it was, in 1849, acquired by two young men Keith and Gibb, who, as we all know, carried it on most honourably for many years, first in Union Buildings, and afterwards, strange to say, in Queen Street, although not in the same premises that their predecessor occupied.

John Henderson left many relatives in Aberdeen. The late Mr. John Henderson, engineer, King Street, was, I think, a nephew. The present M.P. for West Aberdeenshire, Mr. John M. Henderson, is a nephew; and there is a daughter of John Henderson still alive, resident in Liverpool. I have no doubt they are all proud of their relative's work, for it was almost all excellent, and performed in a medium which can so easily become either wretched or first-class.

John Henderson's outstanding lithographic work in Aberdeen, so far as I have been able to make note of it is, as follows:—

1.—Portrait of John Hardie, Town Clerk and City Chamberlain (painted by Russell)—lithographed in 1840.

2.—Portrait of Priest Gordon—shown catechising the children in St. Peter's Chapel (also painted by John Russell)—lithographed in 1841.

3.—The series of Views of Aberdeen—with a curious group of Aberdeen steeples as a frontispiece—published by John Hay in 1840.

4.—A remarkably fine series of ten "Views in Aberdeen," published by W. Mitchell, 81 Union Street, in 1842. They were published in a small booklet, now exceedingly scarce. The ten views were—1. View of Aberdeen from the South; 2. Old Manse of St. Nicholas (Jamesone's House) Schoolhill; 3. Group of Free Churches, Belmont Street; 4. Castle Street; 5. East and West (Parish) Churches; 6. Union Bridge, with Bow Brig, etc.; 7. Bon-Accord Crescent; 8 New Trinity Hall, Union Street; 9. View of Aberdeen from Torry; 10. Oldmachar Cathedral.

(It is obvious that the booklet must have been ante-dated). I may note that Henderson's very beautiful View of Aberdeen from the South (No. 1 as above) was used for many years as a letter heading by the late Dean of Guild Walker. It was also used to decorate the half-title page of "The Scenery of the Dee," published by Gibb & Hay in 1884.

5.—A beautiful lithograph of the Market Cross, on its removal and reconstruction by John Smith, City Architect, in 1842—showing the details of the fine old Cross better than any other photograph or drawing I have ever seen. (Henderson has also a very beautiful though small representation of the Cross as a heading to his own business intimation of this period.)

6.—The North of Scotland Bank, Castle Street, from a drawing by T. Mackenzie (father of Mr. Marshall Mackenzie, architect),—lithographed about 1840.

7.—The Public Schools, Little Belmont Street, from a drawing by John Smith, Architect—Forms an appendix to Aberdeen Directory, 1841-2.

8.—Market Street, from a drawing by T. Mackenzie (see No. 6, above)—Also appended to Aberdeen Directory, 1841-2.

9.—The Denburn Valley, from Union Bridge, showing the group of Free Churches, and their beautiful spire, the Infirmary, etc. This is from the painting by Giles (about 1844) and is one of Henderson's finest productions.

10.—New Plan of the City of Aberdeen. A very fine clear plan, in the Aberdeen Directory, 1840-41.

11.—Plan of the New Market, by Archibald Simpson, Architect, in the same volume of the Aberdeen Directory.

12.—Plan of Aberdeen—to illustrate a new scheme of Street Improvements, 1846. A remarkable plan in many ways, now very difficult to come by.

13.—Plans of Aberdeen Harbour, showing proposed Improvements, by James Abernethy, C.E., 1846.

14.—Seven Views of the Royal Residence in Scotland. An "atlas folio" volume, issued by Henderson in 1848. It was obviously suggested by Queen Victoria's arrival at Aberdeen in that year, and first visit to Balmoral; and the seven views were—1. Bridge of Gairn; 2. Balmoral Castle; 3. Lochnagar; 4. Mar Lodge and

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BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Professor E. T. Campagnac said at Liverpool the other day :—"The books for children are the books they like," which shows that the Professor is a sensible man. But he omitted to mention that the books children like best are to be found at **Brown's, 28 Bridge Street.** See the following List :—

Humphrey Bold: His Chances and Mischances by Land and Sea: A Story of the time of Benbow. By HERBERT STRANG, 6/-. Cash, 4/6

Barclay of the Guides: A Story of the Indian Mutiny. By HERBERT STRANG. 5/- Cash 3/9

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Child's Garden of Verses (A). By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. Fcap. 8vo. 2/6 net.

The Jungle Book. By RUDYARD KIPLING. With Sixteen Illustrations in Colour by MAURICE and EDWARD DETMOLD. 8vo. 5s, net.

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Corriemulzie; 5. Invercauld; 6. Abergeldie; 7. The Linn of Dee.

This was, I believe, the last valuable work of John Henderson, for it was issued in September, 1848, on eve of his death. Among the productions of an ordinary lithographic press the foregoing form quite a remarkable achievement, and entitle John Henderson to the grateful esteem of all who value sincere and artistic work. I wish someone could tell me of a portrait of him, and of any works of his additional to the above.

*

HISTORY OF THE ABERDEEN VOLUNTEERS.

LAST year we reviewed "The History of the Aberdeen Volunteers" by Mr. Donald Sinclair, Solicitor, Aberdeen, and it says much for this interesting local book that it has been followed by quite a large number of similar works applicable to other localities. If "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," truly this Aberdeen book has been made much of. The Scottish Press received it with enthusiasm, and so competent an authority as the *United Service Gazette*, in commending it to readers, adds that "it is a work that should find a place in every regimental library." So say we, with the qualification that it should be in every local library worthy of the name. The *London Scottish Regimental Gazette* holds it up as an excellent example of "how such a work ought to be done." Well done, Aberdeen! Once more the Granite City has led the way, and after such commendations we can only add that we cordially recommend the volume to all lovers not only of local books but of those bearing on one of the most interesting phases of social life in the counties of Aberdeen, Kincardine, and Banff in the latter part of the 19th Century.

Brown's Bookstall can still supply a few copies to its customers at 12/6 net. It is uniform in size with the Spalding Club Publications.

YOU WANT A DICTIONARY!

Read This.

A year ago we called attention to a book of which we had sold tons. Little did we think then that, within twelve months, our encomium would be backed by a Cabinet Minister. A case quoted by the *Free Press* of October 22nd, 1908, says, being paraphrased (and this refers to a Suffragist case) :—

The name of Mr. Lloyd George was then called by Miss Pankhurst. The right hon. gentleman made his way smilingly across the court to the witness box. He was examined by Miss Pankhurst, who put her questions to him with the directness and confidence of a lawyer. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, in reply to her questions, that he was in Trafalgar Square on October 11th, when he heard Mrs. Pankhurst speak. He was also given a bill, in which he was invited to assist in "rushing" the House of Commons. He should not like to define what was meant by the word "rush." Miss Pankhurst—"Well, I will suggest it to you. I find in CHAMBERS'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY the meaning of the word is 'eager demand.' What do you think of that?"—"I cannot enter into competition with CHAMBERS'S DICTIONARY"—(laughter). Miss Pankhurst—"'Earnest pressure of business' is another meaning attributed to the word, is it not? Would you have felt, if you were asked to help the Suffragettes to make an 'eager demand' to the House of Commons, that you were called upon to do an illegal act?" "I really cannot say."

"Chambers's Dictionary" is in stock at 28 Bridge Street, at 2/8 for cash.

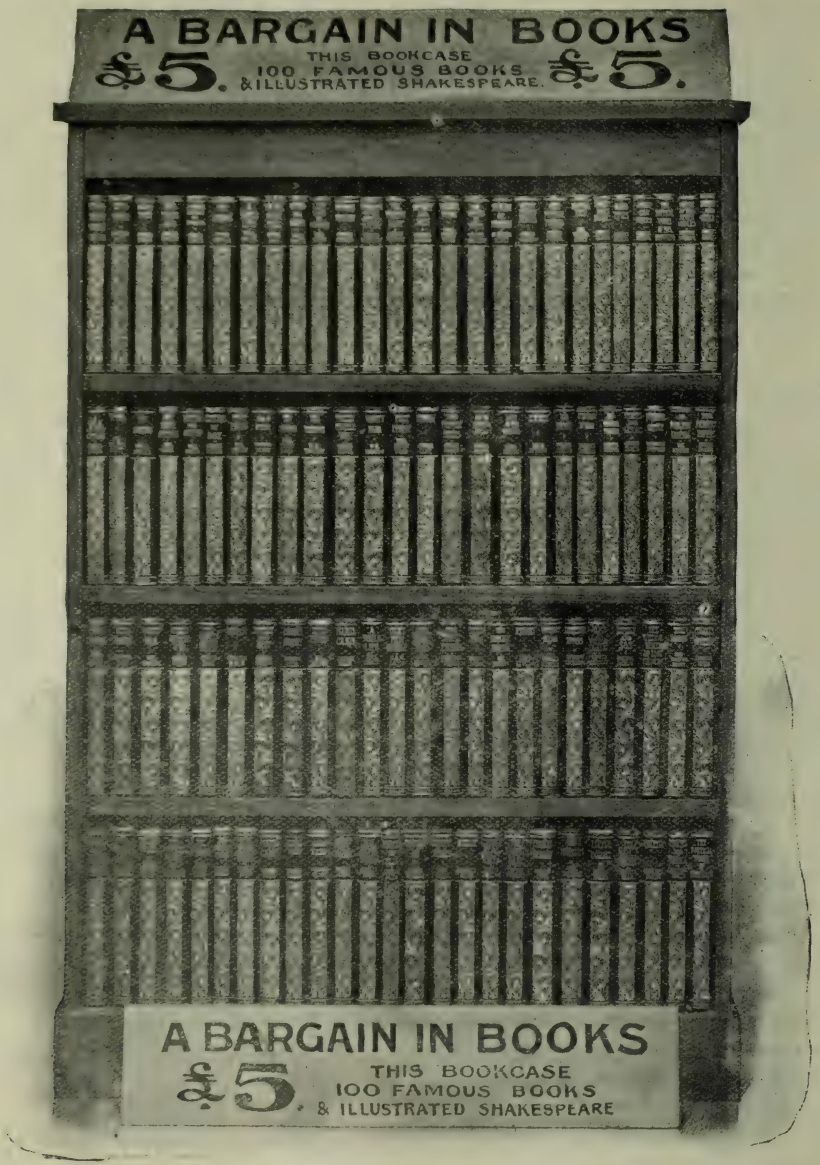
Sir Henry Irving

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Which are the best 100 Books will always be a matter of opinion ; but the above illustration shows one of the best hundreds. They are well bound in red cloth, gilt back, and well printed. The price singly is 1/- each net, but up to 20th December we can offer the 100 volumes for £5, with a handsome bookcase to hold them and a copy of Shakespeare *free.* Notice the date—20th December.

A. BROWN & CO., 28 Bridge Street, Aberdeen.

THREE NEW EDITIONS.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, this is my own my native land?" We do not think there breathes such a man, but there may be a few (but very few) who have not yet read "Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character." And now comes their opportunity. There has just appeared an edition which would appeal to any man who breathes. The style of the book as regards paper, printing, and binding (according to the usual phrase) leaves nothing to be desired. But this is not a "puff," it is a fact. Then this edition is illustrated in colour. The artist is Mr. Henry W. Kerr, whom not to know as a delineator of Scottish life is to admit yourself unknown.

There are sixteen of these coloured reproductions, and if we quote the titles of half a dozen of these, it's a dour man that could resist:—

The Kirk Collection.	The Grave Digger.
A Scottish Baptism.	The Bonnet Laird.
The Weaver's Shop.	His Day at the Plate.

Especially as the price is only 5/- net; per post free, 5/4, from Brown's Bookstall, 28 Bridge Street.

Those who like a good bargain ought to get a copy of the new edition of Michie's Deeside Tales. The earlier edition has been scarce for many years, but the trustees of the late Rev. Dr. J. G. Michie, than whom no one knew more of Deeside and its legends, have reprinted the work in handsome form at the price of 3/6 net. Call for one at the old firm A. Brown & Co.

Then there is a cheap edition of "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk" in a style more worthy of the genial author than the former one. It now appears neatly bound in green cloth, with the illustrations by Sir George Reid, originally done for the *edition de luxe*, on a reduced scale, while the price is the same, viz: 2/- net.

BOOKS FOR PRESENTS.

Some years ago, when the art of printing in colour made rapid progress and was so much simplified that books with coloured illustrations could be produced at a low price, Messrs. A. & C. Black began to publish a series which they named

BLACK'S BEAUTIFUL BOOKS.

The success of this series has been so great that there are now 50 issued at 20/- net, and about as many at 7/6 net. They are admirably suited for presents, Christmas or other. We will be glad to send a detailed list of the series, but we may mention "Bonnie Scotland," at 20/- net; "Scottish Life and Character," at 7/6 net; "Salmon Fishing," at 7/6 net; "Trout Fishing," at 7/6 net, as being of interest to the Scot either at home or abroad.

But of local interest are "The Highlands and Islands of Scotland," at 10/- net, and "Abbotsford," at 7/6 net, as both these are illustrated by William Smith, Junr., one of our promising Aberdeen artists.

Another book which ought to be of interest in Aberdeen is "Iceland," by Mrs. Disney Leith, of Westhall. It is written in a most interesting style for juvenile readers, and has 12 coloured illustrations by Mrs. Leith and M. A. C. Wemyss. The price is 1/6 net. You will find it in stock at 28 Bridge Street.

In these days of nature study a good book on any branch of the subject is welcome. A very good one has just been issued on "British Birds and their Eggs," by J. Maclair Boraston, with a new method of identification, and over 100 coloured illustrations in artistic cloth binding, price 6/-.

BOOKS

A Necessary Part of any Life that can be called Worthy and Truly Pleasant.

MR. Anthony Hope addressing a large audience lately said:—"Let us admit at once that newspaper publishers, booksellers, and authors are all in a conspiracy against you. We all want you to buy books. Great is Diana of the Ephesians. But all Diana's worshippers were not silversmiths, nor even all the silversmiths, as one would fain hope, insincere. You are not here to-day because either my hosts or I have an axe to grind in selling books, but because you are interested in reading them. You have a sense—a proper and honourable sense—that however bruised and engrossed a man or a woman may be in the bustling and exacting life of a great city like this, yet books, with all that they mean and stand for, form an integral and necessary part of any life that can be called worthy and complete; nay, I can go further, and say of any life that can be called truly pleasant.

Bookishness Not a Good Thing

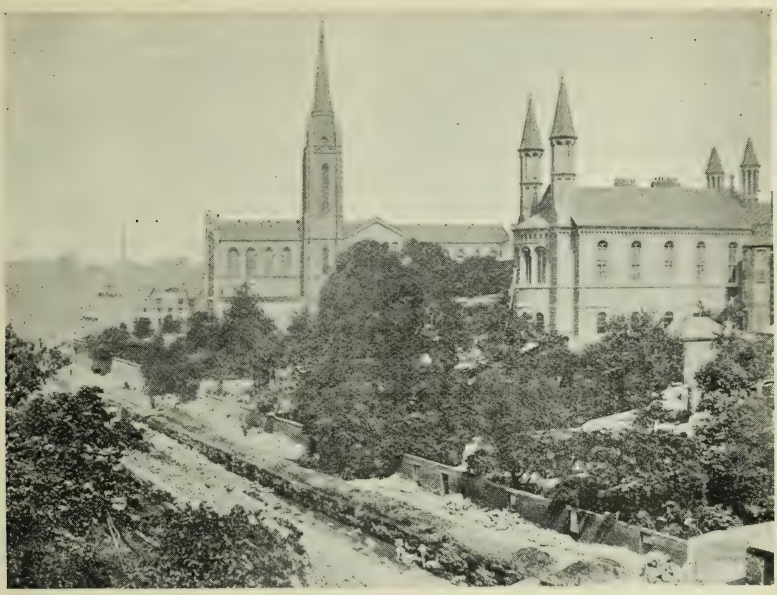
"The love of books is an enormously good thing, but bookishness is by no means such a good thing. To begin with, in many cases it is no more than a literary pose, a bit of affectation. And it is a pose easy to fall into, even rather tempting, since it has about it a flavour of superiority, a hint of exclusiveness, a touch of the unusual. But even when it is not a pose, when it is genuine, when you can truly say of a man that his whole life is in his library, I take leave to submit that it is not a sound ideal for a human being; it is not a habit of mind that is good for the man himself, or for his reading either, in the last resort. The great writers are not for the most part, bookish; they have lots of life outside their study walls. Critics are apt to be bookish, yet not the great critics.

"Reading by itself makes a dry man; living by itself, without the extensiou of knowledge and sympathy that books give, produces in the end a small man. The more you read the better you will understand the world and your fellow-men. But the more you work and live and feel with your fellows the better understanding you will in turn bring to your books. You need not be a book-worm because you are a book-lover. Let us try to be sincere and unaffected in this matter, not, as I say, to pose as being more bookish or more of a literary turn than we are. We must not, indeed, treat great writers cavalierly, or speak of any of them lightly, just because we either don't know or don't appreciate them. That is bad literary manners.

Literary Snobbishness.

"But perhaps an even worse thing than literary rudeness is literary snobbishness. Let us tell the truth about our little bit of knowledge and our immense tract of ignorance. Let us not pretend to have read what we have not read, or to be students of what we have merely skimmed or skipped. I know it needs a little courage to own you have not read all "Paradise Lost," and doubt if you ever will. There are companies in which to own that some of Jane Austen's books entertain you less than others is worse than to draw invidious comparisons between different portions of Holy Writ. Still, let us face it out; let us repent and amend if we can, but, anyhow, let us face it out. To pretend that we are familiar with a great book when we are not is much like pretending we know a duchess when we don't—when in both cases you only know the title."

Norman MacLeod once said:—"I would give nothing for that man's religion whose cat and dog are not the better for it."



THE DENBURN VALLEY ABOUT 1866.

TWO INTERESTING LOCAL BOOKS.

"The Lone Shieling."

All those who are interested in Aberdeen and its history, and more especially its literary history, ought to have a copy of "The Lone Shieling" by Mr. G. M. Fraser, our public librarian, who has already done good work in local history. The title may not, perhaps, convey much to the man in the street, but it is of much literary interest. When so much of the youth and strength of the country is going to Canada, the song itself ought to be better known, quite apart from its authorship. But the question of its authorship has been a subject of literary research for long.

The other essays in the volume may be of more interest locally. We have only room to quote the titles:—

A Scots Town Council (Aberdeen) as Patrons of Literature; Sir Walter Scott and the Aberdonians; An Aberdeen Literary Centenary; Polmuir, the story of a Suburban Residence; Aberdeen as a historical place-name.

These are only a few samples of the papers, all of which are very interesting reading. The book is printed by Mr. Smith, who prints the "Book-Stall," which is a guarantee of good workmanship. The price is only 4/-, post free 4/4.

A Local Christmas Book.

"The Denburn from its Source to the Sea" is the title of an interesting book which has been published by the East Church Ladies' Work Party. An introduction has been written for it by Mr. Thomas Ogilvie, D.L., of Kepplestone, while the titular article has been contributed by Mr. Calder M. Lawrence, who has done his work admirably. Articles dealing with the Denburn Mission in connection with the East Church have been contributed by the Rev. T. T. Matthews, Mr. Robert Duncan, the present Missionary, and

Mr. James Stables, the Treasurer of the Savings Bank, while an interesting article on a Northfield Industry has been written by Mr. Gordon Forbes. An interesting reminiscent speech by Mr. W. Falconer has also been incorporated. The illustrations are a feature of the book. Pictures of "Vanishing Aberdeen," the property of Messrs. W. Smith and Sons, Bon-Accord Press, have been kindly lent. There are also pictures of the Denburn before the advent of the railway, which will be viewed with interest. Pictures of former workers in the Denburn Mission Work are given, while "bonnie bits" on the stream are interspersed with the text, and some charming pictures are shown. Many of the latter were specially taken for the work by Mr. W. Findlay, Leadside Road, while friends interested in the work have kindly lent photographs for reproduction. The whole work has been edited by Mr. Lawrence, and will form a valuable addition to local historical and topographical literature. And when we say that is has been printed by the well-known firm of Milne and Hutchison, anybody who is anybody in the printing world will know that nothing is left to be desired in the style it is turned out. We give an interesting specimen of the illustrations.

WHAT PRICE ABERDEEN?

Is Aberdeen going to allow Edinburgh with its one University to walk on the crown of the causeway? When Aberdeen had its two Universities, Edinburgh had only one, and yet a southern paper puts in the following:—

"You could not pass along Princes Street without noticing the number of people, men and women, old and young, who were carrying books. Some of those books had paper labels on the cover, showing they had been borrowed from a library; but just as many had paper wrappers, showing that they were new, and had been bought. Now, if one saw such things in a walk or two along Princes Street, surely they furnished ample evidence that it is the finest "Booksellers' Row" in the whole world. For do we not know that Edinburgh, in proportion to its population, reads and buys more books than any other city whatsoever?"—*The Book Monthly.*

We know that Aberdeen reads more than Edinburgh, in proportion to its population; we could wish it *bought* more, and bought them at Brown's, 28 Bridge Street, where the people can get the best value.

SOME COOKERY BOOKS.

Isn't it one of George Eliot's characters who says "Kissing don't last, cookery do?" A saying to be pondered over by all good-wives. Now the best of good-wives are none the worse of a hint now and then, so we would advise them to come to 28 Bridge Street and get one or other of the following:

The New and Enlarged Edition of Mrs. Beeton's Household Management. It consists of 2000 pages and 4000 recipes, besides many pages on menus, general management, etc. There are about 40 coloured plates and a lot of black and white illustrations. The book is strongly bound. The weight is 6 lbs., which will give an idea of the bulk of the volume. The price is only 7/6 net., which, with postage, will be 8/1 net.

Then for good plain recipes we can recommend two very good cheap books. If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then success is the truest test of quality. We are selling daily:—

Tried Favourities at 1/-.

The Pot-Luck Cookery Book, 6d.

Come soon and get one or all of these. Christmas with its dinners will soon be here, and after Christmas is gone the books will still remain to suggest ideas for the coming year.

THE DISAPPEARING SHIPROW.

A Famous Pie-man.



OOK, there go the breakers-up on the roof of Fiddler's old pie-office," said I a day or two since to a friend, as we stopped for a gossip, and a pinch—for he carried a "mull" with Oldmeldrum mixture. "The breakers-down, rather," he replied, as half a chimney stalk went thundering to the ground. "And they're raising a fine *stew*," I said, "but not so fine a *stew* as Fiddler gave for sixpence, with onions and a bottle of spruce beer to boot." And thereon we niffered some gastronomic reminiscences associated with the pie-office, which was in the acme of its popularity during the Crimean War, in the middle fifties.

Fiddler's had its compartments named after various places associated with the war: Alma, Inkerman, Redan, Balaclava, and so on, but The Trenches, situated in the cellar, were the most famous part of the pie-office. You did not so much go down to The Trenches, as drop down, for the stair was but a ladder. Once on a time (nice elastic phrase this, and it came into fashion with fairy tales), a fat man, after partaking of a "saxpenny go" washed down with an Imperial pint of spruce beer, stuck fast in the exit. It was a busy day, and the trenchermen in The Trenches were all taken prisoners. A bargain had to be arranged between the pieman and the fat man, who was falling asleep. He agreed to drop down again, and at the end of a stated period was to be allowed to storm the Redan which was *up-stairs*—and so out of the danger zone—and there partake of another "go" and spruce. Could entertainer have got a more gratifying testmonial to the sufficiency of his menu than this?

A Shore Brae Mystery.

Has any reader ever noticed how clean, neat and genteel (hateful, but handy word). the houses on the west side of Shore Brae have always been kept. An aspect of self-respect—if it may be so expressed—characterises their "manner, speech, and behaviour,"* a contrast to the old houses generally in the neighbourhood. I never go down the brae but I think of a mystery associated with one of these tidy houses. It was in the now far away time when it paid the Highlander—or he thought it did so—much better to brew "a wee drappie o't" than do an eident darg from day to day; and the gauger was in consequence much abroad in the land. Well, away from his door in Shore Brae one morning there rode to his daily duty a decent gauger man. He bade good-bye to his household folk with the usual I'll-be-back-to-dinner manner we all use, and went whistling down the brae and turned the corner westward along the Quayside. Just round the corner, as he had gone scores on scores, and hundreds on hundreds of times before; but round the corner this time waited the figure with the scythe and hour-glass—for from that moment man nor horse was ever again seen by friend on earth. What simple accident—over the quayside into the mud; or what dark deed—death at the hands of some smugglers among the Tolla Hill woods—accounted for the disappearance never was fathomed, and conjecture was in vain. That's all the story; but round that disappearance could not a novelist with the knack in him weave a local tale of the period that might be enthralling?

P.S.—But yesterday I went down Shore Brae, and much I fear the west-side is taking on the drab tints of its neighbourhood. So true it is that we are all—men and houses alike—creatures of our environments.

*A phrase from an old treatise consisting of 107 theological conundrums, and called the Shorter Catechism; and at one time used as a cunningly contrived instrument of torture in schools. It is a sample of the intellectual gyves in which our forefathers wrestled when engaged at their mental and spiritual labours. The curious may still obtain copies, at the price of a "bawbee" each—but the work is certainly dear at the money.



This is a front view of

Brown's Book-Stall, 28 Bridge Street, Aberdeen.

You will see that we are STATIONERS (Family and Commercial Stationers). We are also Die-Stampers. We shall have pleasure in supplying your household with Stationery of any description stamped with your address or crest. On the other hand we can fit you out with every Requisite for a well-appointed Office, from a Bottle of Ink to a Chubb's Safe.

28 BRIDGE STREET, ABERDEEN.

A Vote of Thanks.

In a low house that was situated at the corner of the row and the brae, there used to be held a small private-venture school for the children of the neighbourhood, and at nights the school-room was occupied by various societies—among others by a temperance society of which the late Archie Watson was chairman. Archie was a character and a book-binder, and a second-hand bookseller, and withal a man of much intelligence and considerable parts—and of more than much originality, combined with an exceeding abruptness and bruskness of manner. He was black-a-vized, unkempt, unshaven, and his voice was like unto the sound of stones falling from a coupit cart. In truth Archie was sadly wanting in the graces, save the grace of God, and a heart void of offence. (So, was he really so destitute after all?) Although Archie was a tower of strength in the teetotal world, the late Dr. Walker and he were great cronies, and *The Dean* (emphasis here, Mister Printer), got the first look of any literary treasure, or even curiosity, that fell into Archie's hands. His "shoppie" was opposite the Union Church.

At a meeting at which the late Mr. William Lindsay, publisher of *The People's Journal*, delivered a lecture, this is how Archie gave the usual vote of thanks expected on such occasions. The speaker of the evening had scarce resumed his seat, when up started Archie, and in his strident, raucous voice said—"Now that Mr Lindsay is done, we will have some real rational amusement. So maybe our obliging friend Mr. Bawler will favour the company with one of his negro comic songs." And Mr. Bawler forthwith did, to the danger of damage to the roof, although the "sclates" thereon were from the Glens o' Foudland, and were some two inches thick and two feet or thereby square. Mr. Lindsay was very fond of telling this story, and he always wondered under what, if any, "rational" classification Archie placed his discourse.

A Phrase Maker and "Actor."

The Kirk may now claim our attention—not the more than fearful and wonderful fabric itself, but some associations connected with this pre-Disruption building. The minister some half-century or more since was a Rev. Mr. Allan, well known in his day as a controversialist who wielded a Hudibrastic cudgel with marked effect as long as the matter in hand interested the public; but his voluminous writings, prose and verse, were very much of the old squib order—for the production of which Aberdeen was celebrated—and so were for the hour only.

Another minister, the Rev. Mr. Bannatyne, must yet be well remembered by many as the author of a phrase than which one more apt and illustrative has seldom been coined. He was a strong opponent of dancing, which he described as consisting of "springs and flings and close-bosomed whirlings." Clear and crisp and epigrammatic, is it not?—a phrase as "neat and complete from the neck to the knee" as is the heroine of the Irish song. Mr. Bannatyne was a straightforward, upright man—much troubled by an honest conscience which he allowed to guide him in all things. He was some six feet four inches high, and as strapping and handsome a man as ever stepped in shoe leather.

Bannatyne used to tell a story of his student days about an incident in which he assayed to be dramatic, and thoroughly succeeded. Along with a comrade he was out for a long country walk, and after dark the subject of superstition and ghosts was discussed between them. Crossing a lonely moor, and to have a little fun at the expense of his comrade, Mr. B. began a gruesome story, and led up to the climax just as they came to a corner round which two long white stone gateposts stood conspicuous by the wayside. As they came in sight of these, Bannatyne, suddenly stopped, and cried out in seeming terror—"Look! What's that?" The "audience" *rose* to the occasion by *falling* down at the actor's feet in a dead faint. But

by the time the curtain was rung down on this comedy, the point of the joke had altogether disappeared from the joker's point of view, for he had to carry his victim on his back the twa lang Scotch miles that lay between them and their home! As the Rev. gentleman used to say, he forthwith "gave up the ghost" as far as out-door reference to such a matter was concerned.

My space is exhausted, although my wallet is not. Starting an old gossip story-telling, is like the letting out of water; for the phrase "and that reminds me" come as naturally to the gossip as water running down a hill.

UU. S.

MECHANICAL SCIENCE

Is nowadays devoting itself largely to the entertainment of the bairns. One of the articles which we find very popular is the

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Referring to the bairns reminds us of

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ANNUALS AND PERENNIALS.

THE ANNUALS.

This is not an article on Horticulture, it refers simply to Culture. We have Annuals and Hardy Annuals. We append a list of both. There are Annuals as under :—

Child's Companion	1/6,	cash 1/2
Infant's Magazine	1/6,	,, 1/2
Little Dots	1/6,	,, 1/2
Chatterbox	3/-,	,, 2/3
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Blackie's Annual	3/6,	,, 2/8
Nister's Annual	3/6,	,, 2/8
Girl's Own Annual	8/-,	,, 6/-
Boy's Own Annual	8/-,	,, 6/-

THE PERENNIALS.

THESE are not for an age, but for all time, age cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite variety. And as Cowper remarks "Variety is the spice of life." Therefore, when you come to Brown's Bookstall, you will see many books of interest, and after having bought all you would like and could afford (although they are very cheap), you will accost the first friend you meet and will say unto him—Go to Brown's in Bridge Street, and buy some of the following :—

Aberdeen and its Folk from the 20th to the 50th year of the 19th Century. By a son of Bon-Accord in North America. F'cap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. 1868.

A Jumble of Jottings from the Memories of a Quiet Life. (Deals with First Twenty Years of the 19th Century.) 6d.

Cadenhead, George. Sketch of the Territorial History of the Burgh of Aberdeen, with 2 maps. 1s. 1878.

Clyne, Norval. The Romantic Scottish Ballads and the Lady Wardlaw Heresy. 8vo, sewed 1s.

Forsyth, Wm. Idylls and Lyrics. Crown 8vo. cloth, new, 2s. Edinburgh, 1872.

Mair, Thomas. Records of the Parish of Ellon. 8vo, cloth, 2s 6d 1876

Pratt, Rev. J. B. Buchan, with map, illustrations, and Portrait of Author. Crown 8vo, cloth, third edition, 10s. 1872.

Walker, George. Craigdam and its Ministers: the Rev. Wm. Brown and the Rev. Patrick Robertson. 6d.

DEESIDE AND ELSEWHERE.

We came across a booklet lately, "Poems in the Aberdeenshire Dialect," by John Milne, which we had not previously seen, although published two years ago. The poems refer mostly to Dee, Don, and Speyside, and several are accompanied by historical notes. Amongst these we find the following—"My maternal grandfather, John Stewart, farmer, Fluchets, who was born the year after Culloden, was the first man in Strathdon who had a cart. It was a primitive construction. It had what was called "log wheels" and a wooden axle. It had an evil habit of coming off the wheels; and no wonder, for the Strathdon turnpike was not made till 1832. They should have made the road before the cart!" We give a Deeside sample of the poems below :—

CEAN-NA-COIL.

We'll up the muir o' Charleston,
An' owre the water o' Dee,
An' hyne awa' to Cean-na-coil,
It's there that I would be!

Ballaterach braes are bonny
Wi' the birks a' scattered owre;
And how sweet from Little Tulloch
Loch Kennor's woody shore!

The muir fowl crop the heather bloom
An' bicker on the brae;
The black cock spreads his glossy wing,
And everything is gay.

The deer they bound in Etnach,
And the salmon leap in Dee;
An' hyne awa' to Cean-na-coil,
It's there that I would be!

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF THE NORTH AND OTHER POEMS. By David Grant, A.C.P., F.E.I.S., with Biographical Sketch by R. C. T. Mair, M.A., LL.B., and a Glossary.

We are not astonished that another edition of this Northern Classic has been issued, and we are sure it will be welcomed wherever our Mither Tongue is understood. To the Northern Scot abroad a copy of Mr. Grant's volume will be specially welcome, and a more acceptable present at this Christmas season could not certainly be bought. A classic like this is beyond criticism—the public has enthroned it, and there's an end; but it may be mentioned that the late Mr. Grant had so great a knowledge of the Doric that in Professor Wright's "English Dialect Dictionary," some five hundred direct references are made to "Lays and Legends of the North." Does not the following touch you, reader?—

My mither tongue! owre seldom heard,
Your accents thrill me through;
Ye gar my heart loup to my lips,
My very een rin fu';
Ye waft me back to blither times,
To days when I was young,
When love an' hope baith spak' in thee,
My couthie mither tongue!

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To readers of French, and to scholars, we would recommend the new and enlarged edition of Larousse's Dictionary at 7/6. It is bound in limp leather, and contains hundreds of illustrations in black and white, and also in colour. We have also for sale two second-hand copies of the previous small edition, which we are offering at 1/9 each.

The Point

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No. 73. DECEMBER. 1909.

MUCKLE FRIDAY:

Some Recollections and Reflections.

Country born and country bred,
Strong in the body and clear in the head.

YES, that's just it. A healthy mind in a healthy body has always been the characteristic of the Men of Buchan, of Mar, and of the Mearns. Hence it is that the inhabitants of these historic provinces have in the course of little more than a century, by pitting their brain and muscle against the cold, sterile, obstinate land they tilled, made the agriculture of their district the pride of our country and the "speak" of the world. For truly the wilderness and the solitary place has by them been made glad, and the desert made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. But not as husbandmen alone do they excel, for wherever "pours the busy crowd," be it at home or abroad, men belonging to our immediate neighbourhood are to be found ever holding their own with the best; and the proportion of the world's successful men who at one time "herded the kye" by the woods and the burnsides of our upland hills and straths and glens has become a proverb. And of a truth our own town's not over-modest saying might be extended and applied thus—"Tak' awa' Aiberdeen an' fifty mile roun', an' whaur wid the warld be?"

Time now out of mind, at Martinmas and Whitsunday, there has gathered in the historic Castlegate of Aberdeen the landward folk of the old-named districts mentioned, bent partly on business and partly on pleasure, till the Muckle Friday Market has become one of the most cherished and outstanding associations of the wide countryside. The market has undergone many changes in the course of time. Notably it is growing smaller by degrees—but we refrain from adding, and beautifully less. About the middle of last century the market formed a dense crowd, extending from beyond Broad Street up to the base of the Duke's monument, and from "bank" to "bank" the other way; and the old crowd was far more gay and brightly coloured than the extremely drab one that assembles now-a-days. In the old times for every Joe there was a Jeannie, or nearly so, and the radiant Paisley shawls and festoons of primitive-coloured ribbons were conspicuous by their presence on the comely person of the female

They haif said!

What say they?

Lat them say!

But they all say that the

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domestic and field-hand. The ladies, however, had but scant opportunity other than these half-yearly market days wherein they could with "raiment fit provide" themselves and purchase their no less essential gauds; and many of the merchants in the town made special display of goods at the terms for the comfort and adornment of our buxom country cousins. Inter-communication by road and rail has changed all that, and brought town and country so near each other that "gaun tae the toon" is now a matter of any-day occurrence, and has also put country business establishments more in a position to compete with city ones.

Regarding labour in the country, it may be mentioned that several years ago the writer questioned an old visitor about the entire absence of female field-workers from the feeing market. He exclaimed—"Oot-'omen! mean ye? There's nae a single oot-'oman in a' oor parish, or in ony parish roun' an' roun'." And, added he, thoughtfully—"An' a gweed thing too, for it wisna 'omen's wark they did." To which sentiment can be accorded a hearty Amen!

So big was the crowd at Muckle Friday on the Castlegate half-a-century ago, that the unwise City Fathers attempted to banish our cousins from the historic place, as if they were a nuisance. They tried to coop them up in the then disused Poultry Market. How many readers know where that market was situated? The site is now occupied by the premises of ex-Councillor Coutts in Queen Street—the "genteel Queen Street" of the early nineteenth century historian. It was, however, like trying to put a gallon of liquor into a pint pot—this attempt to house the country folk against their will in the rendezvous of "Turkey Wullie." To herd them to the Links was even tried, but that, too, was fruitless. Willy-nilly, back to the Castlegate they gravitated, and by the sheer dead weight of impassiveness defeated all the efforts of the authorities to dislodge them.

As in shopping and in numbers, so in other things there have been great changes in the market and its surroundings during the last few generations. Now there are no particular amusements provided for the visitors on Castlegate. No Wombwell's Royal Menagerie, with the many attendant side shows ("penny rattlers") occupy the space between the Cross and the Duke. There is now no Blin' Bob, with wily enticing tongue, to lure pennies from the pockets of damsels for a dozen or two of needles mostly eyeless and pointless; or to fob "six boxes of the finest lucifer matches for a penny" on a greedy gapus, who, on examining his bargain (?) cried out—"Look here, ye blin' deevil, ye've chaeted me; some o' the boxes are nae ha'f fu'!" "Weel, weel," said Bob, "div ye no wish ye wir ha'f fu' yersell? But dinna fash yer thoom, my mannie, aboot wint o' yer spunks, for deil ane o' them you hae will licht!"

And especially there is no successor at the Muckle Friday Market to Johnnie Milne o' Livet's Glen to enliven the multitude with the recitation and disposal of his ballads—"vrit a' doon wi' his nain pen," as he assured his delighted listeners. For truly, the last of all the bards was he who sang of rustic revelry, and detailed in rude—very rude—rhyme the latest scandal regarding mansion, or village, or manse, or farm-town. A plain blunt man was Johnnie, and no respecter of person. Time, and party, and place associated with any fama that happened to engage his pen were boldly stated. And if lairds or farmers, or their families were his topic—or some grieve who had made a slip—

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so much the more were the ballad-monger's efforts appreciated by his audience, and the bigger was the sale of the inappropriately illustrated (any sort of wood-cut served), and vilely-printed broadsheets slung over the bard's arm. Johnnie Milne was the farm servants' poet laureate, and ever sang to the tune that

> The fairmers that can ride in gigs,
> Can gie gweed fees tae ploo their rigs.

And failing the servants getting remuneration to their liking, the allurements on the other side of the Atlantic were painted in the brightest of colours; for was there not

> Plenty o' tobacco to smoke an' chaw
> In the lands o' A-meer-e-ca!

and many another creature comfort besides that could not be procured at home. And flock to America the farm-hands did. There was quite a fleet of smart sailing ships belonging to our port that crossed the Atlantic in the seasons, mainly carrying passengers,

> To the west, to the west, to the land of the free,
> Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,

and to other parts of the United States and to Canada. These vessels mostly brought home timber for our then ever-busy and world-famed shipyards. These were the days of the Aberdeen clippers that wrested the China trade from the Yankee. But that's another story.

Sweet-hearting at untimely hours that ended in some disturbance, or the ongoings of some village young men bent on getting fun by the suffering of their neighbours, were common topics brought to Johnnie's notice, and duly made a song of. But the outcome of such ploys, carried beyond a joke and into the region of malicious mischief, generally ended, as is per usual even unto this day, with constabulary duties having to be done. One such case, where

> The silly fleeps they did throw neeps
> In at the people's lums,

had an unpleasant ending for the lively comedians of a certain hamlet, for

> They were a' ta'en tae the toon
> An' fined in Aberdeen.



JOHNNIE MILNE O' LIVET'S GLEN.

Whether accidentally or otherwise, the bard made the first line of this couplet swing along with "apt alliteration's artful aid," for five of its seven words begin with the same initial sound.

Johnnie attended all the fairs and markets in our district, and he and his cuddy were well-known on every highway and byeway between the Mearns and Inverness, and westward till the Grampians blocked the way, and they were welcome visitors wherever they

The Point

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went. Two corn bags, sewed together and slung over his companion's back, were well packed with the bard's literary stock-in-trade, and any particular "poem" could always be supplied on application. Truth to tell, Johnnie's verse was sad doggerel, and mostly far from delicate. After the bard's death, Dr. William Alexander, author of "Johnnie Gibb of Gushetneuk," in an incautious moment undertook to see a volume of Milne's writings through the press, and he confessed he had never had such a handful. Wholesale Bowdlerising was essential, and that of course extracted much of the pith, point, and marrow from such a class of writing.

> Johnnie Milne o' Livet's Glen,
> Cam' a' the wye tae Huntly toun,
> To tell that the warl' wis turned upside doon.

So on an occasion sang the bard, and should he now re-visit the glimpses of the moon, he would find matters more topsy-turvy still, and might well quote from "The Midnicht Meetin'" of William Forsyth—

> An' there is change, an' mair than change,
> But a' has for the better been.

And better far it is that common sense and a finer taste has banished such literature as amused the generations to which Johnnie Milne belonged; and that the sturdy yeomen who visit us on Muckle Fridays have advanced mentally as well as materially since the days to which this paper refers.

But Johnnie was no losel rakish rhymster, but a decent douce cottar body from Glenlivet awa'. If in his lashing verse he used the language of the barn and the byre, of the soutar's shop and the roadside smithy, and, yes, of the school play-ground, what other language could he use, seeing it was the only one he knew? And in his day, the general literature of the countryside was much of a piece with that of our ballad-monger's, and restricted for the most part to the pedlar-supplied sort, such as "George Buchannan, the King's Fool," "Leiper the Tailor"; "Wattie and Meg," (a humble phase of taming a shrew); "The History of Will and Jean, a Poetical Narrative,"; broadsheets of very mixed songs and ballads; or, best of them all and absolutely clean, "Jamie Fleeman, the Laird of Udny's Feel." The writer of this paper was fairly familiar with the whole of these bothie books; but never in any of them, or from the lips of Johnnie Milne, did he ever see or hear language half so broad or strong as he recently read in a hymnal, mark you, used in the Reformation century—extracts from which "even to name would be unlawful." So, after all, there were clearly extenuating circumstances to be pled on behalf of the popular rustic rhymster.

The snippets of verse given are all from memory, and it is very curious that such tags will come at call without assistance, even after some sixty years, while a chain and padlock can scarce retain for an hour in one's remembrance weighty matters of to-day and yesterday.

Johnnie Milne's personal appearance, as well as the appearance of his constant companion on many a long journey, is most faithfully shown in the little picture from the pencil of Mr. Sam Reid, here reproduced, which originally illustrated an article by the late Dr. William Alexander. He appears just as the writer saw him first in the forties as he came down the brae between

> The fertile haughs of Clinterty
> And fir-crowned Caskieben,

and passed "under the elm and over the bridge," into Bonnie Blackburn on his homeward journey on the morning following a Muckle Friday in May.

W. S.



You might think,

perhaps, that this was a portrait of the Editor of *Brown's Bookstall.* The above is the portrait of YE EDITOR of the "ODD VOLUME." And it is a very odd man that will not buy a copy of "The Odd Volume" when he sees it; and anybody (odd or even) can see it and buy it at 28 Bridge Street.

Moreover, take notice that while benefiting yourself, you are benefiting other people. In other words you are feeding two dogs with one bone. How? say you. Well, thusly—You get for the humble sum of one shilling a hundred and odd pages of first-class reading by some of the best writers of the day. To mention names would rather remind you of the divinity student who when asked at his examination "Who were the minor Prophets?" replied, "I don't care to make invidious distinctions amongst the Prophets."

Now, although we have mentioned the writers, we have as yet said nothing of the artists. The frontispiece alone is a thing worth having. That is, by anyone with bookish tastes. When you think that there are eight pictures in colour and about thirty gems in black and white, all by artists of distinction, you will think that you have struck an artistic and literary Klondyke.



YE "BOOK-STALL" EDITOR RESTS AFTER HIS LABOURS.

OMAR.

Isn't it strange what a hold old Omar Khayyám has taken on the public within recent years? When Bernard Quaritch published an edition some fifty years ago he could not get any one to buy the book, and eventually his edition could be picked up at any old bookstall for 4d. a copy. This same edition to-day would bring pounds for pence.

Such is the whirligig of Time that you can now get Omar's Rubaiyat in many a style. You can get at Brown's the dainty little edition at 6d. in cloth, or 1/- in leather, issued by the Foulis House.

At the same time we may mention that A. Brown & Co. issued the first *cheap* edition of the Rubaiyat after the expiry of the copyright. Printed it was in the most easterly town of Scotland—in Peterhead—at the modest price of 3d. If you want something cheap come to Brown's and spend threepence on a copy. We still have a few left.

In a Reviewer's Life

There is much arid waste to traverse, but occasionally he comes across a green spot, an oasis, in the shape of a beautiful book, which is compensation for all that has gone before, and a prophecy that similar delightful surprises may yet await him.—"Alan Northman" in the *Sunday School Chronicle.*

BEAUTIFUL BOOKS.

Last Christmas we drew the attention of our readers to a charming edition of DEAN RAMSAY'S "SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER," with very Scotch pictures by H. M. Kerr reproduced in colour. This season the same enterprising publisher, Mr. T. N. Foulis, has issued "SKETCHES OF ENGLISH LIFE AND CHARACTER," by Mary E. Mitford. The illustrations are beautiful fac-similes of pictures by Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A. To those who know the work of our leading artists, any word of ours in respect to Stanhope Forbes is superfluous. Those who are not acquainted with his pictures cannot do better than buy this volume, which contains sixteen fine specimens.

Not content with giving to the British Nation at home and abroad these two charming books, he (that is the aforenamed publisher) broke out in the midst of the meantime with a similar volume on Ireland, viz.: "TALES OF IRISH LIFE AND CHARACTER," by Mrs. S. C. Hall, the well-known authoress of many stories, both English and Irish. This volume of Irish Tales is adorned with sixteen pictures in colour by Erskine Nicol, R.S.A.

Once upon a time Scotland, about 1603, annexed England, and a good job for England, too! But "Shure and bedad," Ireland seems to have annexed the two of us, for here is another volume on Ireland. This one is issued from the publishing house of Eneas Mackay (might we say the "Rale Mackay"?), the well-known publisher of books on Scottish Literature, both Lowland and Highland. This one is entitled "IRISH LIFE AND HUMOUR IN ANECDOTE AND STORY," by William Harvey, F.S.A., Scot., who has contributed a good few volumes to the long list of books on Scottish Antiquities. Call at 28 Bridge Street and look at the pictures. Then you'll buy them.

"There's luck in odd numbers," said Rory O'More. Well, you know that there is an exception to every rule (perhaps even to the Irish Home Rule) because all these volumes have sixteen illustrations each, and we wish them every luck, and they deserve it, although the pictures are in even numbers. Four more suitable books to send to your friends—Scotch, English, or Irish, at home or abroad (more especially abroad, where the heart warms to the Homeland), you could not get, and the price is only 5s. each (postage in the British Isles, 4d., or to the British Colonies, 6d.). Referring to the Homeland, read the poem on Page 15 by one of our local poets.

We are not Politicians, but when people sing (or did sing) Pay! Pay! Pay! they may as well pay Brown, 28 Bridge Street, 1s. for a copy of "THE PEOPLE'S BUDGET," explained by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and better Brown than any other body—so thinks Brown. This cheap volume gives you all the information you require (whichever side you are on) for the humble sum of one shilling—so "*Bob* up serenely."

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The Westminster Gazette says:—"If we are not mistaken, it was Stevenson who once recommended all writers to read a dictionary occasionally, so that they may weave into the tissue of their language fresh and forgotten strands. We ourselves know a not inexperienced journalist who follows this advice, and every now and again reads a few pages of the dictionary, and we remember his telling us that he found to his surprise on one occasion that "seldom" was a word he never used, his word being "rarely."

Here, as in many places and at many times, Stevenson and we were at one. If you wish to acquire a vocabulary of the French language, which might be "extensive and peculiar," as was Sam Weller's knowledge of London, you ought to occupy a few minutes daily in reading the "DICTIONNAIRE LAROUSSE." Of this we can supply the latest edition, with hundreds of illustrations in black, and many in colour. An intelligent perusal of this volume will give you more knowledge of French in a few weeks than some professors could give you in a year. The volume (a handsome 8vo volume, bound in limp leather), costs only 7/6 at Brown's, 28 Bridge Street, who have always in stock a large selection of Books in Foreign Languages—French, of course, by the hundred—some of which we are clearing at present at *Sixpence* per volume, in order to make room for some new stock, which we will offer at 1/6 per volume. We also have some bargains in Italian and Spanish. When you have any wants, English or Foreign, apply to Brown, 28 Bridge Street.

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On another page we mentioned Beautiful Books. In the same connection we might call your attention to another series—what might be called the "Masterpieces" at sixpence each.

The copy in our hand, taken up at random, reminds us of the joke in *Punch*, our good old contemporary. The joke ran something like this—

Two Cockneys viewing an exhibition in the Salon in Paris. One said to the other, "What Ho! what price that?" The French attendant replied—"Eet is not by Watteau. And eet is not for sale."

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But amongst recent

Local Books

comes *facile princeps* a book, not about a firm but about a club. It is entitled "THE ABERDEEN GOLFERS: RECORDS AND REMINISCENCES," by CHARLES SMITH. This handsome volume, demy quarto, has been printed privately for the author, but a few copies can be supplied by A. Brown & Co. at 21/- net.

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Millais	Memlinc
Sargent	

This is a series which has caught on to popular favour. Before they were so well known they were being sold by us like clockwork. The list includes all sorts and conditions of artists and of all nationalities. The illustration which we show as a reproduction in miniature of the cover is a portrait of Rembrandt, the monograph being by Josef Israels. As a biographer we cannot say we know him, but as an artist he is delightful. Therefore (or as they say in the classics, ergo) a real artist appreciates the work of another real artist.

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Years hae fled since we hae seen ye,
Lang and loud the ocean's roared ;
But we've ne'er forgot yer welfare,
Here at hame in ' Bon-Accord.'

Tak' the weans, if ye hae ony,
Ane by ane upon yer knee :
Tell them o' the ' Granite City,'
Aiberdeen across the sea.

Tell them faur ye pu'd the holly,
Faur ye used tae skate and slide ;
Tell them—though yer voice should falter,
Bye-gone joys of Christmas-tide.

Let your thoughts in fancy wander
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Dream to-night you hear them ringing,
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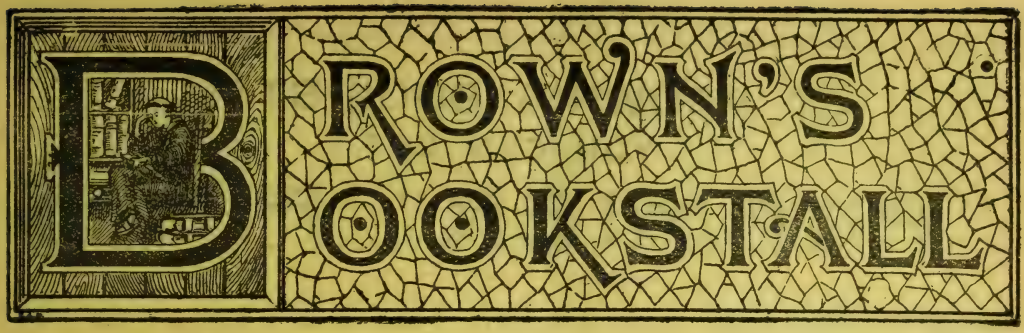
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A POPULAR PROFESSOR.



JOHN STUART BLACKIE'S Autobiography, just published, recalls an amiable personality, and his association with Aberdeen, even although there can now be but few of his grown-up local contemporaries alive. For many years there was no more popular man in Scotland, but notwithstanding, he was not always taken seriously; and there was always a certain amount of discount attached to his ongoings, and much latitude granted him on account of his ways, so childlike and bland. In truth the professor was a bit of a showman all his days; and if, as he said, that Belhelvie ambassador of the Prince of Peace who invented the percussion cap learned him how to use his eyes, he seldom forgot to keep these same eyes most carefully turned on himself, and certainly never failed to admire the prospect. Nevertheless, there was seldom a more genial favourite, and the good-natured gallery of the country generally took him at his own valuation, or about it, and laughed consummedly, now with him, and whiles at him. His overwhelming vanity was to the end that of a child's, always lovable, always interesting. Why, his very personal make-up was a whole theatrical scene in itself; and it so well become the tall, lithe, alert, energetic, yet albeit strangely old-fashioned figure of him, that it was like a whiff of caller air simply to see him rush along the pavement.

As has been said, there can now be but few among us who remember the newly apprenticed professor for whom a job—"a Whig job" he termed it, "but not a very bad one"—was created in one of our Aberdeen Universities. And be it kept in mind our city had at that time *two* Universities granting degrees—a number then deemed sufficient for all England itself, a fact never disremembered by our citizens even unto this day. At the outset of his professional career Blackie (as all the world knows) refused to regard the uncomprehendable Confession of Faith seriously—mimicking in a sense the English wit (Horne Tooke, was it not?), who, when asked if he would sign the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England answered, "O yes, forty if you like." But our professor did not carry his objection to swallowing this dose of Calvinistic theology so far as to be detrimental to his interests—like the wise man he in this case was. So he took the Confession with mental reservations in the usual fashionable way among clergymen and others who run up against this theological thesis, and settled down, an unsettling personality, among the then professorial deadheads of both universities.

I do not remember Blackie as a citizen of our town, but somehow I came to know about his turning up all but daily in a baker's shop

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in Broad Street, opposite the College clock on the old water-house. The shop is a baker's shop yet, I think. The favourite item in his menu was the homely satisfying bap, and his favourite "lean-against" a flour sack. Need I say, he took a baker's mark away with him daily. The baker laughingly said he would have to charge him for the flour he took away on his broadcloth. "Will a penny per week do?" said the professor, and insisted upon paying—and every Saturday thereafter a beggar woman was the better by two baps in consequence of the "wing," the local name for a penny, but why so I cannot say.

I first saw Blackie when the British Association visited Aberdeen in 1859, when the learned of the earth first discovered that our city was not a fisher village, somewhere north of Edinburgh. An old residenter once corrected a visitor thus—"Man, min, Aiberdeen's nae a toon, its a ceity a' in itsell, an' wis sae faun Glaisgaw wisna there ava." During the visit of the Association, Blackie, then Greek professor at Edinburgh University, presided at a meeting in the Old Court House for the purpose of assisting a visitor from beyond the Levant with some project of a Missionary nature. He was breezy to a degree, and to show his good feeling to the visitor, he kept thumping him on the back with great vigour; but that the professor's way of showing good fellowship was appreciated I very much doubt, for the Oriental kept edging away as far as he possibly could from his effervescent chairman. Which brings to my mind the lines—

> The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
> And proves by thumping on your back
> His sense of your great merit,
> Is such a friend that one had need
> Be very much his friend indeed
> To pardon or to bear it.

I next saw Blackie in Nicholson Street, Edinburgh. I was going along that street with a divinity student when he suddenly left my side to cross the thoroughfare. From the opposite side of the way I saw rushing towards my companion a whirlwind in broadcloth and shepherd tartan, and with long locks floating from beneath a low soft hat. This was Professor Blackie, and he fairly folded my friend, who was an old Greek prizeman, in his arms. The traffic of the street had to flow round the pair till the professor had had his say, when "like a blast away he passed" in the direction of St. Giles. Soon thereafter the Professor swept round the world on his £10,000 crusade to endow the precious chair of Gaelic that has been more or less a service to literature, and to the Highlands and Islands of the North and West. The student who was so fondly embraced was an Aberdeen bairn. He eschewed theology, took to philosophy, and himself became a professor in a far Eastern University and also an author. But that's another story.

THE STORY OF A MONUMENT.

IN a recent visit to the Duthie Park I observed that a suggested and necessary inscription was now engraved on the McGrigor Obelisk, showing when it was originally erected in the Quadrangle of Marischal College, and also when it was re-erected on its present site in the park. The obelisk on its original foundation has been the the cause of several misdated illustrations—or at least illustrations that are apt to mislead regarding dates—being published in various forms. In an issue of *Alma Mater* published in December, 1894, there is an article on Marischal College, by Mr. P. J. Anderson, in which he states that Archibald Simpson, the architect, suggested four sites for the contemplated new buildings, viz., the old site of the College; Castle Hill; the site now occupied by the United Free Churches

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at north end of Belmont Street; and the area in Union Street from Denburn to Crown Street (that is from where the railway now runs to Crown Street, and having the Windmill Brae for southern boundary). As the article states—"The first was adopted . . . and the works were finally completed in 1844 at a total cost of upwards of £30,000." The article is illustrated by a picture of Marischal College showing the obelisk in the quadrangle.

Mr. Anderson's article was reprinted in "Crown and Tower," issued in 1896 in connection with the University Union Bazaar. In this work the same view is given with the title "Marischal College, 1844." And it is here where the trouble comes in, as one would naturally imagine that the obelisk stood on its first site at that date, 1844. But the fact is the obelisk was not erected till sixteen years after that period, that is, in 1860, as now engraved on the monument.

Great interest in the Marischal College buildings, old and new, has been created since his late majesty Edward the Seventh and his Consort visited Aberdeen in 1906, in connection with the Quatercentenary Celebrations of the University, and in consequence of this interest numerous pictures have been published. Calendars with the view referred to and with the misleading date have been issued by business firms, while post-cards without number are on sale with same misleading picture, and with dates attached ranging as far back even as 1840—four years before Simpson's building was completed!

It may be mentioned that the obelisk was the work of the old established and celebrated firm of granite merchants, now trading under the name of Messrs. A. Macdonald & Co., Ltd., and the firm's manager at that time, the late Mr. Robert Ferguson, personally superintended its building in the quadrangle. The obelisk, it may be interesting to state, is fifteen feet square at the base, is seventy-five feet high, and weighs about two hundred tons. There is an engraved stone, needlessly prolix, on the obelisk, telling all "about and about" Sir James McGrigor, to perpetuate whose memory the structure was erected by his near relatives. The re-erection in Duthie Park took place in 1906. UU. S.

The Book-Lover

Five fair ladies went to a ball;
One was a folio, stiff and tall;
One was a quarto, broad as long;
One an octavo, sweet as song.
And there they stood, a winsome show,
Five fair ladies, all in a row,
From the noble, high-born, royal folio
Down to the dainty little duodecimo.

And I danced with them all, as it seemed to me,
With a step that suited to each degree;
For I picked and chose as I felt the mood,
And found them all with the same imbued.
In a minuet with the folio tall
I took the floor and opened the ball;
And then in a "square," with the quarto, whence
I set to corners for reference;
Then heart to heart, in a dreamy whirl,
With the blushing, gushing octavo girl;
And then in a gallop, and far from slow,
With the dainty little darling little duodecimo.

For I could not limit me, large or small,
To stout or thin, or to short or tall;
So I took the five for better or worse,
And they talk to me in their prose or verse;
And some so sweet, and some so true,
I won't part with one of them till all is blue.

—Alfred H. Miles.

A BOOK TO READ.

Anything that issues from the famous house of Blackwood can always be recommended. But as we cannot read everything that appears in the publishing world at this time of the year, we are reserving the perusal of Neil Munro's latest till the strain and stress of the Xmas season is over. Therefore we are cribbing a notice from the *Glasgow Herald.*

The critic says:—The book ("*Fancy Farm*") with its lambent flashes of delicate pathos and wise humour, its shrewd touches of kindly satire, its fresh and vivid pictures of curling, the country Sabbath, yachting, and so forth, is an entirely delightful one to read and the Celtic lilt of its almost exuberant style—which sparkles and sings like the sunlit tides in the Sound of Lorne—carries the reader without fatigue at one sitting from cover to cover.

Now, although we have not yet had time to read it, we are looking forward to a treat. Judging from the pleasure we had in reading *John Splendid*, *Doom Castle*, and *The Lost Pibroch* by the same author, we feel certain that we will spend a delightful New-Year's evening with our slippered toes in front of a peat fire. "*Fancy Farm*" in one hand and our pipe in the other. So if you want to enjoy yourself on the evening of January 1st, 1911, call early and provide yourself with a copy. It only costs 4/6 per copy at Brown's, 28 Bridge Street.

"THE ABERDEEN PRINTERS."

We have on sale a copy of "The Aberdeen Printers," 4 vols. 8vo demy, on Dutch hand-made paper. This is one of the most interesting local works ever issued. The volumes are in good condition, and the price is only 10/6 here. At second-hand book sales the work has sold as high as 18/- and 20/-

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to call at A. BROWN & CO., 28 Bridge Street, when you want any book of reference, if it is a Dictionary—English, French, or German—we can recommend Chambers' English at 2/8 cash, and Cassell's French or German at 2/8 cash. For those who want a French-French dictionary, Larousse bound in leather at 7/6 net. is the best value. For general information you ought to get JACK'S REFERENCE BOOK, 1088 pages quarto 3/6 net.



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SOME LOCAL BOOKS.

PERHAPS the principal local book of this season is

"The Book of Buchan."

Curiously enough, scientific subjects are supposed to be dry subjects, but every rule has its exception, for the sub-title of this volume runs :—

A Scientific Treatise, in six sections, on the Natural History of Buchan, Pre-historic Man in Aberdeenshire, and the History of the North-East in ancient, mediaeval and modern times.

Now this "scientific treatise" is anything but dry. It is, in fact, most interesting even to the general reader ; but more particularly to Scotsmen, especially Aberdeenshire men. The history of the North-East in ancient and more recent times is reviewed at length by well-known writers. Sheriff Ferguson gives an excellent account of the leading families in Buchan. Dr. Middleton contributes a charming chapter on men of letters, such as Barbour and Boece, and more recent lights of the North, among whom may be mentioned Thomas Dempster, George Con, the Gordons (Straloch and Rothiemay), Andrew Cant, George Cheyne and John Arbuthnot. In another chapter, Dr. James Beattie, author of "The Minstrel," John Skinner of Linshart, and Sir John Skelton come under review. A most interesting chapter on "Educational Development" is contributed by Mr. James Will, Pitsligo. Those interested in the progress of agriculture will find in Mr. R. B. Greig's chapter—the concluding chapter of the volume—a clear picture of the struggles northern farmers had and have to contend with ; many hints are given as to lines of improvement which should be followed. The section on Prehistoric Buchan is well worthy of close perusal. Distinguished scientists such as the Hon. John Abercromby and Sir Norman Lockyer treat respectively of the pre-historic pottery and the stone circles of Aberdeenshire. It is satisfactory to note that a reasonable explanation of the use these circles were put to in the past has been forthcoming.

Altogether there are twenty-nine contributions to "The Book of Buchan." We must not omit to mention specially the fine article on life in the northern burghs before the Reformation, which is from the pen of the distinguished Cambridge philologist and Aberdonian, Dr. Peter Giles. The volume is a thick quarto with over a dozen illustrations and maps. Published at 10/6. May be had from A. BROWN & Co., 28 Bridge Street.

While on the subject of Buchan, we may mention that we can supply a copy of "Buchan," by the Rev. J. B. Pratt (1870) in first-rate condition, with the fine old illustrations, at 10/. Also the "Early Progress of Christianity in Buchan," by Dr. George Ogilvie. Small quarto, 1/-, published by the Club of Deir, 1873.

"HAMEWITH"

Requires no recommendation from us. Those who have read Charles Murray's poems know him as a poet in the Scots tongue of purest ray serene. A new edition has just been published with several additional

SOME LOCAL BOOKS.

pieces amongst the rest "The Whistle," which alone is worth the 5/- which the book costs.

But the above also calls attention to **"The Odd Volume,"** an annual issued for the benefit of The Book Trade Provident Society. The literary matter and the illustrations are supplied gratis by the leading men of the day, one of the poems being by the said Charles Murray, "But still man, still." The volume is about the best shillingsworth that you can get.

"SCOTTISH GARDENS,"

By Sir Herbert Maxwell. Amongst the illustrations (coloured) in the above is a view of part of Cockers' (the famous rose growers) nursery and in the background is seen Honeybrae, where Lord Byron lived during his boyhood days in Aberdeen.

This may not be included amongst local books in the strict sense, but as it is written by a Scotsman, illustrated by an Aberdeen lady, and contains illustrations of Aberdeenshire gardens, it may pass as local. But to the point: We have one copy second-hand but as fresh as new, and we can sell it at 25/-. The book is now out of print and scarce.

Those who can enjoy a good Scotch story with a touch of sentiment should read "*Champion Sandy*," by Mrs. Disney Leith—a local authoress, and a versatile one, for she writes travels, fiction, and verse. These have been noticed from time to time in **Brown's Bookstall** and may be had at 28 Bridge Street.

The present volume is well bound, well illustrated and costs only 2/6.

Amongst the other books which might come under the category of "Local," we might safely include **Chambers's Scots Dialect Dictionary.** In the first place because Aberdeenshire can boast of the purest Scots Language, in the second place because this particular volume is enriched by an introduction by Mr. Wm. Grant, M.A., Lecturer on Phonetics in the **Aberdeen** Training College. In this introduction he first gives a short history of Scottish, showing its original identity with Northern English, its use as a literary language down to about 1600, its decline during the seventeenth century, and the revival of a vernacular literature about 1700.

Being published by Chambers, it is unnecessary to say that it is well got up—good paper, fine clear bold type and well bound, and costs only 7/6 net. It might be described as a Concise Dictionary or Vocabulary of Modern Scottish Dialect, as that dialect has been known from the latter part of the seventeenth century and as it is written and spoken to-day. This work has been prepared in the hope that it might be a useful book of reference not only for native but also for foreign students of later Scottish literature; and, besides, might help in some measure to arrest the decay of the vernacular.

"A college training is an excellent thing, but, after all, the better part of every man's training is that which he gives himself. And it is for this that a good library should furnish the opportunity and the means."—*Lowell.*

Recently has appeared a volume under the title of "Aberdeen in Byegone Days" which all Aberdonians ought to get, more especially those who were young Aberdonians and are now old Aberdonians abroad. It will revive to them the scenes of our youth. The series consists of fifty reproductions of old views carrying the history of Aberdeen from 1661 to the present century. It is an oblong quarto, well got up, which you may have from A. Brown & Co., for 1/6. The historical and descriptive letterpress has been supplied by Mr. Robert Anderson, his name is a guarantee for accuracy.

The above is a volume, as we have said, of reproductions, but——

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Sir W. Robertson Nicol in The British Weekly.

Since our last issue the author of the above volume has gone over to the majority. Connected with the firm of A. Brown & Co. for fifty years and enjoying his retirement for twenty-five. He was a well-known figure in Aberdeen. He was a man of hobbies—music, angling, microscopy—whate'er he set his hand to do, he did with all his might pursue.

Besides his *magnum opus* "Aberdeen Awa," he contributed a good deal of matter, both in controversial prose and minor verse, to the various local publications.

In connection with the late Mr. Jame Valentine he compiled an Elementary Text Book of Music, long since out of print but still asked for.

JOHN GALT

Is one of the most interesting figures in that Scottish circle which opens to the outer world, because he has left behind him a double achievement: a reputation in literature and a reputation in practical affairs. In the one, he was the originator of the realistic school of Scottish fiction; in the other he was the settler of Canada.

THE REASON

We call your attention to John Galt at the present time, is because that enterprising publisher, T. N. Foulis of Edinburgh has issued a beautiful edition of

Galt's Annals of the Parish,

uniform in style with Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character which we noticed last Christmas.

Good wine needs no bush, so when we say that there are sixteen illustrations by H. M. Kerr, those who know his characteristic Scottish art will know they have a treat before them.

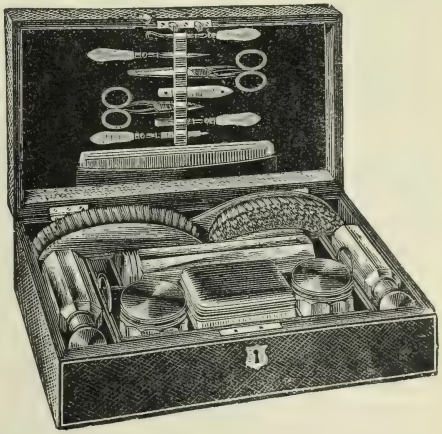
N.B.—We noticed in the newspaper the other day that Mr. Kerr had sold the original of the "Ruling Elder" for something like £40 from the Aberdeen Art Exhibition.

The price of the volume is 5/- net, and it makes a charming new year's gift. Besides Dean Ramsay, there are others uniform:—Miss Mitford's Sketches of English Life and Character, and Mrs. Hall's Tales of Irish Life and Character, also Harvey's Irish Life and Humour in Anecdote and Story.



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Every birthday be a chapter,
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DOOLEY

Is always readable, but you have to take him in homeopathic doses. His latest effort is entitled, "Mr. Dooley Says." This time he says something about Books. From this chapter we extract a sentence or two :—

"Speakin' mesilf alone, I don't read books, they are too stimylatin'. . . . But I shud say that if a man was a confirmed book-reader, if he was a man that cudden't go to sleep without takin' a book, an' if he read before breakfast, I shud think that Doctor Eliot's very old vatted books are comparatively harmless. They are strong, it is thrue. They will go to th' head. I wud advise a man who is easily affected be books to stick to Archibald Clavering Gunter. But they will hurt no man who's used to readin'. He has sawed thim out carefully. 'Give me me tools' seys he, 'an' I will saw out a five-foot shelf iv books!' An' he done it. He has th' right idee. He real—izes that th' first thing to have in a libry is a shelf. Fr'm time to time this can be decorated with lithrachure. But the shelf is the main thing, otherwise th' libry may get mixed up with readin' matther on th' table. Hogan can read anything.. Hogan is always at it. I wudden't mind if he wint out boldly to readin' rooms and thin let it alone. But he reads whin he is be himsilf. He reads in bed. He reads with his meals. He is a secret reader. He nips in second-hand stores.

The moral of this is that you might nip into 28 Bridge Street or you might nip into our second-hand branch in the Market Gallery to get a copy of "Mr. Dooley Says"—it costs only 3/6, and when we say it is published by Heinemann of London you may be assured that it is well got up.

James Russell Lowell once wrote, "Whoever would write well must *learn* to write." But we would say, whoever would write well should use BROWN'S BON-ACCORD PEN, either fine or medium. They can be had at 6d. per box at 28 Bridge Street. The late Sir Henry Irving said—"They are excellent."

BRIMMOND.

Time was when hills and I were well acquainted. More years ago than I care now to remember three of us, nippers, set out for a good long walk. An old Elder, not so long deceased, gave us a map of the district and "set our course" to Brimmond Hill, as the seafarers would say. It is not, as Walter Scott put on the sub-title to *Waverley*, "'Tis Sixty Years Since," but I'm sorry to say its forty or more. Many times since then have I been over Brimmond. But on an April fast day (I think it was the 8th of April, about 1878) a friend and I started to do Brimmond, but there had been such a snowstorm that we could not approach the hill. Altering our course we came upon roads filled with snow from dyke to dyke, but in the long run we had a good 25-mile walk via Loch of Skene and Culter.

The "nipper" who accompanied me on that occasion was Mr. Robert Hay Fenton, who recently presented the Natural History Museum of Marischal College with a very fine collection of the eggs of British birds. But this is only the overture. The business of the piece is that a very interesting booklet was issued this autumn, under the title of **"Brimmond and its Shadow."** It can be had at Brown's, 28 Bridge Street. The price is only 9d., and includes a very serviceable map and a plan or contour view of the hills seen from the top of Brimmond. Pity 'tis that some similar society would not work up the south side of the Dee, where there are many charming spots, both from the point of those who like "Dr. Syntax went in search of the picturesque," but also for those whose inclinations lie in the direction of the historical. From Nigg to Stonehaven and from Stonehaven to Maryculter, making a fairly long triangle, say 15 × 15 × 10 miles. Within this range we have the habitat of the famous Dugald Delgaty of Drumthwackit, educated at the Marischal College of Aberdeen—see "The Legend of Montrose" by Sir Walter Scott. We have also on the south side the Blue Hill, from which one of the finest views of the Deeside hills can be seen. Many walks might be arranged within this triangle.

To refer once again to this ninepenny booklet (make sure to get a copy). It is entitled "Brimmond and its Shadow," and in the appendix there is mentioned, amongst others, Dunnottar Castle. Well, the sun must have been setting very low in the nor'-west when Brimmond cast its shadow on Dunnottar. But that's only the captious critic, who has enjoyed the book and wishes he had been at the outings.

But for a book describing excursions its motto is rather funny. The motto on the title-page says "East, west, hame's best." Does that mean that you are better to bide at hame than take part in the outings?

The literary boarder fastened his eyes upon the hash.

"Kindly pass the Review of Reviews," he said.—*Everybody's.*

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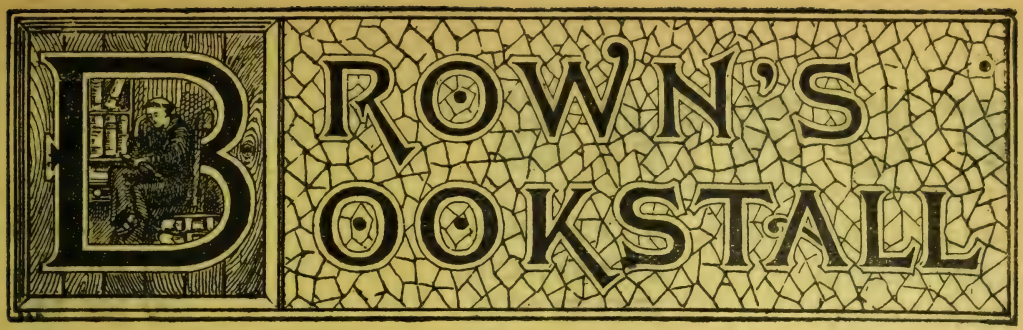
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No. 75. DECEMBER. 1911.

ABOUT SOME "AULD SANGS."

WHAT a fine romantic atmosphere left Scottish life with the passing away of the eighteenth century gentlewoman! Reared and nurtured as, for the most part, she was in all the family traditions which clustered round the '15 and '45—she had a natural antipathy to the many inroads which southern modes and manners were beginning to make in the old domestic home-life. She viewed with an inborn coldness and repugnance whatever came from England, as something alien to what might have been, had the "cuckold carlie" come out in the recent conflict less successfully than he had done. In the brooding spirit of this reserve, Jacobitism inevitably acquired all that fine sentiment which distance lends to a loved and a lost cause, when lapse of time had begun to obscure the more sordid and prosaic elements which had given backbone to so hopeless and miserable a movement. And yet, after all, even to-day, one cannot look back to the gentlewomen singers of that period—so honest and true, were they, to all that was bound up with family traditions of life—so reserved, and shy of all that made for publicity—so full of native sprightliness and archness in conduct and conversation—so wise and accomplished in the gifts and graces which make the home-life sweet—without some touches of regret that all these have passed away from us. We feel that we would be all the better, if a tinge of that old-world romanticism could touch up our modern and in many ways decadent life. It is in this hope that we frequently fall back on the records preserved to us of the gentlewomen *singers* of the eighteenth century. Lady Wardlaw and her contemporaries—Lady Ann Lindsay, Jean Elliot, Anne Home, Joanna Baillie—and their successors, Lady Nairne and Lady John Scott; some with *one* song, some with many songs, they have dowered our literature with a body of lyric gems equal in quality to anything we otherwise have in the whole range of song-craft. Every one of these singers had a charming personality, at once distinctive and individual; for in that age the conventions of life had not begun to run all character into one government mould as now—education was free, not shackled—and to be *one's-self* was no barrier, but rather a free passport, to the best society. In all the writings of these singers there is a peculiarly feminine touch, when they are dealing with personal or family affections. Who but a woman could have written, "The Land o' the Leal," "Fee him, father, fee him, quo she," "It fell on a morning," with its refrain:—

> "The wooer that comes in braid daylicht
> Is nae like the laddie that comes at e'en,"

"The Auld House," "My mither bids me bind

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BROWN'S

FOR BIBLES!

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my hair," "Must we two part?" and dozens of others *sic like?* For the delicate handling of —the subtle grace imparted to—and the indescribable charm diffused over, the pathetic side of a love story—one never fails who goes there. These writers seem to have caught from the *inside* of life, what the writer of "Leddy May" saw only from the *outside*, when he wrote—

"An' it's Oh!—an' it's Oh!
Gin the hearts o' men were truer!
For a lassie's love is a lassie's life,
Tho' its nocht to the faithless wooer."

These reflections passed through our mind recently as we perused a charming and dainty little volume issued by Douglas, Edinburgh, and entitled "Songs and Verses, by Lady John Scott," who may be said to have taken up the lyre laid down by Caroline Nairne after the publication of Smith's "Scottish Minstrel." Whether these gifted ladies were known to one another is not recorded, but they were near akin in spirit. The volume is a posthumous publication, (by her grand-niece) of the remains in verse of the authoress of that most popular of all our songs, "Annie Laurie"; and is prefaced by a biographical sketch quite illuminative of the quiet, retired and unobtrusive life, of this last link in our long chain of writers belonging to the older aristocracy of the country. She is the immediate successor of Lady Nairne, and, like her, hid her song-craft from all but family eyes—nothing being more repugnant to her whole habits of life than publicity in any form. She was the oldest daughter of Spottiswood of Spottiswood, Berwickshire, and was born in 1810. She was married to Lord John Scott, brother to the Duke of Buccleuch, in 1836. It was customary for families of her father's standing to periodically journey up to London—but from her earliest years she could not tolerate life there, but pined to get back again to her dear Scotland and the breezy life of the Lammermuir. She was an adept in music—especially the music of her native land, and had a richly stored and cultivated mind, particularly in all that pertained to the antiquities, legends, and life of the Scottish people. After marriage she lived for some time on her husband's property at Cawston, in Warwickshire, but the Scottish home at Cowdenknowes and Stichill had more charms for her, and her main life was spent there, or at other native seats belonging to the Duke, or leased by her husband. England and things English had no permanent charms for her, and it was only the necessities of Sir John's parliamentary life, that took her there, or made them tolerable. Her husband died suddenly in January, 1860, and the remainder of her life was spent in privacy at Kirkbank and Caroline Park, which were placed at her disposal by her brother-in-law, the Duke of Buccleuch. A long series of letters is printed here which passed between her and Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, the eminent and eccentric Scottish antiquary, which is eminently refreshing, from both being enthusiasts in old family history and quaint out-of-the-way lore. She outlived all her youthful contemporaries, and died at the age of 90, on 12th March, 1900, and was buried in the old Kirkyard of Westruther.

Of her poetical works some 70 pieces are now published, and are classified under such heads as "Places," "Historical," "Jacobite," "Ballads," etc., etc. Most of them are set, so to speak, on the *minor* key, and have a fine pathetic touch. Here, for instance, is a song she made a year or two after marriage on one of the places near Drumlanrig that she had a great fancy for :—

"We'll meet nae mair at sunset, when the weary day is dune,
Nor wander hame thegither by the lee licht o' the mune!
I'll hear your step nae longer amang the dewy corn,
For we'll meet nae mair, my bonniest, either at eve or morn.

The yellow broom is waving, abune the sunny brae,
And the rowan berries dancing, where the sparkling waters play.
Tho' a' is bright and bonnie, it's an eerie place to me,
For we'll meet nae mair, my dearest, either by burn or tree.

WHAT PRICE BIBLES?

The other day, at the sale of the Huth Library, a Bible brought the sum of £1,100 odds. Now the buyer—though he reads it from end to end, or as they used to say in the Scotch countrie, from "brod to brod"—will not get more good out of it than if he had called at BROWN'S BIBLE DEPOT and got a Bible for

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More High Prices realized at Sale of Huth Library.

A sensational price was realized at the resumed sale of the Huth Library at Sotheby's yesterday for a first edition of Bacon's "Religious Meditations," 1597. There was keen competition among three well-known experts for this little volume, and the bidding, which started at £50, rose rapidly to £1,950, at which figure it was secured by Mr. Quaritch. In point of size it is an insignificant book in green morocco, containing only a few pages and weighing barely two ounces.

A second edition of the essays, which is rarer than the first, was sold for £200. A collection of 334 broadside ballads dealing with the Restoration realised £400. Several other collections of ballads were sold for sums ranging about £40.

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A LOCAL COMPOSER.

The "'Radium' Valse" is the title of the latest composition by Miss Joan Anderson Rae, a young local musician, who, it may be remembered, issued some little time ago a song entitled "Now." The "'Radium' Valse" is a neat and gracefully constructed composition with all the dreamy glamour inseparable to the dance. Miss Anderson Rae has the gift of melody, and her harmonies are not overloaded with ornament or technicalities.

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What about Chambers's English Dictionary at 2/8?

Far up into the wild hills, there's a kirkyard auld and still,
Where the frosts lie ilka morning, and the mists hang low and chill,
And there ye sleep in silence, while I wander here my lane,
Till we meet ance mair in Heaven, never to part again."

One of her best ballads (and in some of its stanzas she seems now and again to catch the inborn spell of traditionary minstrelsy), opening—

"There were twa Lairds' sons in Lammermuir,
An' they hae set a day
To flee their hawks, an' hunt their grues
Upon the Twinlaw brae,"

is said to be founded on an incident which took place in 1611. It is too long for quotation, but like "The Cruel Stepmother," and "The Fairy Queen sat courting," with its recurring refrain—

"Within the howe o' the hill,
An' ahint the back o' the brae,
The Fairy Queen sat courting
A' the lang summer day,"

are items well worth noting. These show the persistance of that fine taste, which, in our Scottish gentlewomen, from Lady Wardlaw and her contemporaries down to Mrs. Brown of Falkland, has helped to filter and refine our traditionary lore, too often degraded by passing through low mouths, or by being gathered from singers with defective memories and depraved tastes.

Mrs. John Scott, however, will live more from her song, with its music, "Annie Laurie," than any other of her writings, sweet and tasteful though these undoubtedly are. It is the music of most songs which keep them alive, and the air she set to Annie Laurie is admirably wedded to its words. It was written in Marchmont in 1834 or '35. Here is her account of it:—

"I made the tune very long ago to an absurd ballad, originally Norwegian, I believe, called *Kempie Kaye*, and once, before I was married, I fell in with a collection of Allan Cunningham's poetry. I took a fancy to the words of *Annie Laurie*, and thought they would go well to the tune I speak of. I didn't quite like the words, however, and I altered the verse, "She's backit like a peacock," to what it is now, and made the third verse "Like dew on the gowan lying" myself, only for my amusement; but I was singing it, and Hugh Campbell and my sister Maggie liked it, and I accordingly wrote it down for them." The song "appeared anonymously in 1838," says her biographer, "without either her knowledge or permission." She always "thought the air and words had been stolen when she sent her music book to be rebound."

Turning now to the text of the song given at p. 177 along with the old version, we note two editorial slips which we regret to see in such a choice and otherwise accurate volume. There it is said, "the old version, given in Allan Ramsay's Scottish Songs, is as follows"—and then is reproduced the two old verses. To this is added a further note: "Allan Ramsay appends this note to the song," and an extract is then given saying that he found the verses in Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's Ballad Book. Now, Allan Ramsay was dead before Sharpe was born, and more than half a century before the Ballad Book was issued. We presume that Allan Cunningham is meant in both instances, as the *traditionary verses*, though as old as Ramsay's time, do not appear in his collections of songs. The verse which Lady Scott did not like is an adaptation from an old ribald version of "John Anderson, my Jo," probably in circulation before the event out of which "Annie Laurie" originally sprang, took place.

Lady Scott's name has also got associated with another of our popular Scottish songs, viz.: "The Bonnie, Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond," and a word or two anent this may not be out of place before we close. Nothing is said about this song in the above volume; but in a well-informed column, devoted to Folk-lore, Ballads and Songs in an Aberdeenshire newspaper, Mr. Gavin Greig (one of our leading authorities on folksong and music), writes: "The first appearance of the song in print was about 1840, when it was published

THE OLD "CLYDE."





THE citizens of Aberdeen who have read the papers lately will have noticed that the "Clyde," so well known to all lovers of the Harbour, has been removed to another sphere—we hope not to be broken up. Above we give a copyright picture by a photographer from the south, who caught Aberdeen and the famous "Clyde" at a happy moment.

Picture Postcards of the above, One Penny each, may be had from A. BROWN & Co., 28 Bridge Street, Aberdeen.



by Messrs. Paterson & Roy, Edinburgh. The verses, seven in number, were given as *written by a lady*, and the music was given as arranged by Finlay Dun, a well known Scottish musician of that day. It has been established that previous to its publication the song circulated for some time in manuscript, and that its composition was then generally credited to Lady John Scott."

As far as is known, this is the parent text of the song :—

"BONNIE LOCH LOMAN."

By yon bonnie banks and yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines sweet on Loch Loman,
Where we hae past sae mony happy days,
On the bonnie bonnie banks o' Loch Loman !

Chorus—

O', ye'll tak' the hie road, and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye—
But trouble it is there, and mony hearts are sair,
On the bonnie bonnie banks o' Loch Loman.

We'll meet where we parted, in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Loman,
When, in purple hue, the hieland hills we view,
An' the moon looks out frae the gloamin'.

Still fair is the scene, but ah ! how changed
Are the hopes we fondly cherish'd,
Like a watery gleam—like a mornin' dream –
On Culloden field they perish'd.

Ah, mony that met and freely did rove,
Now 'mang the bracken are hidin,'
An' men, guid an' true, are hunted frae view,
An' exile or death are abidin' !

Wi' his fair youthfu' face, an' his native grace,
His plaidie in the breeze wavin' lightly,
His buckles shinin' clear, his very sight did cheer,
Oh, handsome were the looks o' Prince Charlie.

Oh, brave Charlie Stewart ! dear to the true heart !
Wha could refuse thee protection ?
Like the weeping birch on the wild hill side,
How gracefu' he luiked in dejection !

The wild flowers spring, an' the wee birdies sing,
An' in sunshine the waters are sleepin' ;
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring,
Yet resigned we may be tho' we're greetin'.

Published by Paterson & Roy, 27 George Street, Edinburgh.

Its latest form, that in use by singers now, consists of verses 1, 2, and 7, with the chorus after each, and verbal alterations and transposition of phrases such as are common in traditionary song. Mr. Greig continues : "She (Lady Scott) afterwards communicated to Sir Noel Paton a version . . . which she said she and her husband picked up from the singing of a little boy in the streets of Edinburgh" :—

"Oh ! whither away, my bonnie, bonnie May,
So late and so far in the gloamin' ?
The mist gathers gray o'er moorland and brae ;
Oh ! whither alane art thou roamin' ?

I trysted my ain luve the nicht in the broom,
My Ranald, wha lo'es me sae dearly ;
But the morrow he marches to Edinburgh town,
To fecht for the King and Prince Charlie.

Yet why weep ye sae, my bonnie, bonnie May,
Your true love from battle returning,
His darling he'll claim in the might o' his fame,
And change into gladness her mourning.

Oh ! weel may I weep—yestreen in my sleep,
We stood bride and bridegroom thegither ;
But his lips and his breath were chilly as death,
And his heart's bluid was red on the heather.

Oh, dauntless in battle, as tender in love,
He'll yield ne'er a foot to the foeman ;
But never again frae the field o' the slain
To Moira he'll come and Loch Lomon'.

Oh ! he'll gang the hie road, and I'll gang the low,
And I'll be in Heaven afore him,
For my bed is prepared in the mossy graveyard
Mang the hazels o' green Inverarnan.

The thistle shall bloom, and the King hae his ain,
And fond lovers meet in the gloamin' ;
And I and my true love will yet meet again,
Far abune the bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

Mr. Grieg pronounces these versions "clearly literary and modern," and we quite agree with his finding. There is nothing of Folk Song about them, though the tune seems to come from that quarter. The question of authorship was put to Lady Scott "by the editor of a recent work on Scottish Songs," and she denied being the writer, and re-affirmed the story of picking up the fragment from a

THE BARDS OF BON-ACCORD.

The historian of these is Mr. William Walker, who has kindly given us our leading article, but over the modest signature of "W."

His volume "The Bards of Bon-Accord" went very quickly out of print, and is now in demand in all our Colonies, not to mention that in the "Braif Toun" itself, copies cannot be picked up everywhere. But

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who can supply you with one copy at 13/6. "First come, first served."

NOW FOR THE BARDS.

The works of these may be had from the same century-and-a-quarter-old firm mentioned above, namely Brown, at the prices affixed.

One of the latest of the volumes by a local bard is the collection of "Poems" by the late Dr. Thomas W. Ogilvie, which has just been issued. Dr. Ogilvie had a poetic soul, and gift of giving expression to his thoughts which put him into the front rank of our bards.

The edition has been limited to 200, at the very moderate price of 3/6, per post 3/10, copies of which may be had from A. Brown & Co., 28 Bridge Street.

The book is a demy 8vo., with a portrait of the Doctor which all his friends will be pleased to have, also several illustrations which are of interest to Aberdonians. When the divine afflatus got him in hand he was a contributor to most of our local publications. Several of his effusions, in lighter vein, appeared in *Brown's Book-Stall* and in *Bon-Accord*, while others, on local politics or controversy attained publicity in the columns of the *Gazette* and *Express*.

Birnie, M. Poems, consisting of Epistles, Satires, Odes, etc. Cr. 8vo., Cloth, 1/6. Aberdeen, 1834.

Blackhall's Lays of the North. Cr. 8vo., Cloth 2/- Fochabers, 1849.

[Booth, W. Pithie]. Euphemia and Salem, by the Author of "An Afternoon's Walk." 12mo., Cloth, Scarce, 1/6. 1863.

Brewster, William. Poems and Songs, with portrait. Cr. 8vo., Cloth, 1/- Aberdeen, 1898.

Cadenhead, William, Flights of Fancy, and Lays of Bon-Accord. Cr. 8vo., Cloth, 3/6 Aberdeen, 1853.

—— Ingatherings. A Memorial Volume of Poems. Portrait, Cr. 8vo., Cloth, 4/6.

Clyne, Norval. Ballads from Scottish History. Crown 8vo., Cloth, 2/6. 1863.
———The Romantic Scottish Ballads and the Lady Wardlaw Heresy. 8vo., Sewed, 1/-

Dowman, James. Shreds and Patches. 8vo. Boards, 1/- Aberdeen, 1898.

Duncan, William. The Traveller, containing Poems on various subjects. Cr. 8vo., Cloth 1/6. Aberdeen, 1854.

Forsyth, William. Idylls and Lyrics. Cr. 8vo., Cloth, 2/- 1872.

——— Selections from the Writings of, with Portrait, Memoir, and Notes. Cr. 8vo., Cloth, 2/6. 1882. This contains "Ye Midnicht Meetin'."

street singer. This must be accepted as final, as the word of Lady John Scott was above suspicion. It is also confirmed as being, about that time, a street song, by the late John Forbes-Robertson, who told the present writer many years ago, that he took it down from the singing of "a caird lassie," in the Gallowgate, Aberdeen, before he went to London (1844), and he was so taken with the air that he introduced the song to the notice of more than one singer in London some time thereafter. William Black, the novelist, took exception to some of the lines as "rubbish," and he doubted the story of their being picked up from the singing of a little boy in Edinburgh, but his criticism will not pass muster with those familiar with street balladry. The street singer is primarily a beggar, and the sense or nonsense of any of his lines do not concern him. If the air is catchy, anything will do, and he invariably extemporises to the best of his ability where memory fails him. Printed street balladry can give any amount of examples. The whole thing appears to us to be exactly what the publishers of 1840 say—"by a lady." The air soon carried it to the street and then transformations began. The "lady" may have had some prior lilt to work upon—if so, she has completely obscured it. It is just a modern "Jacobite," and in its earliest form is, as such, worthy of a place alongside many of the post-effusions in the same line, found in our song-books.

W.

MORE BARDS.

Forsyth, Wm. The Martyrdom of Kelavane. Post 8vo., Cloth, 1/- 1861.

Speaking of Forsyth his fellow bard (Carnie) once said "He was the sweetest singer of us all."

King, Arthur ("Dot"). The Bon-Accord Ballads. Cr. 8vo., Boards, 1/- Aberdeen, 1891.

Leach, Alfred. The Quadrangle by Moonlight and other Poems. Cr. 8vo, Cloth, 1/6. Scarce. Aberdeen, 1879.

STILL MORE BARDS.

Mair, Thomas. Ajax: His Speech to the Grecian Knabs. From Ovid's Metam, Lib. XIII. Attempted in broad Buchan by R. F. Gent, to which is added a Journal to Portsmouth, and a Shop Bill in the same dialect, with key. 3d.

———Arn at the Flail (a Sequel to John o' Arnha'), by the author of "Ajax, etc." 3d.

Moffat, D. Douglas, a Poem in six cantos. Cr. 8vo., Cloth, 1/- Aberdeen, 1884.

McKessek, William. Musings in Verse (Second Part). Cr. 8vo., Cloth, 1/- Aberdeen, 1905.

Ogilvy, Dorothea and Donald. Poems. Cr. 8vo., Cloth, 2/- Edinburgh, 1865.

Petrie, John. The Last Hope and other Poems. 8vo., Cloth 1/- 1853.

Rettie, T. Leith. Plays and Poems, with portrait. 8vo, Cloth, 2/- Aberdeen, 1884.

Robb, Alexander. Poems and Songs, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, with portrait. Cr. 8vo., Cloth 1/6. Aberdeen, 1852.

Ross, Alexander. Helenore: or the Fortunate Shepherdess: a Poem in the Broad Scotch Dialect. Post 8vo., half cf., 2/6. Aberdeen, 1826.

Shelley, William. Flowers by the Wayside. Cr. 8vo., Cloth, 1/6. Aberdeen, 1868.

Still, Peter. Lays and Lyrics. Cr. 8vo., Cloth, 1/6. 1859.

Skinner, John of Longside ("Tullochgorum") Amusements of Leisure Hours, Poetical Pieces, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect. 12 mo. Boards, uncut, original and best edition. Now very scarce, 2/6. 1809.

The Goodwife at Home; in metre, illustrating the Dialect of the N. W. District of Aberdeenshire. By a Lady; with a glossary. 1d. *Every Aberdonian at Home or Abroad should have a copy.*

LOCAL BOOKS.

Amongst those which might be called the minor locals:—Now we are in the position of the aspirant to the ministry, who, when asked by his examiners, Who were the minor prophets, replied—"I don't make any invidious distinctions among the prophets."

Now, we make no distinctions, but take them as they come, and give the alphabet a chance (as far as the alphabet is concerned A is a good start), so—

Alex. Clark, Solicitor, has contributed to our local lore "A Short History of the Shipmaster Society, or the Seamen's Box of Aberdeen." Now even a bookseller does not know everything, so the writer may confess that until seeing this book he was not aware of the existence of the Shipmaster Society; but he is wiser now, and has got his wisdom very pleasantly.

Not only as regards the matter which is excellently set forth, but also as regards the manner in which it is produced. Well printed on good paper, with a half-dozen illustrations it is well worth the 2/- which it costs. No one with an interest in the growth of our shipping or our city ought to be without a copy of the history of this Society, which dates back about 400 years.

The firm of A. Brown & Co., from whom you can get the above, is comparatively young seeing that Brown's firm is only about 130 years old.

Charles Reade named one of his novels "It's never too let to mend," but we suppose it might be said that you re never too old to learn. Suppose the late Mr. Rip Van Winkle had gone to sleep about 100 years ago, thinking that he knew everything worth knowing; now imagine Mr. Van Winkle waking up now, what would he think of Steam-power, electricity, aeroplanes, etc. Now to point the moral.

There is many a man born and brought up in Aberdeenshire who might learn a great deal by purchasing at the modest cost of 1/6 (from Brown's), and perusing a small volume entitled

"ABERDEENSHIRE"

Written by Mr. Alexander Mackie. Notwithstanding the modest price, the book contains over 70 illustrations and 3 maps, and when we say it is produced at the Cambridge University Press we need say no more as to the style of get up. Most people connected with Aberdeen know the author, recently Examiner in English at the University, an enthusiastic angler, which probably was the reason that he became the author of "Nature Knowledge in Modern Poetry."

Curious, isn't it, how these anglers from Isaac Walton onwards become imbued with the sentiment for the poetic in nature. Perhaps Jonah had'nt it, but then his case was exceptional. It is possible that the bait doesn't always see from the fisher's point of view.

George Washington Wilson who did for Scotland in the way of pictures, what Walter Scott did in description (pity it is that they were not contemporaries), had a brother a schoolmaster at Deer.

This dominie, after many days, as he says himself, has written a very interesting memoir of his old friend George Mathieson, who was born "Whaur the Gadie rins at the back o' Benachie," at a place called Waterside. He started his curriculum at the early age of four, entered the University here at thirteen after graduating started in the teaching profession, which he followed for many years in various places Turriff, Glen of Foudland, but mostly at Inverallochy. To those interested in education, especially in the rural districts of Aberdeenshire, this is a most readable book, giving as it does side lights on men and manners half-a-century ago. It may be had at 28 Bridge Street for One Shilling net.

A SCOTTISH CLASSIC.

As has been said more than once, Christmas comes but once a year, but when it does come you generally find that Mr. T. N. Foulis, publisher, has preceded it with a fascinating volume suitable for presentation. His previous issues have been noticed in our Xmas Number as they appeared; but we will be glad to send a complete list on application. This year he offers one of the Scottish Classics, *viz.*,

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got up in a style worthy of the fame of the book. It is a thick crown 8vo. volume, with 16 coloured illustrations by C. M. Hardie, R.S.A.

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THE LARK'S LAST SONG.

A still white cloud,
Like a dainty shroud,
Just hides you from my view,
But every note
From your welling throat
Comes thrilling down and through.

The October sun
Is faint and wan,
But still far o'er the lea,
Your song of love
Floats from above
In its matchless melody.

I breast the brae
My blithesome way,
But I linger the roadside by
Till ends your song
The clouds among,
Sweet singer of the sky.

Not angel lips
May you eclipse,
When by heaven's portal soaring—
E'en seraphs hear
With grateful ear
Your poet soul's out-pouring.

Soft silence fell
O'er all the vale
When you dipt amid the clover,
But the faint trill
Of song lives still
In my heart, wee winsome rover

As I wend my way
In the gloamin' grey,
To the city murk and pent,
Fond thoughts and fain
Of fair Mulben
With your last lays are blent.

The spring will find
The lark still kind,
And music will dower the fields;
Then I may again
Hear the glad refrain
And cherish what friendship yields.

October, 1911. WM. SMITH.

BLACKWOODS,

The Publishers,

Always bring out some good things about this season, and one of the best in the way of fiction is a new novel by Ian Hay. It is called "A SAFETY MATCH." Those who have read Ian Hay's previous books expect something good and their expectations will not be disappointed when they read this latest from his pen. The opening chapters descriptive of the Vereker household are charmingly humorous, and the working out of the story is distinctly good.

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This is a local work in the fullest sense of that term. The subject is "Deeside"—the valley and surroundings of our own Royal Dee—and the author and artist are our well-known townsmen Mr. Robert Anderson and Mr. William Smith, Jun. Both of them are masters of their subjects by infinite knowledge of the Dee from its source to the sea, and both know it well in all its moods, and at all seasons. Mr. Anderson has thus written with special personal knowledge, and with acquaintance also of what has been written by others regarding the district drained by the Dee. The author, within the limits of the handsome volume, has been wondrously comprehensive, and nothing that can be reasonably looked for in such works has been overlooked. History, legend, a rare ballad literature, the romance of the royal Stewarts (with which Deeside was peculiarly associated), and much more besides, have all been woven into Mr. Anderson's entrancing narrative.

The reproductions of Mr. Smith's pictures in oil and water colour have been admirably executed, and full justice has been done to the originals. These illustrations are twenty in number. The frontispiece is Balmoral Castle, and the other pictures comprehend "Braeriach and the source of the Dee," to "Aberdeen and the mouth of the Dee." This last is one of the best of the series, the artist's standpoint being on the south shore in the neighbourhood of the Battery. All who know Aberdeen know the artist has chosen a rare vantage ground, and as we have said, he has made an admirable picture. "Deeside," we may state, is the third volume which Messrs. Adam and Charles Black have entrusted Mr. Smith to illustrate, the other two being "Abbotsford" (using that title in a wide sense), and the "Highlands and Islands." The originals of very many of the illustrations have been acquired by the art patrons of the district.

The result of the combined work of the artist and author has resulted in the production of a volume of surpassing interest and rare beauty. To natives of the town and shire of Aberdeen, and of the north generally, we cannot imagine a more acceptable addition to their libraries—and to natives of these districts away from home what could be more heartily appreciated than a copy of this most handsome volume? Christmas is coming—and presents are going. Need we say more?

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Sir W. Robertson Nicol in The British Weekly.

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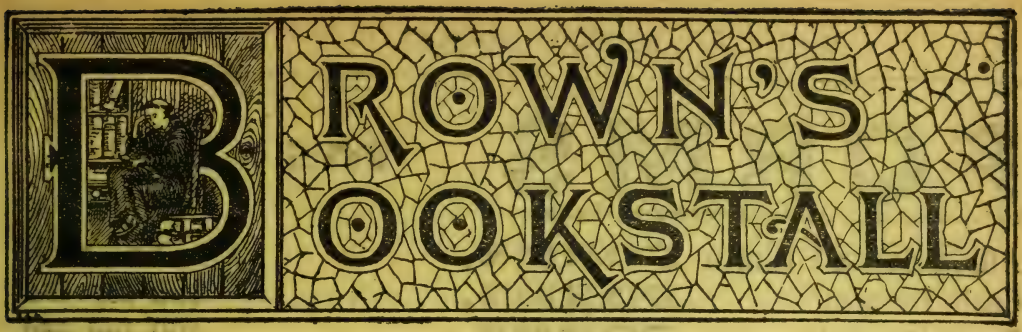
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THE CHASE OF COILLIEVAR:
A DONSIDE LEGEND.



IT is now well-nigh eighty years ago, when Aberdeen was in the throes of the Reform Bill movement, that there appeared in the columns of *The Observer* newspaper a short series of "Topographical Sketches" of considerable local interest. The public ear, however, was deaf to everything except "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," and whatever did not smack of the political situation was speedily brushed aside, and quickly passed out of mind. Fortunately, however, the editor, William Duncan (the life-long friend of Joseph Robertson, and co-worker with him for many years over all matters pertaining to the history and antiquities of their native district), was pre-eminently a man of literary tastes and activities. During his editorial career, on the *Observer* and as a contributor to the *Constitutional*, he had a habit of printing off in page form, for his own use, any contributions from his own or other pens, which seemed to possess more premanent worth than the usual stuff which made up the newspaper with which he was connected. To this habit we owe the preservation in book-form of many contributions to local lore, written by Joseph Robertson, Alexander Torrie, John Ramsay, and the editor—for William Duncan's collections are now lying before us. All were written under fictitious names, and there was a great risk, apart from Duncan's collection of the articles, of their being lost in the quagmire of political outpourings peculiar to the needs and wants of the time.

The "Topographical Sketches" are ten in number, but it is to a side correspondent, over the signature "Palæophilus Minor," that we owe the legend of the "phantom Chase of Coillievar"—the more immediate subject of our writing. In the letter which accompanied the text of the ballad, the writer gives the popular legend connected with the fairies and the Hill of Fair; and it is such an excellent example of the *folk-ways* explanation of place-names, that we reprint the latter part of his epistle, preliminary to his account of the ballad.

"*Menenius*" [the pen name to most of the sketches], "might have given us the history of the origin of the name 'Hill of Fair.' The Fairy



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Queen kept her court of old in the Karoo Hillock, and many of the neighbouring inhabitants had frequent visits from her, or some of her train. The purposes of these Seely Folks were sometimes those of beneficence, but sometimes also of caprice or malice. The Queen, when she one day presented herself in the form of a poor beggar, having been hounded away with dogs, and without an alms, by the goodwife of the Mosstown, announced to that inhospitable person, that before cockcrowing she would be poor enough, and the supplicant would possess her wealth. Before morning, the corn kiln of the Mosstown was burnt, with all the year's crop in it; and the residenters around, having learnt from this act of malice that they had very vindictive neighbours in the inhabitants of Karoo, prevailed on the priest of Migvie to give them a summons of removal. It seems his summons was as effective as that of our modern sheriff; and great lamentation was heard among the tenants of Karoo at leaving their old and loved abode. A council being held by them on the occasion, it was debated whether they should remove to Culblene or the Hill of Fair, which till then had some other name, when the Queen decided for the latter, informing her subjects that 'there were crossed kirk roads to warm Culblene, but none to the Hill of Fair.' Hence the origin of the modern name. The Fairies have ever since occupied it; and in memory of these events the Lament of Karoo, the tune played on the Fairy bagpipes at their flitting, is yet popular near Karoo.

From the top of Coillievar, too, *Menenius* might have given us some account of its Chase, a story of deeper import, at which I trembled every inch of me when I first heard it related by a gentleman just forty years ago. I am not under the necessity of giving a prose report of this, for some person has versified the story, and I annex a copy of the verses, of which I can give no other account than that I copied them several years ago from some magazine or newspaper, I forget which, along with other scraps of old ballads and local poems, which I was then in the habit of collecting."

The "spirit hunt" or "spectre chase" is a superstition not altogether unknown in our literature, although we cannot recall its being treated of in our *traditionary* ballad lore. Professor Beattie notices in his "Essays on Poetry and Music" a fine example of it, which occurs in the poem "Albania," written by an unknown Aberdonian, and published at London in 1737. The tradition there spoken of belongs, however, to Ross-shire:—

"Ere since of old, the haughty thanes of Ross—
So to the simple swain tradition tells—
Were wont with clans, and ready vassals throng'd,
To wake the bounding stag, or guilty wolf,
There oft is heard, at midnight, or at noon,
Beginning faint, but rising still more loud,
And nearer, voice of hunters, and of hounds,
And horns, hoarse winded, blowing far and keen:—
Forthwith the hubbub multiplies; the gale
Labours with wilder shrieks, and riper din
Of hot pursuit; the broken cry of deer
Mangled by throttling dogs; the shout of men
And hoofs, thick beating on the hollow hill.—
Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
Starts at the noise, and both the herdsman's ears
Tingle with inward dread.—Aghast he eyes
The mountain's height, and all the ridges round,
Yet not one trace of living wight discerns,
Nor knows, o'erawed, and trembling as he stands,
To what, or whom, he owes his idle fear,
To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend;
But wonders, and no end of wondering finds.

This reminds us of clerk Spalding, and the sights and sounds he records as being seen and heard over Brimmon-hill shortly before some of the "Troubles" he noted began. Scott also made the superstition familiar in his translation or imitation of Burger's "Wild Huntsman"—but no *local* legend of a spectre chase, more particularly the chase of an unrepenting soul, is known to us, except the one now to be given, connected by tradition with the Hill of Coillievar:—

THE CHASE OF COILLIEVAR.

The lated trav'ller toils his way
Up Coillievar's high steep,
And gropes through heath and wither'd fern,
The trodden path to keep.

No moon with glad'ning silver ray
Shines on the cheerless night;
But glimm'ring stars, through wand'ring clouds,
Dispense a feeble light.

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The spirit of the wintry storm
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O'er hills and valleys bare.

Hark! hark! the sound of hurried tread
Invades the trav'ller's ear,
And instant, on his aching sight,
A spectre rushes near.

A hazy undefined light
Gleams o'er its ghastly face,
Which dimly aids the trav'ller's eye
Its phantom shape to trace.

Abrupt and quick the spectre cries,
"Oh! is it in my power,
To reach Kinernie's churchyard gate,*
Before the midnight hour?"

"Long, long and weary is the way,
And now the hour is late,
And long the midnight bell shall toll
Before you reach that gate."

"Fy on th' unhappy tongue that has
The fatal answer given;
No rest for me in holy ground,
Nor hope of bliss in heaven."

Nor further pause, but onward runs,
With many a piercing yell,
And many a curse of deep despair,
That it were pain to tell.

A while with palsied heart and limbs,
The trav'ller stands aghast,
When, hark! the sound of huntsman's horn,
Borne on the whistling blast.

And cries of yelping hounds approach,
Commingled with the sound;
And see them, in the spectre's track,
Snuff, snuff, along the ground.

He sees them by the unholy light
That glares from their fierce eyes;
Can they be hounds of earthly breed?
Or earthly are their cries?

Who is the ghastly huntsman near,
That cheers them to their prey,
With many a whoop, and gallops on
Where'er they scent their way?

That ghastly huntsman and his hounds
Are not of earthly race,
Nor is their sport the bounding deer,
Or timid hare to chase.

But when the unrepenting soul
Forsakes its mortal frame,
The huntsman and his staunch grim hounds
Pursue their destined game,

To drag it to the prison dark,
Where sinners fast are bound,
Before it reach the refuge blest
Of churchyard's holy ground.

For near the holy house of God,
From which the living raise
To Him who reigns in earth and heaven
The tribute of their praise,

The souls there of the virtuous dead
In joyful hope remain,
Till at the final trumpet's sound,
Their bodies rise again.

To gain such sanctuary blest,
The spectre flies amain,
Before the huntsman and his hounds,
But he shall fly in vain.

For he has left man's mortal life
Defiled with guilty deed;
The hell-hounds snuff their fated prey,
And chase with eager speed.

Fast, fast the sinful spectre flies;
Fast, fast the hounds pursue;
The huntsman cheers them on with horn,
And many a loud halloo.

Adown the Crossgate wends the chase,
And by the churchyard gate
Of Alford, where the righteous dead
Abide in joyful state.

Within that holy fence dare none
Of damned sp'rits be found,
But faithful Christian souls possess
The consecrated ground.

*The chase was, it seems, to be as long as a Leicestershire fox hunt, for the old churchyard of Kinernie is 15 miles from Coillievar.

They, too, are there who nobly died
To guard their country's laws,
When faithful Gordon's life was sped
In royal Charles' cause.†

And see, they mount the churchyard wall,
That fearful chase to view;
The spectre casts a wistful look
Upon the holy crew.

No place of rest for him is there,
Onward with speed he flies;
The ghastly huntsman and his hounds
Pursue with eager cries;

And through the haunted iron cross howe,
Where lie the unhallowed bones
Of thief who died on cursed tree;
And by the Druid Stones,

Where nightly their unholy rites
The spectre priests renew,
That fearful chase is onward driven,
With many a loud halloo.

Long, long and weary is the way,
Before the spectre gain
Kinernie's holy churchyard ground,
That he might rest obtain:

And feebler grow his fainting knees,
While close he hears behind,
The huntsman's whoop and staunch hounds' cry
Borne on the rushing wind;

And close and closer still the sound
Approaches on his ear;
The clocks have tolled the midnight hour,
Nor holy ground is near.

A shriek is heard in that lone hour,
For the staunch hounds seize their prey,
And the huntsman's death-whoop shrilly sounds
Through all th' affrighted sky.

†This is an obvious reference to the Battle of Alford, won by Montrose, in the royal cause, in 1646. The slain of the royal army were buried in the old church at Alford. Unfortunately Lord Gordon, the faithful coadjutor of Montrose, was slain in the moment of victory. Faithful loyalty has been the badge of the Gordon family, from father to son. The Aberdonians, who would learn the story of Lord Gordon's widow, so sad and yet so true, can consult their own true chronicler, Spalding.

THE HILLS OF HOME.

It is wonderful how the Highlander loves the hills as the sailor loves the sea. One of the finest books of this season's publishing, but one which will be in demand for long after is

"The Charm of the Hills"

by Seton Gordon—a thick large 8vo volume adorned by 84 illustrations from photographs by the Author, besides a photogravure frontispiece.

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We are pleased to learn that Mr. Seton Gordon is to lecture at the Royal Institution on two occasions next month on his favourite subject, viz. — "The Birds of the Hill Country."

However, much pleasure may be had quite near by. If you take Aberdeen and twal mile round you may have many pleasant and healthy walks. From many of the points of vantage you to the hills may lift your eyes; hills such as described by Mr. Gordon. The best guide we have seen, Topographical, Historical, Antiquarian, has been written by Mr. Robert Anderson, an indefatigable walker. It is issued at the modest price of 3d.

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Aberdeen to the Linn of Dee, 1/- on paper, 2/- on cloth.

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Adam Lindsay Gordon.

It is a curious thing, and one which has been remarked on frequently, that a writer remains unknown for years and then he bursts into fame—generally after he is dead. This has happened in the case of Adam Lindsay Gordon. About 1870 an edition of his poems was published in Australia, this by slow degrees became known to the readers of this country, but the demand was scanty. Now forty years after the author's death two publishers are issuing editions of the poems of

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This versatile man was one of the Gordons of Aberdeenshire, and came within a short cry of being Gordon of Esslement.

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Sat in his easy chair. He said, in the words of Walter Scott—

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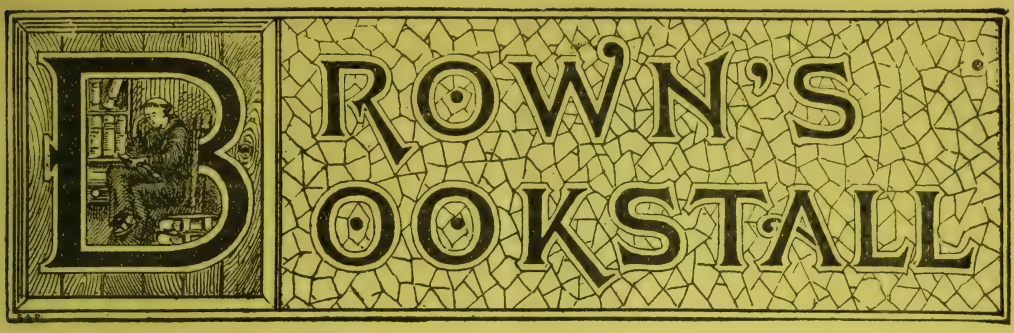
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HAMEWITH.



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Mr. Murray's reply was cantie, couthie, simple, modest, and all through reamin' ower with pawky good humour and spontaneous mither wit. Surely that is enough said; but "Hamewith's" speech was all that, and more also. Whence came Mr. Murray's poetic inspirations? Surely from the right source. "I was," said he, "raised upon



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Ramsay, Fergusson, and Burns, and the old Scots; and all my life as a boy I was taught to look out for quaint phrases, out of the way expressions, and to study and delight in the old original characters of the countryside; and although I have spent almost exactly half my life in Africa, after all it is the early years that count. Absence does not make one forget, only want of affection can do that. Stevenson has said, 'The old land is still the true land; all others are but pleasing infidelities.'" And now the Alford lad worthily takes his place in the front rank among the sweet singers of our land, at whose feet he sat. And we are all proud thereat.

The entertainment of Mr. Murray by the citizens of Aberdeen was a happy inspiration, and the proceedings went merry as a marriage bell from grace to Auld Langsyne—when, hush, hark! what sound strikes on the ear? It is, it is—the prosaic clock announcing the expiry of the period of special licence—and then came the parting, which was such sweet sorrow! A notable meeting indeed, and worthily commemorated by the souvenir book now lying beside us—which, alas! is only on loan.

> Steal not this book for fear of shame,
> For here you see the owner's name.

Oh yes, we see it quite easily, for it is writ quite large and sprawlingly across a preliminary page, for the owner was going to take no risk apparently. Small blame to him. Many of our own tomes have gone the Jericho road, while nary a Samaritan was in the vicinity!

Lord Provost Maitland's suggestion that the company should spen' a saxpence each in putting the proceedings at the dinner in book form was a happy one; and the same can be said for printing as an appendix the clever and witty original verses to "Hamewith" read by Dr. Rorie, Cults. We quote two stanzas :—

> Far better sing o' furs and rigs,
> O' heathery hills an' bracken,
> O' lyin' upo' the sun-het brae
> To hear the whin-pods crackin';
> The wavin' fields o' yellow corn
> Afore the zephyr bowin';
> The whiteness o' the new fa'n snaw,
> The redness o' the rowan,
>
> The burnie gath'rin' as it rins,
> Adoon the birk-clad corrie,
> The settin' sun that maks the ben
> An altar-fire o' glory.
> God gies the colours free to men,
> An' here an' there He raises
> A craftsman true to weave a web
> Imbued wi' a' His praises.

There's a prescription for you, better than any bolus the author ever compounded—why the reading of the lines is, verily, as good as a week-end up Deeside!

The book is a small quarto of some forty pages, printed on antique paper, with ample margins, provocative of note taking. It is appropriately embellished by a picture of a stob-thackit bit hoosie on the cover; has a portrait of Mr. Murray as a frontispiece, and his bookplate (a brawny kilted piper, blawin' like to burst) is also shown; while for tail-piece a unique reproduction of the city arms as used for stamping the once well-known Aberdeen linen is given. There were only 155 copies of the work printed, and great was the disappointment of the general public at the restricted circulation. The book was issued from the Bon-Accord Press of Messrs. William Smith & Sons, to whom an acknowledgment is made in the "Forward" for "the trouble they have taken to make the book a worthy specimen of their art."

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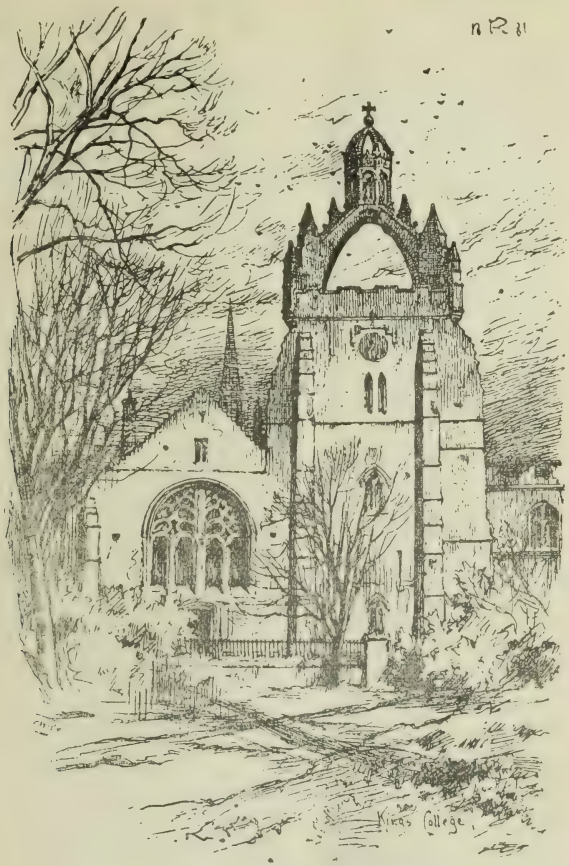
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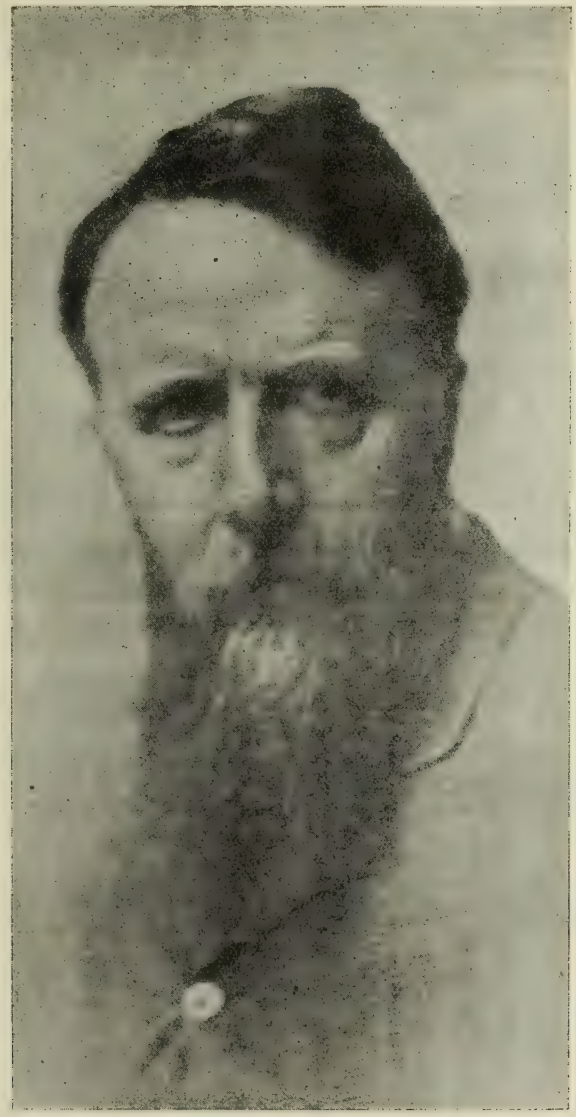
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PICTURES OF ABERDEENSHIRE CASTLES (Framed).

DETAILS WILL BE SENT ON APPLICATION.

We have many Old Engravings in Stock.

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